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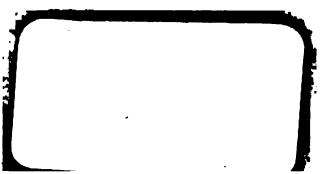
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1 - 7

2

1970-1971
1971-1972
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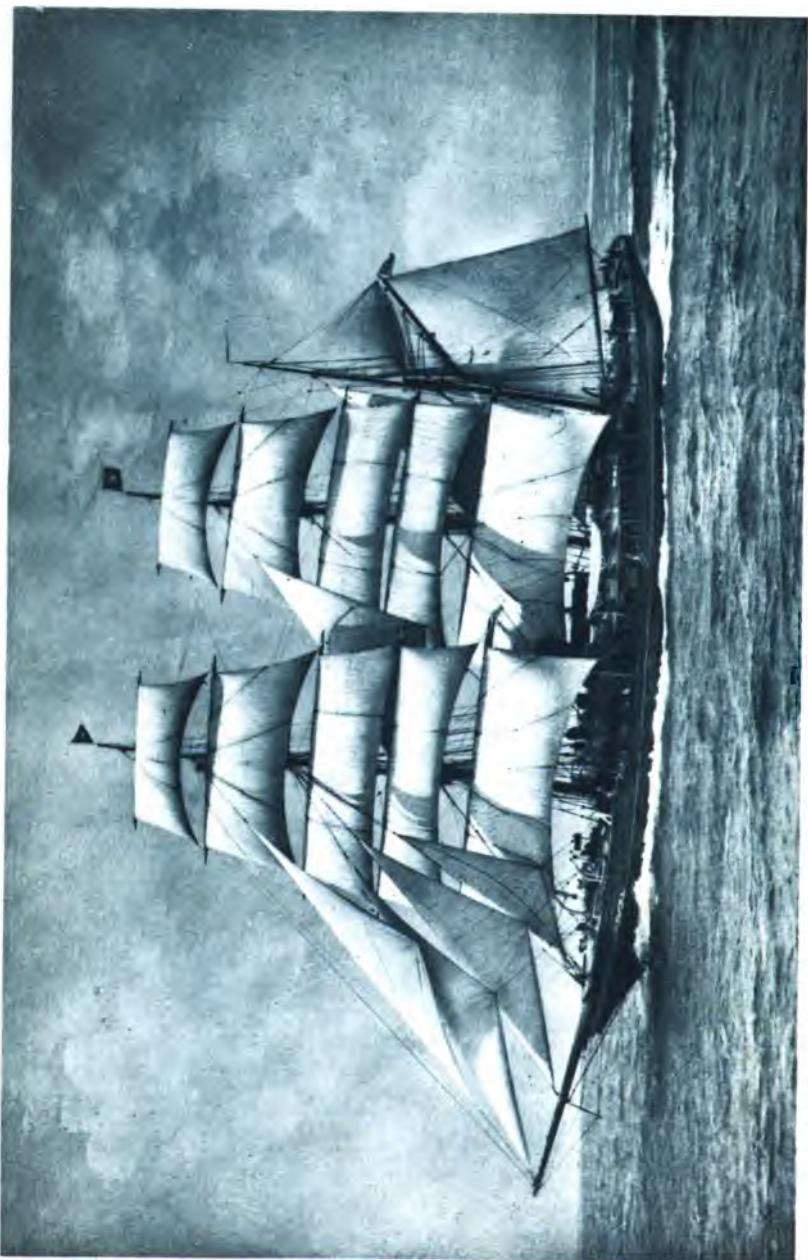




Aloha Around the World







ALOHA

Aloha Around the World

By

Karl Vogel

With an Introduction by

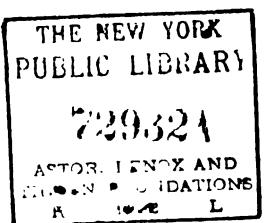
Commodore Arthur Curtiss James

With 95 Illustrations from Original Photographs

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1922

1922



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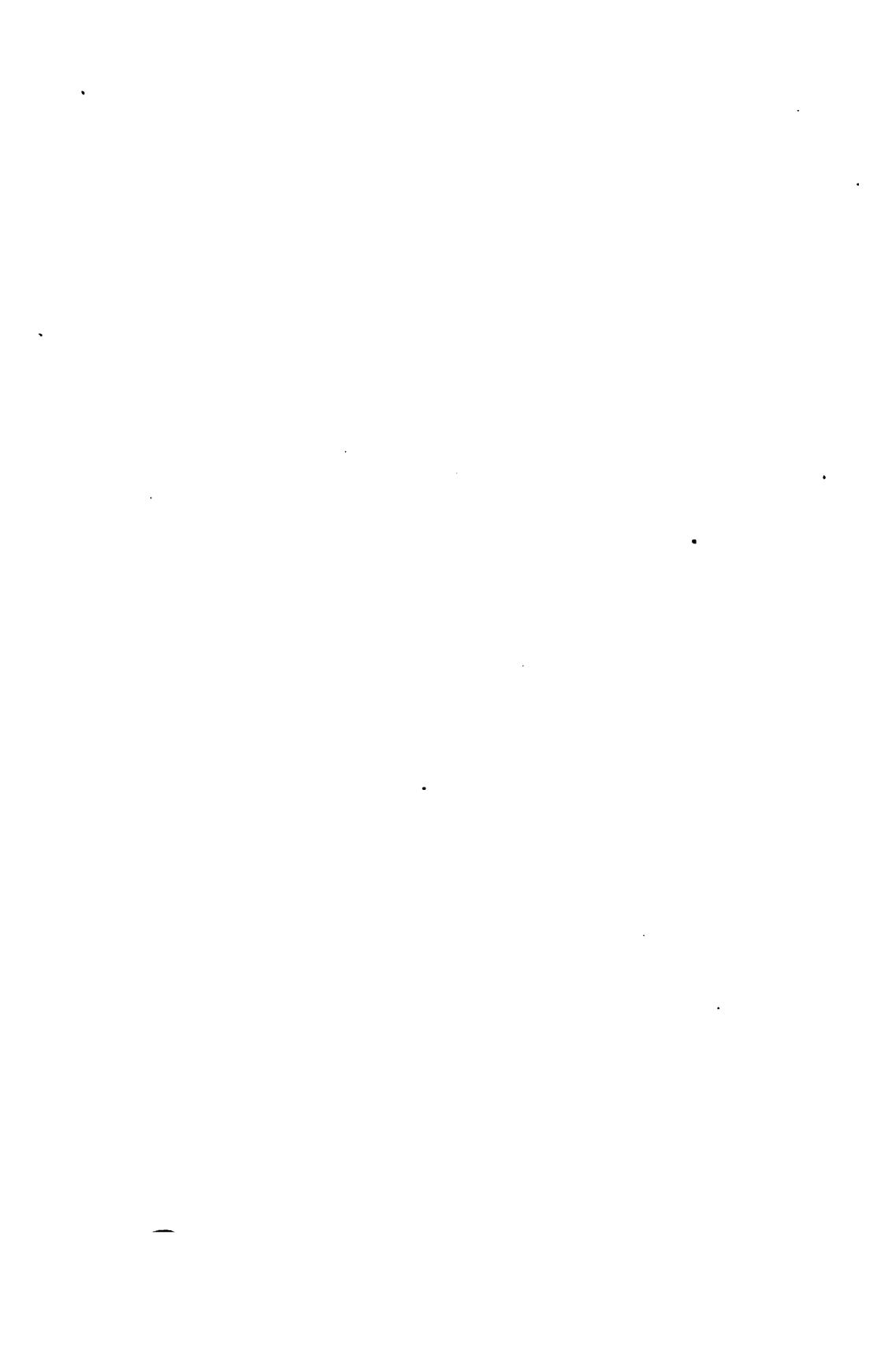


To

A. C. J.
AND
H. P. J.

WHO MADE THESE PAGES
POSSIBLE

January 7 1922



INTRODUCTION

THE dream of a lifetime has been accomplished!

Ever since as a boy my imagination was fired by Lady Brassey's inimitable "Voyage of the Sunbeam," to circumnavigate the globe, it has been my fixed purpose to go and do likewise. In 1893, the first step in preparation was taken when my father gave me the grand old schooner yacht *Coronet*, and in her the first lessons in seamanship and navigation were taken, under the tutelage of a type of seaman I regret to say now almost extinct—Captain C. S. Crosby—who, I verily believe, had never in his sixty years and more at sea been in anything but a sailing ship. My wife and I sailed nearly 60,000 miles including trips to the West Indies, the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and many voyages along the eastern coast of the United States, but most instructive and enjoyable of all, a five months' expedition to Japan, outward bound by way of the Trade Winds and the Hawaiian Islands and returning across the North Pacific on the great circle from Yokohama to San Francisco. *Coronet* was, of course, strictly a sailing vessel, without auxiliary power, of only 160 tons, 125 ft. long and 27 ft. beam, but an ideal type in which the young and inexperienced sailor could gain experience.

Introduction

The fulfilment of the Round the World dream was not to be accomplished, however, at this early stage of our yachting career, and in 1899, the first *Aloha* was built in the hope that in her the dream might become a reality. She was a splendid little vessel of 306 tons, 130 ft. long, 27 ft. beam, and with auxiliary steam power. On her maiden voyage in 1900, we made a winter crossing of the North Atlantic and cruised for five months in the Mediterranean. Between 1900 and 1909, we made yearly voyages to different points of interest including the West Indies, Iceland, Norway, along the west coast of Scotland, and many voyages to England and back simply for the sake of the glorious days at sea which, after all, is the chief charm of yachting. Land and sightseeing are all very well as objectives, but what stands out in anticipation as well as in memory, is the intimate contact with the ocean itself, which never can be found on the deck of an ocean liner but which can only be experienced in the daily routine of a long ocean voyage, under sail alone, on a small ship. The wanderings of the first *Aloha* carried us safely and happily 152,560 miles, all of which was north of the equator and most of it in West Longitude. Although built for the purpose, the first *Aloha* did not have the good fortune to be the ship destined to fulfil the dream.

Advancing years and the desire for additional creature comforts was the reason for building the present *Aloha* in 1910. Nobly has she performed her part and I can think of no way in which she could be improved, unless the development of the Diesel engine may at some time

make it advisable to substitute that power for her auxiliary steam plant.

From 1910, and until the Government took her over for use in the Great War, she made four trips across the Atlantic and back, on one of them going as far to the eastward as Port Sudan in the Red Sea, sailing from 1910 to 1917 about 60,000 miles; and now in her the dream has been realized.

Its fulfilment, however, I hope does not mark the end of her career, as there are still many worlds to conquer and if our lives are spared, I hope that her flag will still often be seen on the Seven Seas.

ARTHUR CURTISS JAMES.

NEW YORK, Oct. 6, 1922.

CONTENTS

<u>CHAPTER</u>		<u>PAGE</u>
I.—THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC		3
II.—WHERE ALOHA GOT HER NAME		32
III.—TEMPLES AND SHRINES IN DAI NIPPON		54
IV.—KOREAN COLD AND PEKING DUST		82
V.—DOWN THE YANGTZE AND TO THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT		109
VI.—AMERICA IN THE FAR EAST		131
VII.—JAVA, THE GARDEN OF THE WORLD		147
VIII.—FROM SINGAPORE TO RANGOON		168
IX.—KINCHENJUNGA AND BENARES		182
X.—MOGUL PALACES, TOMBS, AND MOSQUES		200
XI.—CEYLON, EARTH'S JEWEL BOX		225
XII.—WHERE TIME BEGAN		249
APPENDIX		263
INDEX		269



ILLUSTRATIONS

	<i>PAGE</i>
ALOHA	<i>Frontispiece</i>
ALOHA'S QUARTER DECK	6
A GOOD CATCH	6
ALOHA IN THE GATUN LOCK	12
THE NOON SIGHT	26
CAPTURING A SHARK	26
ONOMEA ARCH	32
KILAUEA	32
HAWAIIAN GIRL	36
AUCTION	42
COMMODORE AND MRS. JAMES	42
THE RED LACQUER BRIDGE	58
A TERRACE NEAR THE TOMB OF IEYASU	60
WAYSIDE TEA HOUSE	68
SACRED DEER AT NARA	68
THE PARK AT NARA	78
THE GREAT TORII AT MIYAJIMA	80
SUNSET ON THE INLAND SEA	82
A KOREAN MOURNER	82

Illustrations

	PAGE
PEKING UNION MEDICAL COLLEGE HOSPITAL	90
STREET SCENE, PEKING	90
THE FORBIDDEN CITY	92
THE FORBIDDEN CITY (<i>Another view</i>)	92
THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN	94
PAVILION NEAR THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN	94
THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN	96
FUNERAL PROCESSION	98
HILLSIDE NEAR PA-TA-CHU	98
THE WALL	100
BOYS AT THE WALL	100
THE WALL	102
THE SUMMER PALACE	104
SUNSET ON THE YANGTZE	110
FOOCHOW	118
CANTON	126
CANTON (<i>Another view</i>)	126
A VINTA AT ILOILO	132
FILIPINOS DIVING	132
FORT PILLAR AT ZAMBOANGA	136
LUNCHEON PARTY AT SAN RAMON	138
THE VILLAGE OF KAWA-KAWA	140
NATIVE HOUSE IN MINDANAO	144
MORO FISHERMEN'S HOUSES	146

Illustrations

xv

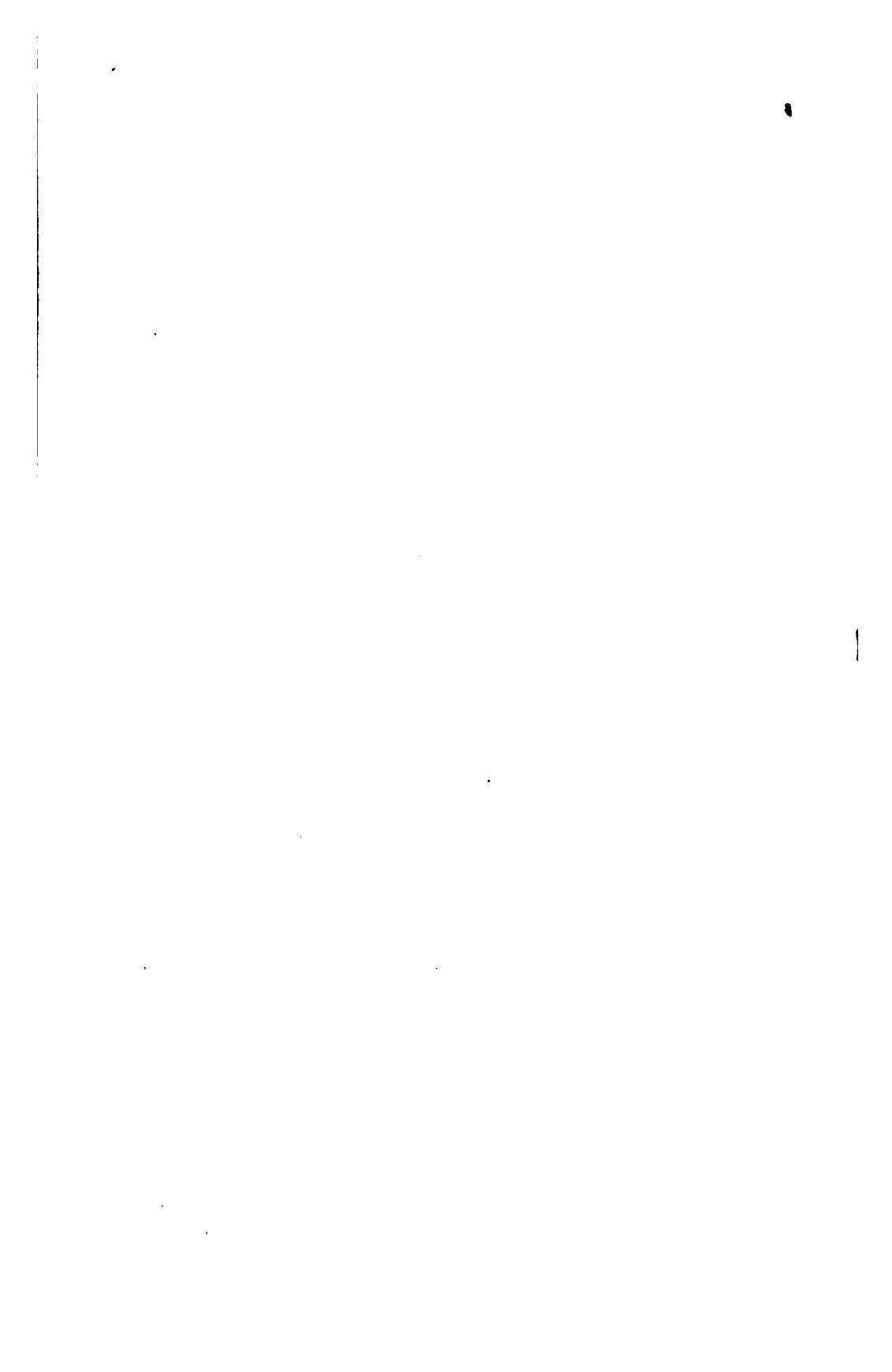
	PAGE
THE MAIN GATE OF JOLO	146
SOERABAIA	148
BROMO	150
ON THE ROAD TO BROMO	154
NATIVE HOUSE IN EASTERN JAVA	154
APPROACHING THE BOROBOEDOER	156
TJANDI BOROBOEDOER	158
DETAIL OF BAS-RELIEFS OF THE BOROBOEDOER	160
JAVANESE TYPES	164
RICE FIELDS	164
SHWE-DAGON	174
SHWE-DAGON	176
A STREET IN RANGOON	180
A BURMESE LUMBER YARD	180
DARJEELING	184
A DARJEELING BELLE	188
A TIBETAN PRIEST	188
MORNING ABLUTIONS IN THE GANGES	192
THE BURNING GHAT	194
SNAKE CHARMERS.	196
THE TAJ MAHAL	200
THE TAJ MAHAL	202
THE PEARL MOSQUE	204
FATEHPUR SIKRI	206

Illustrations

	PAGE
LIGHT AND SHADE IN AGRA FORT	206
THE GREAT COURT AT FATEHPUR SIKRI	208
ARCHWAY IN THE FORT AT DELHI	210
DIWAN-I-KHAS	210
A PAVILION IN THE DELHI FORT	212
HUNTING CHEETAHS	212
MAIN STREET IN JAIPUR	214
JAIPUR	216
A CAMEL TEAM	216
A MAN-EATING CROCODILE	218
ELEPHANTS AT AMBER	218
AMBER	220
A GARRY	220
THE ROCK TEMPLE AT ELEPHANTA	222
REST HOUSE AT SIGIRYA	222
THE SHORE AT MOUNT LAVINIA	226
KANDY	228
KATUGASTOTA	228
POLONNARUWA	230
POLONNARUWA (<i>Another view</i>)	230
ON THE ROAD TO KANDY	234
SIGIRYA	234
POLONNARUWA	244
ADEN	244

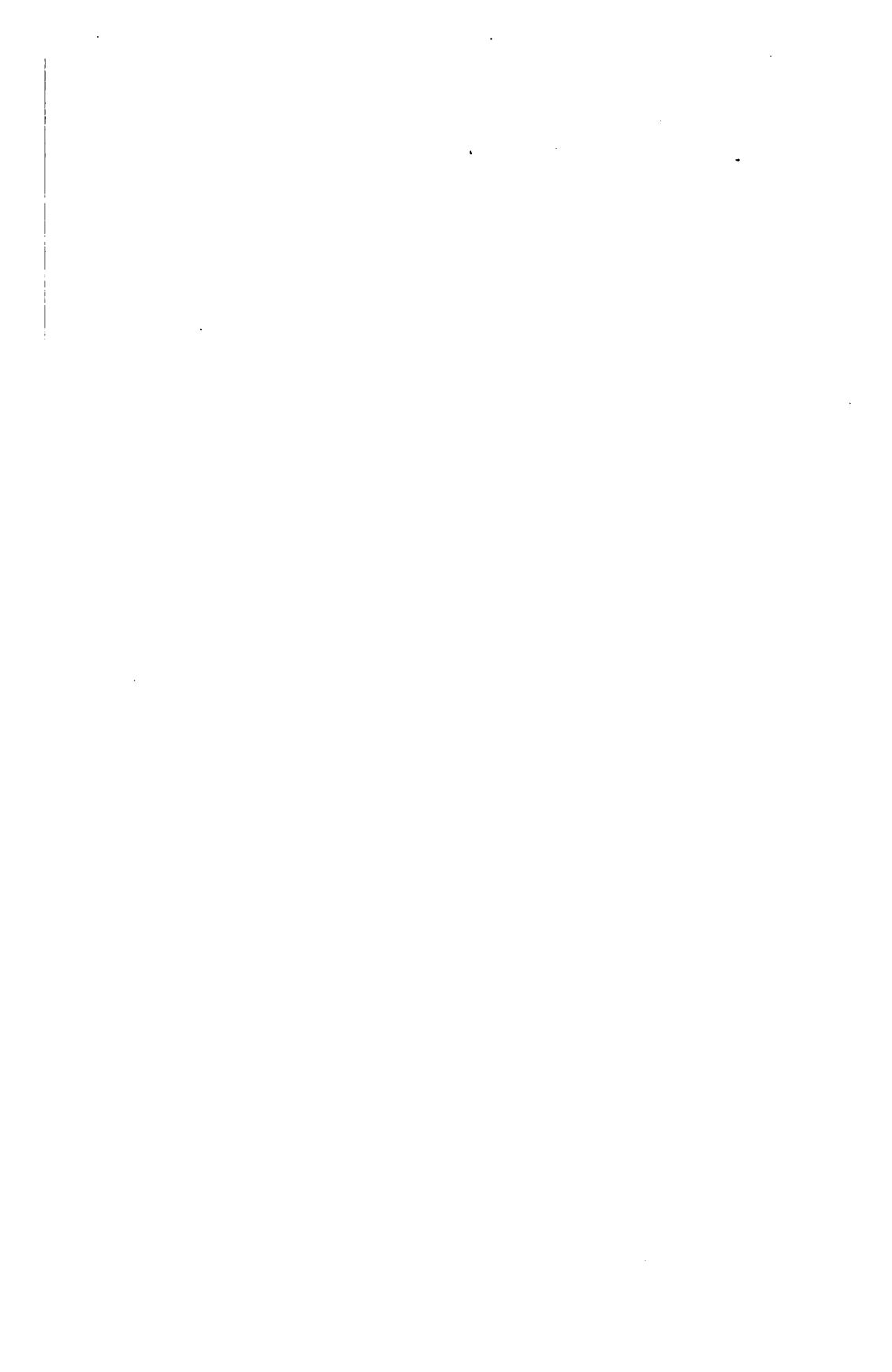
Illustrations xvii

	PAGE
CAIRO	254
MEMPHIS	254
BAALBEK	256
THE PYRAMIDS	260

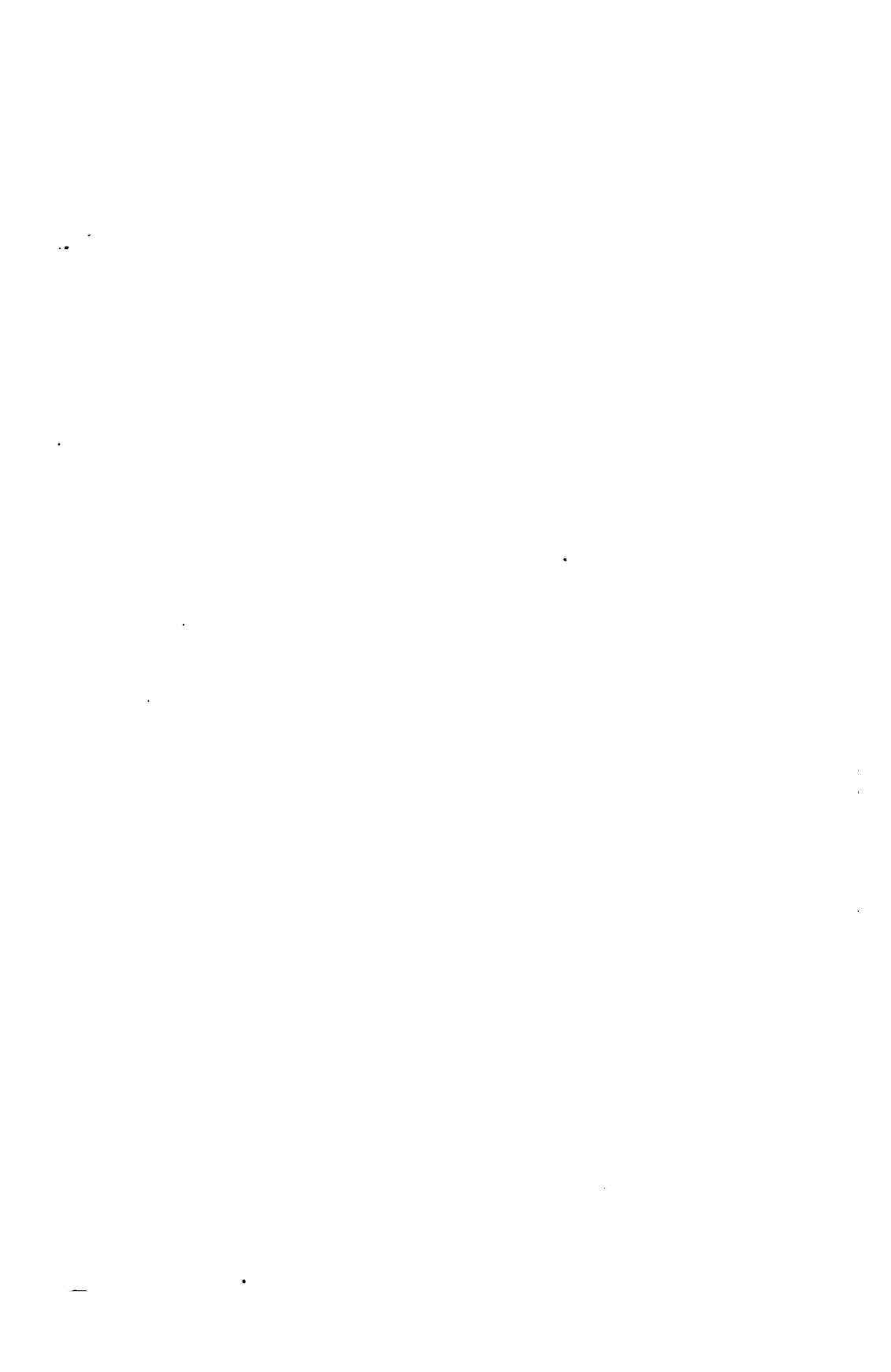


*Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage,
Ou comme cestuy là qui conquit la toison,
Et puis est retourné, plein d'usage et raison,
Vivre entre ses parents le reste de son aage!*

Joachim du Bellay (1525-1560)



Aloha Around the World



Aloha Around the World

CHAPTER I

THE ATLANTIC AND THE PACIFIC

A LITTLE before eleven o'clock on the morning of September 15, 1921, those who had come to bid her farewell saw *Aloha* lying motionless in the East River—a stately vision of tall gleaming spars, bright cordage, and shining brass—every detail showing with what care she had been fitted for the crowning effort of her already adventurous career. Even the accustomed black of her graceful hull had been exchanged for a dress of dazzling white to prepare her for the tropic suns under which she was to spend the coming seasons in carrying out her commander's bold project of encircling the globe, an undertaking which few yachts have essayed, and fewer still have brought to a successful termination. As six bells sounded on her decks, she suddenly became a thing of life, her anchor rose for the last time in many months from familiar waters, the propeller turned, and *Aloha* was off on her longest voyage, to encounter unknown seas and touch remotest shores. To the sound of cheers from waving friends on shore she started down the stream, her main truck so

high it almost grazed the roadway of the lofty Brooklyn Bridge, and headed for the lower bay and the open sea, heralded on her way by a noisy chorus from the whistles and sirens of the ferry-boats and all the other harbor craft. On the bridge was a small but happy and excited group—Commodore and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James, Miss Florence Sullivan, Mr. William J. Matheson, Mr. Andrew P. Alvord, and myself,—all thrilled by the many possibilities of the unique experience ahead of us. Beside the quartermaster at the wheel stood the Sailing Master, Captain Bezanson; the Mates, Mr. Johansen and Mr. Nolan were busy on the decks, and the Chief Engineer, Mr. Clifford was at his post below.

All afternoon the fine weather continued with a fairly smooth sea, but owing to the reports of a nasty blow off Hatteras the Commodore decided to keep in fairly close to shore and to proceed under steam, as otherwise the S. W. breeze would have compelled us to stand off far enough to make it likely that we would run into bad weather. Later in the afternoon the head sails, stay sails and spanker were set and we bowled along at between ten and eleven knots. During the evening the wind shifted enough to permit the square sails to be loosed and it was beautiful to see the big canvases one after the other unfolding in the brilliant moonlight.

Friday, Sept. 16th.—All day there has been a heavy swell and a favoring wind so that at times we have made as much as twelve knots. As we are in the Gulf Stream it is pretty warm tonight, but the moon is full and with

The Atlantic and the Pacific 5

all sail set the ship is a shape of almost spectral beauty. We have been much impressed by the good appearance of the crew. Most of them are quite young and they all seem to be much above the average in type and worthy of the splendid ship they serve.

Aloha is an auxiliary yacht, bark-rigged, spreading twenty thousand square feet of canvas, and with triple expansion engines of five hundred horse power. She was built in 1910 at Quincy, Mass., and has a gross tonnage of six hundred and fifty-nine, and a net tonnage of three hundred and twenty-nine, with a draft of eighteen feet. On the waterline she measures one hundred and sixty-five feet, on deck two hundred and one feet eight inches, and from figure head to taffrail two hundred and nineteen feet. Her beam is thirty-five feet six inches, and her height from waterline to main truck one hundred and thirty-one feet. She carries a crew of thirty-eight, consisting of a sailing master, two mates, carpenter, boatswain, wireless operator, and sixteen seamen; chief engineer, two assistant engineers, two oilers, two firemen, and nine in the steward's department, including the stewardess.

Lat. $37^{\circ}29'$ N. Long. $74^{\circ}05'$ W. Distance 173 miles.

Saturday, Sept. 17th.—It has been a day of variable light breezes, which much of the time have been from the south so that progress has been rather slow. At times we have made only a few knots an hour, but during the evening the wind freshened and we have been doing better, though the course is S. E. In the after-

noon we had a boat and fire drill at which passengers and crew responded with a promptness and efficiency that were most satisfactory. Later the ship was put about, and considering their lack of training together the crew carried out the manoeuvre very handsomely. Before dinner Mr. Johansen hauled in an eight and a half pound fish, which after a good deal of discussion it was finally decided to call a dolphin.

Lat. $35^{\circ}23'$ N., Long. $73^{\circ}14'$ W. Distance 134 miles.

Sunday, Sept. 18th.—Today has been wonderfully beautiful with sunny skies and a smooth sea. The wind has been light but fairly steady so that we have made good progress though we are obliged to head somewhat to the eastward of our course. The clock of the usually very reliable Nicholson log is out of order, so that we are using a taffrail log. After service and during the evening we read aloud Strachey's *Life of Queen Victoria*.

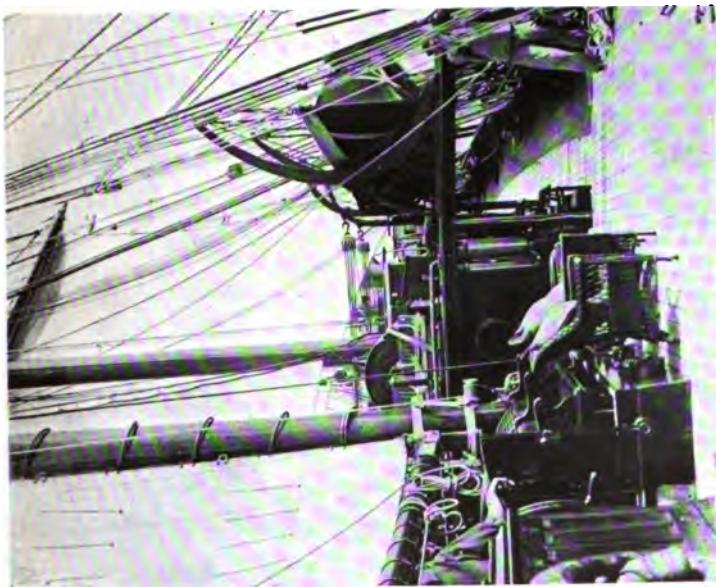
Lat. $32^{\circ}54'$ N., Long. $72^{\circ}34'$ W. Distance 150 miles. Position about 230 miles west of Bermuda.

Monday, Sept. 19th.—The weather continues beautifully clear with azure sky and sea and brilliant sunshine, but today the breeze has been very feeble and fitful so that at 1:30 Captain Jake ordered power on from one boiler. At 9:30 the second boiler was put in commission and we have made good progress during the night. This is a bad time to be loafing around in these parts where hurricanes are likely to pop up at any moment and Jake wishes to have the Canal behind us before we



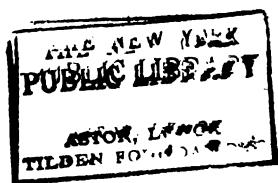
A GOOD CATCH

Mr. Matheson in a moment of elation, while Mr. Alvord is too busy with his line to turn around and be photographed.



ALOHA'S QUARTER DECK

Looking forward, showing the deckhouse and the boat deck.



The Atlantic and the Pacific 7

allow ourselves to become too deliberate. It is wonderfully pleasant though, and the moonlit evenings are enchanting. We are so far to the east of the regular steamship lanes that we have the ocean to ourselves and have not felt the need of traffic cops to clear the way. The Captain and I put in a hard morning tinkering with the Nicholson log and almost cured it, one more operation will finish the job. In the afternoon I gave a vaccination party which was well attended and a good time was had by all.

Lat. $30^{\circ}49'$ N., Long. $71^{\circ}00'$ W. Distance 153 miles.

Tuesday, Sept. 20th.—The weather is still beautiful, too beautiful in fact, for there is no wind and we steamed all day. At about five there was some promise of a breeze and the fore and aft sails were set, and during the night the rest of the canvas was spread as there was every indication that the trades were coming to our rescue. A rain squall killed the wind, however, and the rest of the night we made but little headway.

Lat. $27^{\circ}38'$ N., Long. $71^{\circ}04'$ W. Distance 190 miles.

Wednesday, Sept. 21st.—Another fine day with light airs during the forenoon freshening to a moderate breeze later in the day so that some of the time we were running ten to eleven knots, with all sail set. The evening was particularly lovely with fine cloud and moonlight effects and everyone was in the mood to enjoy it. We have adopted a definite routine for starting the day. At seven-thirty all the males as-

semble on deck in their various types of *costumes de nuit* of which those of William and of Jake represent opposite extremes of elaboration. Then to the sound of pleasing strains from the victrola and before the delighted gaze of the watch on deck we contort ourselves through as many of the "daily dozen" as Jake and Peter can endure. After that one of the chuckling Swedes douses us with buckets of cool Atlantic ocean and we retire for a time to find later that Jake has already finished breakfast and is jeering at us for being so slow.

Lat. $25^{\circ}00'$ N., Long. $71^{\circ}27'$ W. Distance 160 miles.

Thursday, Sept. 22nd.—The most important events today were the inauguration of the deck tennis outfit, and this game promises to become very popular. It is getting warmer as we are reaching lower latitudes, but the sea and sky continue marvelous and the sunset tonight was a vision. Jake has been busy with the reckoning and promises us a view of Turk's Island in the morning so we are retiring early that we may be up betimes.

Lat. $22^{\circ}05'$ N., Long. $71^{\circ}15'$ W. Distance 155 miles.

Friday, Sept. 23rd.—We were all up early especially Jake and the Captain, and saw Turk's Island slip by in the distance, but the land is so low-lying that it does not make a very interesting seascape. The lighthouse could be seen and a big yellow house on another part of the island but that was about all. Peter informed us

The Atlantic and the Pacific 9

that it gets its name from a peculiar form of cactus that is plentiful, and also that the Turk's Island salt is very famous. The fine weather continues but the breeze is still so light that we are keeping on under steam. Fluff and I had a hotly contested game of shuffle board, very hotly because it is extremely warm and humid. I realized this to my cost this afternoon when I developed some films and ruined them by using uncooled water to rinse them before fixing. The gelatine was so softened in the brief time that the result was hopeless. The pathology and symptomatology of vaccination have become the most absorbing topic of conversation and the doctor feels like a worm.

Lat. $20^{\circ}.55$ N., Long. $71^{\circ}.24'$ W. Distance 105 miles.

Saturday, Sept. 24th.—We are still proceeding with mingled sail, steam, and emotions, for while we love the glorious weather we share Jake's desire for more wind. But the days slip by so very pleasantly that to most of us I think it makes very little difference whether we arrive at Panama on one day or another. During the evening after we had run past the light on Navassas Cay and had our last glimpse of Haiti, we saw the lights of a steamer and by using the blinker got in touch with her. More vaccinations this afternoon, all hands have now been scratched, or rather most arms and a few legs.

Lat. $19^{\circ}.20'$ N., Long. $74^{\circ}.36'$ W. Distance 210 miles.

Sunday, Sept. 25th.—To celebrate the day all the officers are appearing in white and very smart they look. There was a fair sailing breeze and a little more motion than before, so that the organist had to make a brave struggle to see the service through, but she was game, and with Harriet leading the choir the music was a real success. In the evening Jake gave a concert on the pianola and finished off dripping but triumphant with the funeral march from *Götterdämmerung*. The wind is coming up stronger all the time, and we overhauled at a great rate two Government tow boats taking targets for the Navy to Hawaii.

Lat. $15^{\circ}58'$ N., Long. $70^{\circ}03'$ W. Distance 220 miles.

Monday, Sept. 26th.—During the night the wind freshened and there were frequent rain squalls, so that for the first time when we appeared on deck the skies were overcast and covered with hurrying clouds. The ship was rolling a great deal and every little while seas came over the side so that the decks were constantly wet. It blew so hard at about 4 A.M. that the fore-royal sheet carried away and the royals were taken in. During four hours we covered fifty-nine miles and as Mr. Nolan expressed it "she was going like a scared dog." It has rained hard from time to time and the canary birds (that means "oilers") have made their first appearance. During the day conditions improved and the sea moderated though the rain squalls continued. Late in the afternoon the wind hauled around so that in order not to lose time Jake took in sail and went on

The Atlantic and the Pacific 11

under steam. We were amused by a large bird which William said was one of the gannets, which roosted on the end of the spanker boom and sat there very calmly making its toilet while Peter tickled its toes. The night was a very rolly one and bureau drawers and the like were slipping all over the place. The Captain told me of *Aloha's* record run of 180 miles in twelve hours and twenty minutes off the Azores, and of her making as much as seventeen knots.

Lat. $15^{\circ}57'$ N., Long. $78^{\circ}23'$ W. Distance 278 miles.

Tuesday, Sept. 27th. Cristobal.—We were up at six to see Panama heave in sight, but it came along very deliberately and it was not until much later that we could be sure of Manzanillo Point. We are steaming along under both boilers and expect to get in this afternoon. The Isthmus gave us a moist welcome for there were frequent rain squalls as we steamed along the very picturesque coast and thought of how relieved the early Spanish navigators must have been when they saw its purple hills come into sight after their long and adventurous crossings. At a quarter after five we slowed down to allow the pilot, customs officer, and doctor to come aboard. The latter gave us pratique at once so that we were very shortly berthed for the night close to the docks. The men of the party went ashore without delay to make enquiries about mail, etc., and we were delighted by the clean and well kept appearance of the streets of Colon, and by the fine character of the office buildings, especially those of the

steamship companies. We met Mr. Coffin, Chief Dispatcher of the Canal and Mr. Williams, the Chief Admeasurer, who had been expecting our arrival and went back to the yacht with us while we had dinner. Coaling operations were already under way and the yacht was not its usual immaculate self, so we were glad to go ashore again and under the guidance of the two officials we all motored about the town. On crossing the railroad tracks one leaves the American City of Cristobal and is in the Spanish City of Colon, where wide-open bars in great profusion with splendid rows of bottles exposed to view presented a novel sight to our unaccustomed eyes. The dwellings of the employees seem most attractive and well adapted to the conditions, and the Hotel Washington is big and inviting with a splendid sea view and a huge swimming pool. In front of it is the famous statue of Columbus which used to ornament the garden of DeLesseps' residence.

Wednesday, Sept. 28th. Panama.—Harriet, Peter, and William motored with Mr. and Mrs. Williams to the Gatun Golf Links to play a round while waiting for *Aloha* to arrive. Jake and I did some errands and then with Fluff accompanied Mr. Coffin in the launch to the locks. We saw these in action while some ships were being passed through and were taken into the control room in which a miniature model of the locks is used as a guide in operating the gates and valves, all the movements occurring in the locks being reproduced in the model. We then joined the others on the nine-million-dollar golf course, which cost so much because it is all



ALOHA IN THE GATUN LOCK

This is the first of the flight of three locks that serve to raise a vessel leaving the Atlantic, eighty-five feet higher to the level of Gatun Lake. The gate behind *Aloha* has been closed, and the water is pouring into the lock through openings in its floor. On the right may be seen the "electric mules," forward and aft, that tow the vessel through the locks and, if necessary, check its speed.



filled-in ground and really forms part of the Gatun Dam, and also saw the magnificent display of water pouring through one of the spillway gates which was especially turned on for us. By this time *Aloha* was through the locks and we boarded her in time for luncheon, and proceeded across Gatun Lake, through which one floats over the old Panama Railroad tracks, and over the tops of the submerged forest that formerly filled this valley before the dam caused it to be flooded. Gradually the lake narrowed, the channel made several bends, and we entered the Culebra cut and were able to realize the magnitude of the task of excavation and also how easily the slides can occur. On the right we saw the hill named for Balboa from which "With eagle eyes he stared at the Pacific—silent upon a peak in Darien," and then passed through Pedro Miguel and Miraflores Locks. During this passage we were able to see how efficiently and smoothly the mechanism of the locks operates and how completely the vessels going through are kept under the control of the queer-looking little electric tractors. Almost before we knew it we had dropped down to the level of the Pacific and were on our way to our berth at one of the big new docks at Panama where we made fast at five-fifty P.M. The *Speejacks*, which is on its way to the South Sea Islands was docked not far from us and her owner, Mr. Gowan, came aboard and a little later the acting Governor, Colonel Walker also made a call.

Thursday, Sept. 29th. Panama to Hilo.—It was pretty hot lying at the dock instead of having breezes

all about us as usual, but no one found it very uncomfortable and this morning we started off early in Colonel Walker's car which he had placed at our disposal. The official residences on Balboa hill are splendidly situated and have fine plantations of shrubbery and trees which gave plenty of opportunities for Harriet and William to astonish us with the extent of their botanical knowledge. The Ancon hospital has most beautiful grounds and winding drives, and the buildings are marvels of attractiveness and suitability for their purposes. The Spanish city itself was intensely interesting with its narrow streets often darkened by the overhanging balconies nearly always gay with flowers. There are a number of picturesque squares thickly set with palms and other trees and surrounded by buildings very distinctive in architecture and coloring, but the most interesting feature of all were the throngs of dark-skinned people, most diversified in type, to be seen on every hand. We saw the famous flat arch which is always pointed out by the natives as evidence of the city's immunity from earthquake damage; bought some hats, which are especially cheap just now, and Fluff finally found again a shop near the market where she had seen some particularly delightful yellow bandanas and returned after a brief disappearance greatly elated with a whole armful of them while Harriet was filling the car with pineapples and papayas. Colonel and Mrs. Walker came to lunch and Mrs. Walker told of her adventures in Haiti during an enforced four days' stay there last week when the steamer on which she was

coming here caught fire and the passengers had to be landed. Afterwards, Peter, William, and I drove around the town enjoying the strangeness of its street scenes and at 4:05 P.M. we got under way again, dropping the pilot at 4:40 P.M. The journey down the bay was a vision of delight, the islands with their fishing villages straggling up the rocky slopes made one think of the Bay of Naples and the purple mountain ranges on the mainland wreathed in golden sunset clouds seemed of more than earthly beauty. *Speejacks* started a little after us in tow of the steamship *Eastern Queen* and we exchanged farewell messages.

Friday, Sept. 30th. Panama to Hilo.—The weather was fine but the wind remained very light. The northern shore of the Gulf of Panama stayed in sight for most of the day, but it was pleasant to feel that we were at last on the Pacific. The sunset display was even more magnificent than usual and the Pacific Ocean seems to us well named.

Lat. $6^{\circ}47'$ N., Long. $81^{\circ}12'$ W. Distance 192 miles.

Saturday, Oct. 1st. Panama to Hilo.—The weather continues fine but there is still very little wind and what there is, is almost dead ahead, so we have continued to steam under one boiler. In the afternoon we passed through a school of bonitas traveling at great speed across our course and the Captain got one on his line but the leader broke while he was hauling him in. We have passed several large deep sea turtles one of which came within a few feet of the ship, and

porpoises were frequently to be seen in considerable numbers.

Lat. $7^{\circ}43'$ N., Long. $84^{\circ}02'$ W. Distance 185 miles.

Sunday, Oct. 2nd.—We are still in the doldrums and are proceeding under steam from one boiler. This gives us a satisfactory day's run with a little assistance from the fore and aft sails and Jake estimates that at this rate of coal consumption, which means about two tons a day more than is needed for the ship's routine operations, we have a cruising radius of about five thousand miles. Flying fish, turtles, and porpoises are becoming more numerous and after service this afternoon there was lots of excitement over a five-foot dolphin which Peter almost landed, but it shook out the hook just before he got it to the deck and escaped, to the satisfaction of the ladies and the disgust of the men.

Lat. $9^{\circ}13'$ N., Long. $86^{\circ}51'$ W. Distance 185 miles.

Monday, Oct. 3rd. Panama to Hilo.—This afternoon a rain squall gave us the opportunity of trying our new rain catching sail but the shower did not amount to much and we did not collect a great deal of water. They have arranged a kind of octopus of rubber hose just aft of the deckhouse with tentacles connecting the boat deck and the poop deck with the double bottom tanks, and expect that this will be very effective when the next rain storms come along. Peter took a shot with his rifle at a passing turtle but did not disturb its slumbers. It has become noticeably

cooler and for several evenings we have resumed having dinner in the main saloon.

Lat. $9^{\circ}18'$ N., Long. $90^{\circ}09'$ W. Distance 195 miles.

Tuesday, Oct. 4th. Panama to Hilo.—We are continuing to reel off the miles on our way to Hawaii but are still under steam. After lunch the breeze freshened enough for Jake to turn off the man power, as Harriet calls it, and set all sail, and the rest of the afternoon we made good progress, especially during one squall when we tore along at twelve to fourteen knots. Unfortunately, however, this did not keep up for very long and at ten at night we had to go back to the propeller. We are beginning to think a little and talk a great deal about the Chinese itinerary and William as usual has come to the front with an astonishing supply of useful material in the way of maps, guide-books, and time tables.

Lat. $10^{\circ}14'$ N., Long. $92^{\circ}32'$ W. Distance 150 miles.

Wednesday, Oct. 5th. Panama to Hilo.—We are realizing the truth of Jake's statement that the Gulf of Panama is one of the hardest places in the world to get out of and if we did not have auxiliary power we should feel very helpless. Imray's *North Pacific Pilot* published in 1885 states that: "The navigation of the approaches to the Gulf of Panama situated as they are in the region of the doldrums with the land of Central America considerably affecting the Northern trade, becomes to a vessel unaided by steam one of the most tedious, uncertain and vexatious undertakings known to the sailor. . . . The weather met with

can hardly be better illustrated than by the fact that in May, 1848, H.M.S. *Herald* in her passage towards the Sandwich Islands although towed for six days as far west as $89^{\circ}.20'$ still took forty days from Panama to 110° West owing to keeping between the parallels of eight and ten degrees north, and in March of the following year in the meridian of 87° and the latitude of 8° North only made thirty miles in nine days." In the morning we caught a big fish which after a lot of argument was determined to be a tunnyfish or albacore. He was cooked for lunch and the meat though rather dry was very good and not unlike veal in character. Several showers fell during the afternoon, evening, and night so that our store of water was increased by 1200 gallons, thus justifying the installation of the octopus.

Lat. $12^{\circ}.10'$ N., Long. $94^{\circ}.32'$ W. Distance 165 miles.

Thursday, Oct. 6th. Panama to Hilo.—During the week since we left Panama we have made 1292 miles, which is very satisfactory considering the conditions, but we are hoping soon to get out of this region of westerly winds and strike the northeast trades so that we can become a sailing ship once more.

Lat. $13^{\circ}.39'$ N., Long. $97^{\circ}.18'$ W. Distance 185 miles.

Friday, Oct. 7th. Panama to Hilo.—Today has been the hottest and most oppressive since leaving New York, with the air at eighty-six degrees and the water at eighty-seven. The sea is almost without a ripple and there is only the slightest possible swell. We are

only eighty miles off the Mexican coast but there is not a ship in sight, though the radio operator has been conversing with five or six vessels that are within one hundred miles of us. He has rigged up a special receiver of his own and has been able to keep us supplied with "press" each morning, very often receiving the news direct from New York, although 2500 miles away, and on occasions has heard stations at 9000 miles distance, such as Lyons, France; Sayville, Long Island; Funabashi, Japan; Honolulu and many others. The big event of the day was a turtle hunt, which resulted in a bag of two weighing about thirty-five to forty pounds each. Mr. Nolan spied them a little after lunch and Jake ordered a boat lowered in pursuit. Peter shot one through the shoulder and the two sailors in the boat towed them back to the ship. The chef at once dissected one of them to the great interest of the entire ship's company and found that it contained a hundred or more eggs most of them already provided with shells. We are looking forward to all kinds of delectable additions to the menu.

Lat. $15^{\circ}07'$ N., Long. $100^{\circ}03'$ W. Distance 186 miles.

Saturday, Oct. 8th. Panama to Hilo.—Yesterday was hot but today is hotter. There is no wind at all and the sea looks like polished lapis lazuli. "There ain't a wave for miles and miles, except the jiggle from the screw" and we all feel like saying "So these are the doldrums." I have been delighted to find in various books that the region we have been passing through is

spoken of as the "quagmire" of the ocean, which shows that our experience is not unusual. The ladies appear cool and delightful as ever, but the men are a coatless, cravatless, disreputable looking crowd. At dinner time a delicious breeze sprang up from the northeast with real cooling and driving power and we have hopes of the morrow. An item in the day's "press" made us marvel anew at the wonders of wireless communication. "New York—The Aux. Yacht *Aloha* which left here on Sept. 15th to encircle the globe with Commodore James and Mrs. James and guests, stopped this afternoon in the Pacific Ocean while en route from Panama to Honolulu to catch some deep sea turtles. Mr. Alvord shot one turtle and immediately a boat was put off and brought back two. Reports from the *Aloha*'s galley state that there will be turtle soup on Saturday." The latter report was not unfounded.

Lat. $15^{\circ}56'$ N., Long. $102^{\circ}56'$ W. Distance 185 miles.

Sunday, Oct. 9th. Panama to Hilo.—This morning we woke up to find ourselves slipping quietly through the water under all sail, for the breeze had freshened during the night so that steam was turned off, for good, we hope, at six o'clock. The sky was overcast and there were frequent showers, but the wind increased in force and during the afternoon hauled around more to the northward so that we are making from nine to ten miles an hour on our proper course. It has grown much cooler rather suddenly and there is every indication that we have finished with calms and tropical

heat. The wireless brought another interesting item. "On board the *Aloha*, Mr. Alvord now holds the record for deck quoits, putting four rings on the peg out of a possible five. We fear that he will soon lose his laurels, as Miss Sullivan was practicing all by herself yesterday morning and her record now stands three on the peg and two over the side. The two over the side is also a record." The temperature today was eighty degrees but the water was eighty-eight degrees, which must be another record.

Lat. $15^{\circ}45'$ N., Long. $106^{\circ}00'$ W. Distance 181 miles.

Monday, Oct. 10th. Panama to Hilo.—The peculiar behavior of the elements during the last two days is revealing itself as the presage of what promises to be a really and truly storm. At about two A.M. the wind began to increase in force till at breakfast time it reached the intensity of a moderate gale; there were frequent rain squalls and the sea became very rough. In the words of the Log Book "The ship labored heavily and shipped much water." For the first time on the trip the deckhouse was invaded by the seas and one high wave came bowling in through the door and a torrent resembling the Gatun Spillway in everything except scenic magnificence surged down the stairs. There was consternation among those present within, but loud wails at once arose from Fluff's room whose occupant was reposing on her bed when the deluge poured in, and saw many cherished possessions afloat on a flood of water whose vivid pea-green hue indicated

that the stair carpet had not been dyed with the products of the company for the reliability of whose manufactures William is responsible. With a double-reefed spanker and only a little fore and aft canvas we made small headway, and are now awaiting developments in humid expectation.

Lat. $14^{\circ}12'$ N., Long. $108^{\circ}00'$ W. Distance 155 miles.

Tuesday, Oct. 11th. Panama to Hilo.—The weather conditions continued as before and we remained practically hove-to so that we made but little progress in a horizontal direction, and that far to the southward of our course, but vertically and laterally we must have covered an enormous distance. The seas were very high and irregular, and came aboard constantly so that rubber boots and oilers were a necessity for everyone except Jake who still defies the elements in his accustomed garb, quaker gray in color and Palm Beach in texture. One huge wave caught Buxton unprepared and lifted him bodily from the deck, head first over the half door into the deckhouse and dumped him on his hands and knees half way down the room. By a miracle he was not hurt, but another deluge poured down the stairs. By common consent we have given up "the daily dozen" but the acrobatic contortions needed in moving a few feet or even in sitting still much more than compensate for the lack of those gentle incitements to bodily vigor.

Lat. $13^{\circ}22'$ N., Long. $108^{\circ}06'$ W. Distance 55 miles.

Wednesday, Oct. 12th. Panama to Hilo.—The gale continues, and everything on board is just as wet and jumpy as ever. There seems to be no sign of coming improvement, but the wind has become more favorable and as the ship is so "byant" as one of the officers expressed it, we are able to keep on our course when most vessels would be obliged to remain hove-to.

Lat. $14^{\circ}54'$ N. Long. $109^{\circ}38'$ W. Distance 140 miles.

Thursday, Oct. 13th. Panama to Hilo.—The wind and weather are just as before with rather more violent rain squalls, but we have become quite accustomed to this amphibious existence and are developing real sea legs. Meal times are a genuine test of everyone's ability and table manners, but Buxton and Einar are expert as jugglers and balancers, so that serious casualties to the astonishingly elaborate dishes the chef continues to provide are rare. The center of the hurricane seems to be traveling to the northeast.

Lat. $15^{\circ}40'$ N., Long. $111^{\circ}30'$ W. Distance 119 miles.

Friday, Oct. 14th.—The disturbance we are passing through is evidently a revolving storm of great extent which has been traveling for a long distance to the north of our course and we have been on its southern edge, fairly near to its border, but Jake has kept us far enough inside to profit by the wind and make progress along our great circle, to which we have returned after our brief excursion southwards during the first days of the gale. The wind force has been eight to nine on the

scale (twelve is the maximum) and the clinometer has registered rolls as high as forty-two degrees, so that we have experienced all the sensations of a real storm. It has been much colder, with the air as low as sixty-four degrees, and a sudden drop of ten degrees in the temperature of the water today has been rather puzzling to the meteorologists—especially as it rose again in twelve hours to its former point of eighty degrees.

Lat. $16^{\circ}40'$ N., Long. $112^{\circ}57'$ W. Distance 105 miles.

Saturday, Oct. 15th. Panama to Hilo.—The day broke clear and fine and at last it appears as if the storm were moderating, though the seas are still very high. The wind has dropped to what the Log Book calls a fresh breeze and the square sails were set early this morning. Both the fore-royal and topgallant sails promptly blew to ribbons, but new canvas was bent and we are making progress in spite of the heavy head seas which hold us back tremendously.

Lat. $17^{\circ}15'$ N., Long. $115^{\circ}09'$ W. Distance 135 miles.

Sunday, Oct. 16th. Panama to Hilo.—A beautiful clear day with a warm sun that encourages everyone to bring up his soaked belongings and spread them out to dry. The forecastle looks like the Roman Rag Market and even Jake's famous Palm Beach suit, that has so successfully withstood the impact of wind and wave, now adorns a line on the boat deck and flutters gaily in the breeze—the glorious emblem of our victory over the assaults of Neptune and Æolus. The obstinate head sea continues, however, and holds us back

with the result that our runs are disappointingly short. The storm has evidently been one of very great extent and violence. This afternoon the wind dropped almost completely so that the sails have slatted dolefully against the rigging and after dinner Jake put the propeller in action again so that we are once more under steam from one boiler. At dinner Harriet conducted a rigorous cross-examination, but the returns proved that not one of us since the beginning of the trip had shown any similarity to the little boy in Fluff's story who, when his mother asked him, "And what did mama's darling do at the party?" replied, "I frowned up."

Lat. $17^{\circ}.15'$ N., Long. $116^{\circ}.35'$ W. Distance 90 miles.

Monday, Oct. 17th. Panama to Hilo.—The sea is quite moderate and the westerly swell has gone down so that at eleven-thirty steam was rung off. The breeze did not fulfill its promise, however, and at five-thirty we had to continue on our way under bare poles and to the accompaniment of the throb of the propeller. Jake and I spent the evening in the saloon classifying and rearranging the books in all the cases, and soon realized how extensive *Aloha's* library is. The others unselfishly refrained from lessening our enjoyment by any participation in this after-dinner sport.

Lat. $17^{\circ}.19'$ N., Long. $118^{\circ}.35'$ W. Distance 115 miles.

Tuesday, Oct. 18th. Panama to Hilo.—We are still steaming steadily onward over a tranquil but windless

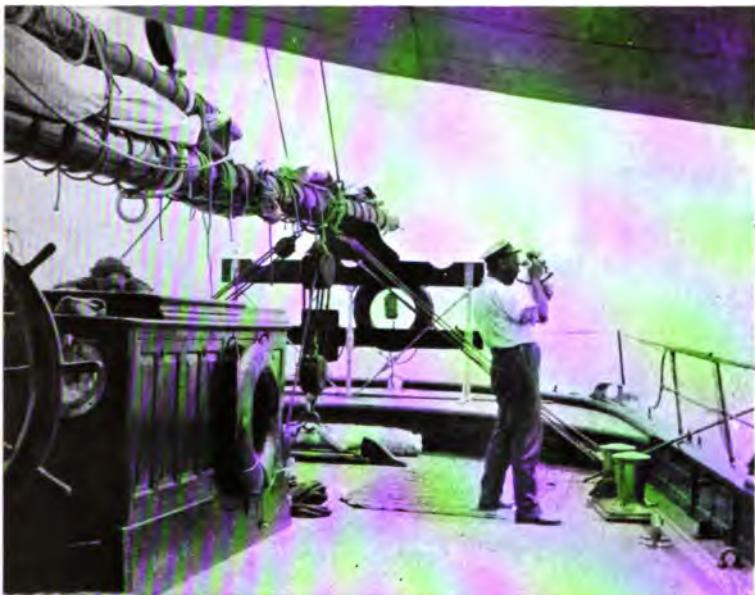
ocean. Jake and I finished the arrangement of the library tonight, but this time not unassisted for Harriet remained with us in spite of the heavy roll and the heat of the saloon, and the task was soon ended. The radio operator succeeded in getting a despatch through to San Francisco, from which we are distant over twelve hundred miles, and this is our first communication with the shore for many days.

Lat. $17^{\circ}53'$ N., Long. $121^{\circ}02'$ W. Distance 149 miles.

Wednesday, Oct. 19th. Panama to Hilo.—The sky and sea are still beyond criticism but the trade winds we are so anxiously awaiting are not in evidence and we are continuing under power. An amusing coincidence occurred today. While listening to the world at large this afternoon the operator heard the word *Aloha* speeding past him through the ether and was able to intercept a message from San Francisco to Honolulu directed to the yacht, to the following effect. "Yacht *Aloha* Radio Honolulu, Young Womens. . . . campaign started will you contribute. Love. Happy Journey."

Lat. $18^{\circ}02'$ N., Long. $123^{\circ}32'$ W. Distance 151 miles.

Thursday, Oct. 20th. Panama to Hilo.—For a time it seemed as if a little wind had sprung up and come to help us along, and the steam was shut off all afternoon, but it soon became evident that the gentle zephyr in question had no intention whatever of being useful and so we are back under power again. By way



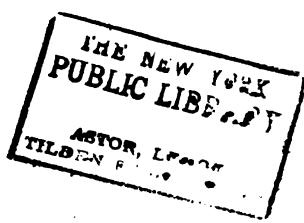
THE NOON SIGHT

Commodore James at his usual mid-day occupation.



CAPTURING A SHARK

Although only about six feet long it was full of fight. Near the tail may be seen a remora still attached to the body of the shark.



of compensation for this disappointment we had the excitement of capturing a shark. He was first spied from aloft and soon could be seen from the deck, his sleek, emerald green body seeming to slip without effort through the water. A hook with a small piece of meat was dropped overboard without exciting his interest, but when this bait was replaced by a huge chunk of pork he dove for it at once and after he had gotten hook and all well down in his insides, he was hauled aboard by the efforts of the entire watch. He landed on the deck, six feet of thrashing, fighting ugliness, with a number of remoras still sticking to him, and was dragged forward where the chef, who seems to be the official executioner for all the monsters of the deep, administered the *coup-de-grace*. In his interior were found several pieces of remnants from the galley that had been thrown overboard in the course of the morning, showing that he had been our unseen companion for some time. He was not like an ill-advised brother of his that William told us of, who made the sad mistake of swallowing a barrel and then starved to death, because everything he consumed after that entered the barrel and remained there. At any rate his tail has been nailed to the bow sprit, which is an infallible means of raising the wind.

Lat. $18^{\circ}.02'$ N., Long. $126^{\circ}.32'$ W. Distance 165 miles.

Friday, Oct. 21st. Panama to Hilo.—It is getting much cooler and everything is perfectly delightful except the continued reluctance of the trade winds to

put in appearance. We are beginning to think that the big storm must have so disturbed atmospheric conditions that all the usual air currents have been abolished. We are having a wonderful time and nothing could be more enjoyable, but "*C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*"

Lat. $18^{\circ}14'$ N., Long. $129^{\circ}30'$ W. Distance 183 miles.

Saturday, Oct. 22nd. Panama to Hilo.—Today Jake concluded that we had burned enough good pit coal and that it was time for the trade winds to begin to blow, so at 4:30 P.M. steam was shut off. The fact that we had decided to put up with no more nonsense from the elements must have been communicated to headquarters for in the course of the evening a nice little northeast breeze sprang up which soon stiffened into a real wind that carried us on at a good rate during the night.

Our steaming record from Panama is as follows to noon today.

Total distance from Panama.....	3559	miles
Steam on one boiler.....	342	hours
Distance under steam.....	2611	miles
Average per hour under steam...	7.63	knots
Coal on hand.....	32	tons
Distance to Hilo.....	1290	miles
Coal used to date.....	110	tons
Distance run on one ton of coal..	23.7	miles

Lat. $18^{\circ}22'$ N., Long. $132^{\circ}51'$ W. Distance 194 miles.

Sunday, Oct. 23rd Panama to Hilo.—At last we are really running down the trades, and all day we have been tearing through the water at a great rate, sometimes making as much as fifteen knots. The sea is quite high, and with all sails set and drawing the ship is a fine sight as the foam boils past and the pursuing waves seem trying to keep up with us but not succeeding. Late in the afternoon a three masted schooner climbed up over the horizon on our beam, headed southeast, but we were going two feet to her one, and she was still hull down when we left her far astern. This was the first vessel that we had sighted in two weeks, and the last one hardly counted for all that was visible was just a wisp of smoke on the horizon.

Lat. $18^{\circ}.02'$ N., Long. $136^{\circ}.22'$ W. Distance 200 miles.

Monday, Oct. 24th. Panama to Hilo.—This is *Aloha's* best run so far, and she seems to be anxious to show what she can do as she draws near to the islands where her name had its origin. Last night we were in wireless communication with San Francisco, fifteen hundred miles away, and exchanged a number of messages.

Lat. $18^{\circ}.54'$ N., Long. $141^{\circ}.16'$ W. Distance 290 miles.

Tuesday, Oct. 25th. Panama to Hilo.—This has been another day of glorious sailing, and we are feeling the wonderful exhilaration of the swift motion under a sunny sky over this azure sea, with every wave crested with white foam. The wind has hauled around more to the easterly so that this morning the star-

board stun's'l was set and this has added to the beauty of the ship's appearance. At six this morning the hook on the spanker-boom pendant parted and things were lively for a few minutes until the boom could be secured, but Jake was on deck in no time and we have been sailing all day with a jury try-sail instead of the spanker. We were again in wireless communication with San Francisco, over seventeen hundred miles away.

Lat. $19^{\circ}31'$ N., Long. $145^{\circ}40'$ W. Distance 255 miles.

Wednesday, Oct. 26th. Panama to Hilo.—In the last four days we have traveled just a thousand miles which shows what *Aloha* can do when she is given a little encouragement. If all goes well, this means Hilo tomorrow afternoon. At tea time today we had the unexpected pleasure of a visit from Miss Arabella Plimpton of Northampton, Mass. She was quite an old dear with her lavender sun-shade, white lace dress and black lace shawl, and quaint old family jewelry. She had known everyone in their younger days, and how she did run on, and the things that she told us—especially what was said in Northampton when Hetty Parsons married that wild young Arthur James, and about Pety Alvord and his way with the girls, to say nothing of Sandy Matheson's business projects, which it appears had included the manufacture of hair dyes. A little later another visitor suddenly appeared. This young person, person is the proper term, was of a very different type from sweet Miss Arabella, for she was dressed in a really most extraordinary manner in a

grass skirt and gaily colored head dress with cymbals in her hands; altogether very Polynesian in effect and not at all what we are used to on *Aloha*. She performed a hula with much spirit, and then vanished as suddenly as she had appeared. It is too bad that Fluff was absent during both these interesting visits.

Lat. $19^{\circ}54'$ N., Long. $150^{\circ}10'$ W. Distance 255 miles.

Thursday, Oct. 27th. Panama to Hilo.—It is six weeks since we started from East 23rd Street, and it was just four weeks ago that we left Panama. The days have gone so swiftly and with so much variety that we cannot understand how anyone can speak of time at sea as being monotonous. Early this morning there was a very heavy shower and during the night the wind dropped a good deal and is now dead aft, so that we are not making more than eight or nine knots and shall not reach Hilo as early as we expected, but then I don't think that anyone really thought that we would. At eleven P.M. we hove-to off the Hilo breakwater but it was impossible to identify the leading light so we stood off shore all night. This makes the time of passage 28 days 11 hours, and the total distance from Panama to Hilo 4844 miles, of which 2690 miles were made under steam in 352 hours.

Lat. $20^{\circ}11'$ N., Long. $153^{\circ}36'$ W. Distance 205 miles. Distance to Hilo 80 miles.

CHAPTER II

WHERE ALOHA GOT HER NAME

Friday, Oct. 28th. Hilo.—We appeared on deck this morning one by one at intervals, beginning with Jake who started the day at four A.M. It was a gray dawn that greeted us, for we found *Aloha* jogging along under steam over a gray sea, shrouded in gray mist and with a fine rain falling. During the night we had stood off so far after Jake went below that the harbor lights were lost, and now in the fog it was a difficult matter to find the entrance again. We stopped frequently for soundings and it was not until after lunch that we were able to be sure of our position, and finally at about four o'clock the anchor was let go inside of the breakwater. The shore made a semi-circle of brightest emerald green about us, with the slopes covered with cane fields and the graceful tops of the palm trees standing out clearly against the sky-line in spite of the mist. We started to go ashore, but the pilot came aboard and moved us to a better berth and the quarantine officer took some time in inspecting the crew so that it was nearly five o'clock before we finally left the ship in the pilot's launch. The only boat-landing is up a little creek situated at some distance from the town, and



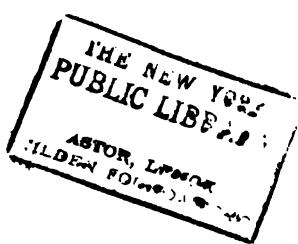
ONOMEA ARCH

A picturesque promontory with a natural arch, about seven miles from Hilo.



KILAUEA

Looking down on the floor of the largest active crater in the world. In the distance is the fire-pit, a third of a mile across, filled with boiling lava.



lined with Japanese warehouses and blue painted sampans which serve as habitations for their owners' families. It was almost like arriving in Japan, for ninety per cent. of the population are Japanese and the road into the town was lined with Japanese shops and most of the people we saw were of the same nationality, many of them in native costume. The post-office was closed but we picked up the assistant post-master at his house and he accompanied us to the post-office and brought out a great armful of mail with which we hurried back to the yacht, for this was the first real news since leaving New York.

Saturday, Oct. 29th. Hilo.—It seems to rain here all the time with occasional flashes of sunshine, in fact the yearly rainfall in some parts of the island is said to be twenty-four feet but this doesn't appear to interfere with anyone's comfort, and the Japs are never seen without their picturesque looking native umbrellas.

The motor was waiting at the landing at nine o'clock and we paid an early call on Miss Ivy Richardson who has a most attractive house on the edge of a little inlet with a delightful setting of tropical trees. After making a few purchases, we went along the north road toward Kohala, as far as the Onomea Arch about seven miles from the town. Great fields of sugar cane lay on either side and everywhere were the flumes in which the cane is carried to the mills, often crossing the gulches on lofty trestle work. There were charming views of the sea and the road crossed many pretty little ravines, often with tiny houses and gardens in their

34 Aloha Around the World

hollows. After an early lunch we started for the great volcano Kilauea. At first the road leads through a cane district and passes the important Olaa plantation, but later as it rises higher and higher above sea level there are many miles of uncultivated land, groves of koa trees, and beautiful tree-fern forests. At about three-thirty we reached the Volcano House, thirty miles from Hilo and at an elevation of four thousand feet. The hotel is at the edge of the extinct portion of the crater, which looks like a vast sea of mud encircled by the high rim of lava rock, with little puffs of steam coming out everywhere, even from the ground above close to the buildings. The observatory is in charge of Professor T. A. Jaggar who has been here for nine years studying the habits of the volcano and takes an interest in its goings on that is almost paternal. He accompanied us to the active part of the crater, to which one goes by a motor road for seven miles around the rim. Two extinct craters are passed, the first Kilauea-Iki, nearly eight hundred feet deep and the second Keanakakoi, with a remarkably level floor. The active fire pit is called Halemaumau, the House of Everlasting Fire, and is now the home of Pele the Volcano Goddess, who has moved in succession from Oahu, Maui, and Molokai to take up her abode here. The pit is a great circular cup, seventeen hundred feet across, and the floor is now three hundred feet down, though less than four weeks ago it was only eighty feet deep and last March the bowl was filled to the brim with its molten contents. Now as one peers over the edge and wishes for some-

thing solid to hang on to, while the gale does its best to sweep the little handful of presumptuous human ants into the immensity below, one sees the pools of liquid fire far, far beneath one's feet. They expand and contract, send up spouts of red hot iniquity high into the air, and emit loud whoofing noises as bursts of pent-up vapor escape from their fiery caverns. A place of fire and brimstone, of mist and poisonous gases, full of ominous portent, that made one or two of us at least, privately resolve to lead better and more upright lives in the future. After dinner, in spite of the wind and the rain we made our way again to the edge of the pit, whose incandescent depths looked still more splendidly forbidding in the darkness. The path was not an easy one, with only the feeble trickles of dim light from two electric torches dribbling over the jagged masses of flinty lava. The wind tore at our flapping garments, the rain beat into our faces and soaked our shivering forms, and no one could decide which was more terrible to walk on, the *aa* or the *pahoehoi*. All the elements were our opponents, fire, air, earth, and water, and it seemed no night to provoke them needlessly, yet our indefatigable leader, with a beautiful trust in the parting advice of the professor to seek a certain seat by the pit side from which to view its wonders, urged us on, and on, and on, till when the goal was at last reached, all but she were almost inanimate. Even the descent to this Avernus had not been easy and the way back seemed unending, and when we finally reached the hotel and found the stay-at-home member of our party

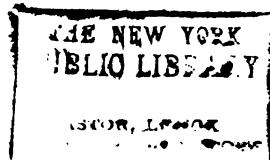
snugly seated by the fireside, serene in the consciousness of having chosen the better part, we were a bedraggled and wayworn crowd, but well satisfied with the experience.

Sunday, Oct. 30th. Hilo.—Today's journeying has confirmed our first impression that Hilo is a land of water and of Japanese. Showers come at a moment's notice, and the sun's appearances are few and fugitive, but along the roads and in the villages the sons of Nippon seem to be many and permanently fixed. Every settlement is teeming with children and they often are very pretty and attractive. After a short stop for another look at the pit from a point on the rim beyond the hotel, we went on to the Twin Craters. These are two small extinct craters of great age that are filled with tropical vegetation, and leading from the bottom of one of them is a tunnel twenty feet in diameter with a beautiful moss-grown entrance through which lava used to flow. After another stop to visit an old friend, Peter Lee, who used to sail with Captain Samuels in the famous clipper ship *Dreadnought*, we started on a long drive through the Puna district, branching off at Olaa, and passing through Pahoa, to the village of Kalapana on the shore. This is a small settlement of pure Hawaiians, who are mostly fishermen, and nearby under a big monkey pod tree we had our lunch in sight of a lovely coconut-grown point. The road from then on crossed several lava flows and gave us beautiful views of the surf and palm covered points sheltering little native houses. We reached



HAWAIIAN GIRL

A native girl from the fishing village of Kalapana, inhabited by pure blooded descendants of the ancient stock.



Miss Ivy Richardson's house at four P.M. exactly on schedule time and found her and her brother and some other members of the family ready to greet us, and as we ascended the steps a Hawaiian orchestra started a *mele* of welcome. It was difficult to leave such friendly people, but by six-thirty we were back on the yacht and again under way.

Monday, Oct. 31st. Hilo to Honolulu.—The sunrise over Maui was very wonderful and as the dawn lightened there were beautiful views of this most picturesque island which has many high peaks separated by deep ravines. A little later Lanai came into view, low lying and reddish in color, and finally we skirted the rugged looking shore of Molokai, but the Leper Colony was far away out of sight, on the other side of the mountain ranges. As we approached Honolulu harbor, Diamond Head stood out boldly in the bright afternoon sunlight, and we could see the combers breaking on the beach at Waikiki in long white lines. An old friend of Jake's, Mr. Halsey, the Commissioner of Immigration, boarded us while we were still outside and we steamed slowly in to a splendid berth at one of the new docks, which placed us almost in the heart of the city. A friend of Fluff's, Mr. Guy Buttolph, was waiting for us on the dock, and flowers and messages began to arrive promptly but the males of the party made a quick departure for a little much needed attention from the barber, while the ladies went for a drive. After dinner we attended an interesting performance of *The Yellow Jacket*, given in the Memorial Mission building by the

Chinese students, who were gorgeously costumed and astonished us by their perfect English and good acting.

Tuesday, Nov. 1st. Honolulu.—Visitors poured in all the morning and the deckhouse is filled with *leis* and other gifts of fruit and flowers from old and new friends, who make us feel that they consider the arrival of *Aloha* a real event in Honolulu history. After obtaining a permit to visit the Kalihi detention hospital from Doctor Trotter, the President of the Board of Health, I called on Bill Judd and Ferdinand Hedeman who have a fine set of offices together on Beretania Street, which gets its name from the old native pronunciation of Britannia. Mr. Buttolph gave us a delightful luncheon at the very attractive country club, where we had our first taste of *poi* and of fish cooked in *ti* leaves, delicacies with which we were later to become very well acquainted. Luncheon over, we drove up the Nuuanu Valley until we reached the Pali, and the vista from its summit revealed itself with a dramatic suddenness and a poignancy of beauty that stirs the emotions as does no other view that any of us have seen. On returning to the yacht we received a visit from the widow of Prince David, Princess Kowananakoa whose first name Wahikoahuula means "born in a mantle of royal feathers." Afterwards we drove to Waikiki to bathe on that famous beach and then Bill Judd carried me off to dine at his very pretty new house on Makiki Heights and we had a long talk about Juilly and medical affairs in New York.

Wednesday, Nov. 2nd. Honolulu.—Before we started

on our drive around the island I went to the Queen's Hospital, which was founded over seventy years ago and is beautifully surrounded by lawns studded with palms and other tropical trees. We then crossed to the North shore of the island over the Pali, this time shrouded in mist, and descended the mountain on the other side in long loops until we reached sea-level and went on past pineapple plantations, cane and rice fields, taro patches, banana walks, and some of the huge fish ponds built by the natives a century or two ago, but still in use. After a stop at the lovely house of Mrs. James Castle with its large indoor garden we passed the Mormon Temple at Laie and lunched on the *lanai* of the prettily situated Haliewa Hotel. The road then left the shore line and proceeded through enormous pineapple plantations, the largest in the world, and past the very fine and extensive Army Post, Camp Scofield. The distant mountain views were most beautiful, and we made good time over the splendid new road, reaching Pearl Harbor in season for tea at Admiral and Mrs. Simpson's. On the way back we drove through Moanalua, the Damon estate, where some of the ancient grass houses are still preserved. The event of the day, however, was the *luau* which the Princess Kowananakoa gave in our honor at her country residence near Koko Head. On arriving we were garlanded with *leis* and found most of the guests already assembled, among whom were Ex-Governor George Carter, Dr. and Mrs. Adams, and others including the Princess's daughter, Kapiolani, her sister

Mrs. Shingle, Miss Ena, and other Hawaiian guests and ladies in waiting. The Princess looked very stately in her black *holoku* with a precious *lei* of the royal yellow mamo feathers as her only ornament. The table was completely covered with flowers and an infinite variety of eatables, either in small dishes or bowls or placed on broad green leaves. Most prominent were the *poi* bowls of koa wood, very graceful in form and dark with age, and the memory lingers pleasantly over the roast pig and chicken, the baked yam and the ti-wrapped mullet. Then there were mussels, squid and crabs, dried fish, rock salt colored red, and wedges of a sort of stiff blanc-mange faintly reminiscent of coconut in flavor, but for most of us *malahinis* the *poi* was the object of our most serious consideration. Still it did not prove so difficult to coat a finger with its pearl-gray, sticky substance and to dip it into the pink, highly salted salmon sauce and then to remove the combination delicately with the lips, and a real liking for its curious, insipid, slightly sour flavor seemed not unattainable, though Jake was the only one who actually reached the very bottom of his bowl. At intervals the family finger-bowl made the rounds for the benefit of those whose sporting instincts had impelled them to eat in proper native fashion, using only nature's implements for everything. Then came the hula. A very brown and stout old lady squatting on a fur rug chanted exotic melodies to the rhythm of a constant pounding on a large calabash or the shaking of gourds filled with rattling seeds, and two girls arrayed as the

post cards show them went through the not very graceful motions of the dance, or crouching beside the musician tapped their hands and shoulders in unison with snapping rods of split bamboo and intoned *meles* in praise of departed chiefs. It was all very solemn, and gave the impression of a ceremony, rather than of a dance, which is what it really is.

Thursday, Nov. 3rd. Honolulu.—After lunching with Judd and Hedeman at the University Club, I accompanied them to the Kalihi detention hospital for lepers. In spite of the fact that some of the patients are in an advanced state of the disease, as we entered each pavilion we were greeted by music and laughter, and the inmates seemed the most cheerful and lighthearted I have ever seen in any institution. Major Hazeltine demonstrated the improvement brought about by the use of the chaulmoogra oil derivatives isolated by Dr. Dean and his associates, which it appears are really curative. One of the most satisfactory results of the treatment is that now since the sufferers realize that their condition is not hopeless, they present themselves voluntarily for treatment instead of having to be ferreted out and brought in unwillingly as before. On leaving the hospital we drove to the top of Mount Tantalus, from which there is a view second only to that from the Pali, and then joined the others at a reception at Dr. C. B. Cooper's, in whose charming house were assembled many of the notables of the island, including Governor and Mrs. Farrington and Judge Dole, the first president of the Hawaiian republic.

Then came another *luau*, this time at the house of Mr. Halsey, with more pig, *poi* and music, and some especially delightful singing by Mrs. Charles L. Hall, whose native name Kahinaweaulani means "wavering cloud that floats to the sky." One of her songs, *The Rose of Honolulu*, we all thought seemed especially appropriate.

Friday, Nov. 4th. Honolulu.—William is very enthusiastic over a visit he has made in company with Judge Dole to the Hawaiian Pineapple Company's canning factory. Pineapple growing is second in importance only to the production of sugar in the islands and this factory is the largest of its kind in the world, its yearly output being a million and a half cans. Later he and Harriet visited the beautiful gardens of Mr. Gerritt P. Wilder, who among other horticultural achievements has produced many fine varieties of hibiscus, and has written a valuable book on Hawaiian fruits. Most of the morning we spent in the Bishop Museum where Mr. Judd, the president of the museum, showed us about and had the precious royal feather capes brought out for our inspection. Dr. Gregory of Yale who spends a large part of his time in the Islands in connection with the museum, told us much of their geology and ethnology and later sent to the yacht a set of the interesting and important publications of the museum. At the aquarium we saw what nature in a sportive mood can do, and were fascinated by the gay harlequins of the sea that filled the tanks with fantastic combinations of form and color such as no human



AUCTION

The results of this and many similar sessions may be found on page 261.



COMMODORE AND MRS. JAMES

During the reception on *Aloha* in Honolulu.

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fancy could invent. Mrs. Hall lunched with us on the yacht, and accompanied the ladies to the Y. W. C. A. and afterwards we had one of our pleasantest experiences in this happy island when we visited the Arthur Browns on the delightful *lana'i* of their house at Waikiki. They had arranged a surfing party for us, and in a huge twelve-paddle outrigger canoe of ancient manufacture, we rode the breakers, with Duke Kahanamoku the famous swimmer, at the steering paddle. It was a thrilling experience and we hated to leave this charming spot, but there was barely time to return to the yacht and then set out again for the dinner which the Secretary of the Island, Mr. Raymond C. Brown, was giving for us at the house of Mr. Wall, beyond Diamond Head. After dinner there was more hula dancing and singing on the pretty terrace by the shore covered by a fine widespread hau tree.

Saturday, Nov. 5th. Honolulu.—After an early lunch with Bill Judd at the Country Club I drove with him through a beautiful woodland road to the house of one of his patients which is on the highest point on this side of the island and has a most marvelous view around the whole horizon. During these past days *Aloha* has been so scrubbed and painted and polished that she is a perfect thing without a flaw, and dressed in her gayest flags she made a wonderful spectacle for the hundred or more guests who came for tea to bid us farewell. The party was delightful but was over far too quickly, and before we realized it the *Aloha* song was sounding on the twilight air. It was a very mourn-

ful group that stood on the bridge and waved last greetings to the friendly gathering on the dock that sang *Aloha oe* and waited there until we had gotten well under way. We all can now understand Arthur and Harriet's enthusiasm for this enchanting place, with its kind hospitable people and feel sure that in our future wanderings around the world we shall depart from no spot with so much regret as this. It was with a real pang that we saw the last glimmer of the Island's lights vanish on the horizon at about nine P.M. and had to turn unwilling eyes westward to our next goal, four thousand miles away.

Sunday, Nov. 6th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—In spite of our regret at leaving the happy islands the charm of the life at sea is promptly reasserting itself and we are settling back into our comfortable shipboard routine as naturally as if it had never been interrupted. During the night we found the trade wind again, and though the breeze was only a gentle one steam was rung off at six-forty A.M. and we are fairly started under all sail on our long passage to Japan.

Lat. $20^{\circ}.18'$ N., Long. $160^{\circ}.11'$ W. Distance 148 miles.

Monday, Nov. 7th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—A long northeast swell is causing us to roll a good deal and the motion is so disturbing to the spanker that it has had to be replaced by the storm trysail, but the breeze though light is holding fairly well and we are not doing badly.

Lat. $20^{\circ}.04'$ N., Long. $162^{\circ}.54'$ W. Distance 169 miles.

Tuesday, Nov. 8th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—This has been a beautiful day with smooth sea and light breezes, whose serenity has been marred only by anti-typhoid inoculations; another instance of how modern preventive medicine can take all the well known joy out of life.

Lat. $19^{\circ}34'$ N., Long. $165^{\circ}18'$ W. Distance 180 miles.

Wednesday, Nov. 9th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—The event of the day was a squall which came with great suddenness at dinner time, requiring quick work in shortening sail and accompanied by a torrential down-pour of rain. It was soon over, but the seas did not subside, becoming higher and higher, and in the early morning hours a great wave poured over the poop and carried the grating from under the feet of the man at the wheel, tearing him from his hold on the spokes. At the same time I was rudely snatched from pleasant dreams of Hawaiian palms and beaches to see a solid column of Pacific Ocean cascading down my ventilator, and the same thing only more so was happening in Jake's room. Everything at our end of the ship was afloat, and the briny flood swished sickeningly to and fro over the floor with every roll. How true is that famous saying of La Rouchefoucauld's, "There is something not altogether displeasing in the misfortunes of even our dearest friends" and we are conscious of a certain lack of conviction in the expressions of sympathy from some of our companions who have suffered similarly earlier in the voyage.

Lat. $19^{\circ}11'$ N., Long. $167^{\circ}25'$ W. Distance 122 miles.

Thursday, Nov. 10th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—The seas are continuing high and irregular so that all day we have been rolling heavily and shipping much water. Rain squalls are frequent with intervals of brilliant sunshine, during which the sea and sky have given us magnificent pictures. The wireless antennæ have been torn from their fastenings by the heaving of the ship and we are temporarily voiceless, but this damage will soon be repaired. The coal pile on deck with which we started from Honolulu has now subsided completely down the bunker shafts, and has been absorbed by the fireroom and shaft alley where it is piled high in every nook and cranny. How Mr. Clifford and his staff manage to get about over these all-pervasive and obstructive heaps is a mystery.

Lat. $18^{\circ}57'$ N., Long. $170^{\circ}14'$ W. Distance 167 miles.

Friday, Nov. 11th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—This is Armistice Day and in the afternoon we had a little ceremony to celebrate the occasion. All hands were assembled on the poop deck and Jake made a short address commenting on the significance of the day and on the burial of the unknown soldier at Arlington. *The Star Spangled Banner* was sung, the colors were half-masted, and the lonely Pacific resounded to the report of a salute from our entire broadside consisting of a single one pounder.

Lat. $19^{\circ}08'$ N., Long. $173^{\circ}27'$ W. Distance 190 miles.

Where Aloha Got Her Name 47

Saturday, Nov. 12th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—The moon is full and we are spending entire evenings on deck again as we did in the Atlantic. The sunsets, however, lately have not been remarkable and fall far short of the splendid displays we had so regularly in the Caribbean.

Lat. $19^{\circ}11'$ N., Long. $176^{\circ}07'$ W. Distance 153 miles.

Sunday, Nov. 13th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—A beautiful day, but it is getting hot again though not uncomfortably so, and it is hard to realize that it is only six weeks to Christmas.

Lat. $18^{\circ}32'$ N., Long. $179^{\circ}05'$ W. Distance 175 miles.

Tuesday, Nov. 15th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—“East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet.” When he wrote that, Kipling must have forgotten about the good old 180th meridian, for we have just crossed the line where the East and West do meet, and the result of the encounter is that we are minus a whole beautiful day just when we can least spare it. Last night when we said good-night to the moon it was Sunday evening and today when we awoke it had suddenly become Tuesday morning. We can think of plenty of days that never would be missed if they quietly evaporated like that, but just now when every one is so especially worth while, to lose it in this unceremonious way without even a chance to show what we could do with it seems most unfair.

Lat. $18^{\circ}12'$ N., Long. $178^{\circ}37'$ E. Distance 135 miles.

Wednesday, Nov. 16th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—Another day of fine weather but light breezes. A ship about nine hundred miles to the northwest tells us that she is hove-to in a gale, with heavy seas, but here aside from a heavy swell this seems the most tranquil of sunlit oceans. Fluff did not get any paint on her dress today.

Lat. $18^{\circ}17'$ N., Long. $175^{\circ}57'$ E. Distance 154 miles.

Thursday, Nov. 17th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—To make up for his rather tame disappearances lately the sun made his exit tonight in a splendor of color that we shall long remember. All day there have been unusually heavy and long northwest swells so that the ocean seemed like an undulating plain with long slopes and valleys. We have been getting the news of the opening sessions of the Armament Conference in Washington and feel delighted at the promising manner in which the discussions are beginning.

Lat. $18^{\circ}19'$ N., Long. $173^{\circ}31'$ E. Distance 145 miles.

Friday, Nov. 18th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—We are realizing that before long we shall be obliged to leave this *dolce far niente* existence and take up the responsibilities of sight-seeing so we are deep in guide books, histories of Japan, schedules, and discussions of what we ought to see.

Lat. $18^{\circ}02'$ N., Long. $170^{\circ}25'$ E. Distance 177 miles.

Saturday, Nov. 19th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—

There is more sea again today and at intervals the clouds seem about to close in on us, but so far the weather remains good and the run is the best we have made in many days. At noon we were fifty miles south of Wake Island. The course has been changed to W. by N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. and we are now heading straight for Marcus Island and Yokohama and thinking of the possibilities of reaching the latter in eight or nine days.

Lat. $18^{\circ}.19'$ N., Long. $166^{\circ}.52'$ E. Distance 205 miles.

Sunday, Nov. 20th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—The day is fine but hot and a heavy swell is running. The men are all in white and everything has a mid-summer air, but next Thursday is Thanksgiving and our service today was made especially appropriate for that time.

Lat. $19^{\circ}.39'$ N., Long. $163^{\circ}.43'$ E. Distance 195 miles.

Monday, Nov. 21st. Honolulu to Yokohama.—There were squalls during the night and the wind and sea continue as before, that is, moderate, but we are making very satisfactory runs and it is delightful sailing weather.

Lat. $20^{\circ}.45'$ N., Long. $160^{\circ}.34'$ E. Distance 193 miles.

Tuesday, Nov. 22nd. Honolulu to Yokohama.—We are much impressed by the loneliness of this ocean, not a ship have we sighted since leaving Honolulu, not a porpoise, and very rarely even a bird. Through hope too long deferred the fishermen have become languid

in their interest, and sometimes do not even go through the form of throwing a line over the taffrail. Only the gay little flying fish still keep us company, and often flash over the waves like arrows of silver as the sunlight strikes them in full flight.

Lat. $21^{\circ}41'$ N., Long. $157^{\circ}30'$ E. Distance 182 miles.

Wednesday, Nov. 23rd. Honolulu to Yokohama.—As if to contradict my words of yesterday, today a whale appeared, but only for a moment or two and demonstrating his presence by his spout alone, like the one in Oliver Herford's poem:

“This is the Whale; he seems to be
A Spout of Water in the Sea.”

It was very hot, eighty-six degrees; we all felt limp and even the wind drooped and what there was of it still remained dead astern, so after lunch the engines were started and now we are going on briskly at eight to nine knots under one boiler after a continuous run of twenty-six hundred and ninety miles under sail. We have passed Marcus Island and should reach Yokohama in five or six days more.

Lat. $23^{\circ}03'$ N., Long. $155^{\circ}19'$ E. Distance 150 miles.

Thursday, Nov. 24th. Thanksgiving Day. Honolulu to Yokohama.—The day started brightly with sunshine in the heavens and the ladies on deck in time to see the daily dozen, and make critical remarks about them. Soon, however, the clouds came down and the sea came

Where Aloha Got Her Name 51

up and *Aloha* began executing a hula, much more lively than any we saw on shore. There was also a fine northeast breeze that drove us through the water all day at ten to twelve knots. Steam was shut off at eight-forty A. M. and in two watches we made ninety-six miles under reduced sail. It was far too rough to carry out all our Thanksgiving plans but the wireless was in fine working order and while we were consuming our turkey and mince pie some interesting messages were received. Among others were these:

MISS F. S. SULLIVAN,

Aux. Yacht *Aloha*, At Sea, Radio Honolulu.

Seat on pit rim has been cushioned. Hope you will return
with party. JAGGAR.

MISS F. S. SULLIVAN,

Aux. Yacht *Aloha*, At Sea, Radio New York.

César five puppies, doing well. Wire instructions.

LEONARD.

A. P. ALVORD,

Aux. Yacht *Aloha*, At Sea, Radio Honolulu.

Appointment offered you excise commissioner.

Life Position, wire acceptance. BROWN.

K. VOGEL,

Yacht *Aloha*, Radio Honolulu.

Regret museum authorities request return necklace
ornament. Gladly substitute lump of Aa.

GREGORY.

Lat. $24^{\circ}51'$ N., Long. $151^{\circ}54'$ E. Distance 215
miles.

Friday, Nov. 25th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—The

run was a fine one, but though the wind continued of good force it gradually edged around to the northwest so as to head us off and at twelve forty-five P.M. we had to go back to steam, at first under one boiler but later both were put in commission. On entering the saloon for dinner, Fluff had the unexpected pleasure of finding the devoted César waiting on the hearth rug to greet her and to present his little ones for her approval. The faithful animal's demonstrations of joy at seeing his mistress and his pride in his offspring were enough to bring a tear to the driest eye.

Lat. $27^{\circ}43'$ N., Long. $148^{\circ}55'$ E. Distance 240 miles.

Saturday, Nov. 26th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—The day is rough and forbidding with heavy wind and sea so that we are going but slowly, even with both boilers in action. It is really cold and bleak and we have decided we would not care to be arctic explorers.

Lat. $28^{\circ}59'$ N., Long. $146^{\circ}09'$ E. Distance 165 miles.

Sunday, Nov. 27th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—The skies have cleared again, but it is still very rough and much colder, so that we are shedding our tropical garb for garments made of sterner stuff, and even Pete and I are beginning to wear caps. After dinner we gathered about the open fire and were very glad to toast our toes. We are still under full steam, with some assistance from the fore and aft sails.

Lat. $31^{\circ}06'$ N., Long. $143^{\circ}51'$ E. Distance 173 miles.

Monday, Nov. 28th. Honolulu to Yokohama.—Today we saw our first vessel since leaving Honolulu and it may be imagined with what interest we looked at it. It was a small sampan, that bobbed about in most uncomfortable looking fashion, and later several others appeared. A little after three o'clock, two of the out-lying islands poked their heads over the horizon, and we are wondering whether the capricious Fuji which should be visible far at sea will also favor us. At noon we passed directly over a rock, marked as doubtful on the charts with one and three quarters fathoms of water over it, and the doubt as to the existence of this peril to navigation seemed to be confirmed. At six-thirty we reached the entrance to Yeddo Bay, 3893 miles from Honolulu, having covered the distance in twenty-two days and five hours, of which 917 miles were made under steam in 110 hours. At eleven-forty P.M. we anchored off the Yokohama breakwater.

CHAPTER III

TEMPLES AND SHRINES IN DAI NIPPON

Tuesday, Nov. 29th. Yokohama.—The early morning air was very keen and the queerly shaped sails of the fishing boats starting down the harbor seemed unreal in the pearly haze. Big sampans with ten or a dozen half-naked fishermen pushing at their sweeps went by, and as it became lighter we found we were surrounded by ships of many nationalities. At eight o'clock the port doctor with numerous assistants in heavy military great coats gave us pratique and the pilot took the ship to a mooring nearer the shore, opposite the Grand Hotel. Soon Mr. Frazar, Mr. Keene, Mr. Hayashi, and Prof. Miyaki came to welcome us to Japan and told us of the anxiety the recent bad weather had caused on our account. Mr. Hayashi had already planned the day for us, and before lunch we started in his car and another for Kamakura. For those of us to whom Japan was new it was a day of wonderful impressions. The rickshaw men in their tightfitting trousers and big straw hats, the blue tunics of the coolies with their white decorations of ideographs, the women shuffling along on their wooden clogs, the tiny shops and crowded narrow streets, the quantities of children in the gayest colors—a thousand totally unaccustomed sights kept

Temples and Shrines in Dai Nippon 55

us in a continual state of amazement and delight. When the city was left behind the clusters of neat little brown-thatched houses beside the terraced paddy fields seemed like charming toy villages nestling at the foot of the maple covered hillsides, that still showed splashes of color here and there. The first stop was at the temple of Hachiman, dedicated to the Japanese God of War, with its splendid approach and flocks of pigeons like those of St. Mark's, waiting for gifts of grain from the well disposed. Here we saw a collection of ancient arms and armor, and other relics of the shoguns, watched some of the pious do obeisance before the shrine, and then went on to the Kaihin Hotel for lunch. The chief attraction of Kamakura is the famous Daibutsu, forty-nine feet high, and cast nearly seven hundred years ago. It is wonderfully majestic and impressive in its beautiful setting of cryptomerias, though the effect is somewhat marred by the shabby refreshment stands that surround it. Another short drive took us to Enoshima, where we had a splendid view of Fuji against the sunset sky, and after lingering a little among the fascinating mother-of-pearl shops, hurried back to Yokohama in order to arrive at Mr. Keene's in time for dinner, and to see his priceless collection of art objects.

Wednesday, Nov. 30th. Yokohama.—Fluff began to see Japan all by herself by going off on an all-day visit to Miss Finch, who lives in Yokosuka where there is a great naval station. She has become a Japanese citizen, lives in Japanese fashion, and has taken the

Japanese name of Mitsuyo Hoshida, which means Starry Fields. For years she has devoted herself in the most self-sacrificing way to mission work among the officers and men stationed there, and has had great success because by merging herself so completely into Japanese life she has won the confidence of the natives to an unusual degree. Peter, William, and I met a delightful compatriot of William's in Mr. Tait, manager of the Chartered Bank of India who immediately invited us to dinner for tonight and to go afterwards to the St. Andrew's Ball, one of the annual social events of Yokohama. The Benten Dori is a fascinating street full of tempting little shops, and we spent much time there as well as in Mr. Namura's Samurai Shokai which is a veritable museum of art objects, old and new. We all met for lunch at the Grand Hotel and then I poked off by myself into the native quarter, around the Moto Machi section and was immensely entertained by the street life. The others were invited to dine at Mr. Fazar's, but William and I went to Mr. Tait's, he gorgeously arrayed in kilts and completely equipped in every detail, from skene dhu to sporran and cairn gorm. On the road up the hill to Mr. Tait's house on The Bluff we saw many of the residences of the foreign colony, and at the St. Andrew's Ball in the Gaiety Theater, all of Yokohama's bravest and fairest were assembled, including quite a sprinkling from Tokyo, and a few Japanese. Most of the real Scotties were in kilts, and with their ladies they performed some very spirited reels, quadrilles and other evolutions beyond

the power of a Sassenach to describe. The others had joined us there and we decided to depart before the big moment of the evening, the arrival of the haggis, but the indefatigable William could not be persuaded to leave and finally reached the yacht much later on after having with some difficulty succeeded in discovering a boatman to ferry him out.

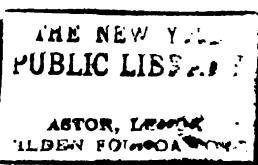
Thursday, Dec. 1st. Yokohama.—We all had various errands ashore and later Captain and Mrs. Semple and Mr. Welzer, Presbyterian missionary to the students at Tokyo came aboard. The baggage had already been sent on to Tokyo and we followed it on the twelve-fifteen train, arriving in time for luncheon at the Imperial Hotel, where Mr. Hayashi, looking very well in his Japanese clothes, gave us a warm welcome. The ladies spent the afternoon inspecting the Y. W. C. A. work, and the rest of us drove in rickshaws about the city under the guidance of Mr. Mizusaki. On the Ginza and in many other parts of the city are well constructed modern buildings often six to eight stories high, and numerous large steel-frame construction office buildings are in course of erection. From the roof of the tall Mitzukoshi department store which is thoroughly modern in all respects, we had a splendid view of the city, but it was really much more interesting when we returned through the side streets and saw the more typically Japanese side of the city. Children swarmed everywhere, always apparently happy and playful, but never noisy. Like the women they were always in Japanese dress, but men in foreign clothes were numer-

ous, many of them affecting a sort of compromise by wearing a foreign hat or cap and a long overcoat with a cape over Japanese inner garments. Harold Egleston joined us at dinner, after which Mr. and Mrs. Hayashi took us to the Ichimuroza Theater where we found Mr. Kabayama waiting. The entertainment was a dress rehearsal of two dances performed by girls from the famous Nishikama School of dancing in Nagoya. Both auditorium and stage were very large and most of the spectators sat on the floor, but at the rear was a row of boxes with benches and we found places in these. The so-called dances were really rather elaborate pantomimes to music, and all the performers including the musicians were girls, very attractive no doubt to Japanese eyes but not notably so to those of the foreigner. The costumes were very splendid and costly, and minor changes in apparel or in the arrangement of properties were effected with the aid of masked, black-robed figures, that strolled about at will and are conventionally assumed to be invisible. The first dance was a sort of allegory in which a knight is tempted by a fiend in the guise of a beautiful woman, but because his heart is pure the young man recognizes the deceit and the evil spirit is then obliged to appear in his true form and is promptly slain. The other performance had a somewhat less edifying moral, for it had to do with a hermit of exemplary character, who tumbled from heaven into the midst of a lot of merry-making laundresses, and found their society so agreeable that he preferred remaining with them to returning



THE RED LACQUER BRIDGE

The Sacred Red Bridge is one of the most famous structures in Nikko, and is a favorite subject in Japanese works of art. The original, of which the present bridge is a counterpart, was erected in 1632 to commemorate a miracle but was destroyed by a flood in 1902.



Temples and Shrines in Dai Nippon 59

on high. The dancers were all famous performers and many local geishas were present to get points from the work of these especially accomplished ladies, but it must be admitted that to the observer whose taste in such matters has been formed on Broadway under the tutelage of Florenz Ziegfeld and Ned Wayburn, the chief interest of the exhibition lay in its novelty.

Friday, Dec. 2nd. Tokyo.—Today we had our first impressions of a Japanese interior of the better class, for we lunched at the residence of Baron Goto, the reform Mayor of Tokyo, and it was a very pleasant experience. At the entrance we were met by a crowd of polite attendants to take charge of coats and wraps, and exchanged our shoes for slippers before treading on the spotless mattings. The house was large and most attractive, with numerous spacious apartments overlooking the garden, and many marvelous art objects and beautiful rugs. The luncheon was a perfect meal in foreign style, and Baron Goto was a polished and delightful host. The guests who were all most cordial included Baron Goto's son-in-law, Mr. Tsurima, his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Haruko Goto, Mr. and Mrs. Tamon Maeda and the Baron's niece, Miss Waki Tominaga, and as several of them had been in the United States the conversation was lively and interesting.

We had to hurry to reach Ueno station in time for the one-forty train for Nikko. The car was arranged with seats along the sides like a trolley car, and there were not many other passengers, but as we reached higher

altitudes it became uncomfortably cold. The country as everywhere in Japan was most picturesque, with carefully tilled fields and pretty toy-like villages in constant succession. Later when the mountains drew nearer there were splendid views including a fleeting glimpse of Fuji, and a golden sunset. On the train was Professor E. E. Speight, Professor of English Literature in several Japanese universities, who is a long time resident of Japan, and gave us many new and interesting sidelights on Japanese life and character. At one station we got little individual tea pots full of hot tea and with a tiny cup, all for four cents including the pot. It was quite dark when we finally reached Nikko but the Kanaya Hotel was ablaze with lights, for electricity is produced very cheaply here by water power. We found the hotel most cheerful and comfortable with freshly washed kimonos laid out on the beds and slippers ready beside them, as is the universal custom.

Saturday, Dec. 3rd. Nikko.—Nikko, whose name means "Sunny Splendor," deserves all the enthusiastic things that have been said and written about it by Japanese and foreigners during the thousand years since it became a center of shrines and temples and resort for pilgrims. Passing the famous red lacquer bridge, that only the Emperor may cross, one ascends by a gently rising pathway shadowed by tall cryptomerias, to the great park which forms the beautiful setting for the triumphs of the old temple builders' art that have been erected to beautify the last resting places of the two great Shoguns that are buried here. Up the wide



A TERRACE NEAR THE TOMB OF IESSU
In their peaceful setting of deep green cryptomerias the temple buildings at Nikko, lacquered in blue and vermilion and gold, form pictures of great interest and beauty.

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Temples and Shrines in Dai Nippon 61

main avenue past the Hall of the Three Buddhas with its great bronze bell whose deep notes are heard all over Nikko every hour, one comes to the high granite torii marking the entrance to the group of buildings that compose the memorial to Ieyasu. Constantly ascending by pathways or steps one mounts terrace after terrace with stone lanterns and bronzes, treasure houses and shrines, gateways and temples, till finally the mausoleum itself is reached after a long climb up two hundred steps to a secluded platform, where in stately surroundings of silence and forest is the unpretentious tomb of the great Shogun, its simplicity in striking contrast to the magnificence that has come before.

It is all lovely and beautiful beyond description—the vermilion and gold and blue of the fantastically shaped temples against the background of deepest green; the richness of the carving, sometimes grotesque as in the figures of the *nio* that guard the temple gates, sometimes humorous as in the famous three discreet monkeys or the sleeping cat—but always interesting and with its beauty so much enhanced by the hills and trees that surround it all. Near the great torii is another road that leads to the mausoleum of Iemitsu, no less interesting though with fewer buildings along the pathway to it. From this enchanting spot we turned reluctantly to the motors that carried us quickly six miles up the valley to a little settlement called Umagaeshi beyond which automobiles do not go, and all walked on a mile or two further along the stream until it was time for Arthur,

62 Aloha Around the World

Harriet, and Fluff to turn back in order to return to Tokyo. Peter, William, and I kept on up the fine mountain road and reached Lake Chuzenji at a little after one. We ate the excellent lunch we had brought with us, in the empty halls of the Chuzenji Hotel which is deserted in winter time, and after warming up a little over the *hibachi* started back, stopping to see the fine Kegon waterfall which is two hundred and fifty feet high and forms the outlet of the lake. The walk was just as interesting coming down as going up and we noted two examples of Japanese progressiveness in the extensive reforestation being carried out on all the mountain slopes and in the splendid hydraulic power plant being constructed in the valley. When not far from Umagaeshi, to our great joy a troop of thirty or forty monkeys appeared climbing about on the cliffs across the ravine and taking drinks from the brook that ran down the rocky wall. We had heard of these but doubted their existence and it was certainly a chilly habitat for monkeys for there was ice on all the wayside pools. During dinner we had another unusual experience—an earthquake shock, lasting only a few seconds but distinctly perceptible.

Sunday, Dec. 4th. Nikko.—The "King of Pawnbrokers" who has an elaborate curio store here lured us into his establishment and we spent most of the morning going over his wonderful collection of brocades, priest's robes, and prints. There was time before lunch for another brief visit to the temples which on a second view seemed even more lovely in their majestic setting.

Temples and Shrines in Dai Nippon 63

The motor trip through the wonderful avenue of cryptomerias set out by ancient daimios in lieu of the tribute they were too poor to pay, was very fine and the brown-thatched houses looked more adorable than ever under the shade of these imposing trees. The avenue extends unbroken for twenty-five miles but at Imaichi we changed to the train and were back at Ueno station by half-past seven. Harold Egleston took us to the Tokyo Club for a late dinner and there we made the acquaintance of Mr. Burch, First Secretary of the British Embassy, and Count de Salis, the Third Secretary. Arthur and Harriet had been to Dr. Cosuaki's church and the Tokyo Union Church and, after lunch, went with Professor Mizusaki to the Imperial Museum and the Y. M. C. A. and then dined at the American Embassy.

Monday, Dec. 5th. Tokyo.—Peter, William, and I went with Nakano to the new Shinto temple erected in a large park which used to be a military parade ground. It is a long walk from the entrance before one reaches the temple, and the broad pathway winds through groves of thousands of trees recently set out and each the gift of some individual donor, many having been sent from the remotest corners of Japan. The temple is beautiful in its simplicity, and its construction and that of the adjoining cloisters proves what masters the Japanese are in the use of wood as a building material. The roof, which is many inches thick, is very appropriately made of the bark of the trees used in constructing the body of the building.

64 Aloha Around the World

Some distance away is the well built stone treasure house in which are stored relics of the late Emperor Mutsuhito. On the way back to the central part of the city we stopped at the house of the late General Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur. This famous soldier after the close of the Russo-Japanese war in which his two sons had been killed, devoted nearly all his income to the support of the widows of soldiers, and with his wife lived in the most Spartan simplicity in a very unpretentious little cottage. Through a window one can look in and see the spots where the bodies of the General and his devoted wife were found after they had committed suicide while the Emperor's funeral ceremony was going on. After luncheon the others went to the Baroness Uchida's for a reception to the trustees and alumnae of the Doshisha, but Peter and I visited the Asakusa section, called the Tokyo Coney Island. It is a quarter of little streets lined with booths selling all sorts of gimcracks, cheap wares, and things to eat. There are many theaters and cinemas, a menagerie, and all sorts of catch-penny devices. At one side of the district is the famous Asakusa temple celebrated by appearing in one of Hiroshige's well known prints. After we had seen a theatrical performance representing a Japanese equivalent of the custard-pie variety of comedy we went on to the famous Kano school of ju-jutsu. In an immense hall with matting-covered floor twenty or thirty pairs of perspiring young men were engaged in very spirited contests, throwing each other around in what seemed to be most dangerous fashion. The opponents were always

Temples and Shrines in Dai Nippon 65

of different degrees of proficiency as indicated by the colors of their sashes, white, brown, and black being the three degrees, with the latter the highest, the superior serving as instructor to the less advanced student. For dinner we had been invited to Mr. Kabayama's, a classmate of Arthur's and son of the famous admiral. The house and dinner were in foreign style and among the guests were Ambassador and Mrs. Warren, and Mr. and Mrs. Ballantyne of the Embassy. We were all charmed with Mrs. Kabayama who writes delightful poetry and also paints very prettily. To entertain us after dinner, Mr. Kabayama had secured a remarkable artist who seated himself on the floor surrounded by his materials, and then painted pictures about two feet by three in size very quickly and effectively of any subject suggested.

Tuesday, Dec. 6th. Tokyo.—Nautical matters took Jake to Yokohama this morning and Harriet visited some of the girls' schools. The rest of us went to the Okura museum, which is the mansion of the famous millionaire who started in life as a fish-monger and before his death had accumulated one of the finest collections of art objects in Japan. The buildings were chilly and we had to hurry through them to keep from congealing, but the exhibits were very fine, especially some of the old paintings and lacquers. Before lunch we stopped at Hattori's and saw old brocades and priest's robes. Prof. Miyaki accompanied me to the University where we spent the afternoon. It covers an immense tract of ground and the buildings containing the class rooms and laboratories are modern and ugly.

The hospital is built on the pavilion system with one story wards and long connecting corridors. The nurses are white-uniformed Japanese girls who appear to be deft and intelligent. Prof. Inada, who is chief of one of the medical divisions is a delightful man, and it was a pleasure to discuss medical questions with such a fine clinician.

Mr. and Mrs. Hayashi took us to the Maple Club in order that we might see what a real Japanese dinner is like and it was a most interesting experience. We sat, shoeless of course, on the floor around the three sides of the room with numerous *hibachis* at which to toast our numb fingers for there were only paper walls to keep out the chill December air. Each diner had before him a low tray for his dishes and a geisha to entertain him and to assist the *nesans* who brought in the courses, in arranging the dishes on the tray and to give us strangers tips about the use of chop sticks and matters of etiquette. The menu was very long and complicated. It began with a hors d'œuvre of chestnut candy, very rich and sweet, and ended with a bowl of rice. In between came a succession of pale and watery soups in which floated delicately flavored things like lilly bulbs or bamboo shoots, interspersed with little bits of cold quail or fish and lots of other things, all assisted by frequent libations of lukewarm saki which each geisha kept pouring from a porcelain bottle into a saucerless cup, somewhat smaller than half an egg shell. The meal took a long time for the courses were endless, and most of the dishes seemed to our un-

Temples and Shrines in Dai Nippon 67

accustomed palates rather insipid and unsatisfying, all except the *daikon*, a sort of fermented radish which is a favorite food but which may be compared in odor to limburger cheese. But it was all charmingly done, the dishes and the young ladies both seemed almost too exquisitely ornamental to serve for anything except to be looked at, and the whole memory is one of grace and delicacy with little of the substantial. Later more gorgeously dressed geishas appeared, and to a samisen accompaniment performed two pantomimic dances which consisted of graceful posturings rather than of dancing in our sense of the word.

Wednesday, Dec. 7th. Tokyo.—Harriet visited the Y. W. C. A. with Miss Scott while Fluff went to St. Margaret's School for Girls and St. Paul's College, and afterward lunched at the Embassy together with Bishop McKim. Peter, William, and I poked around the shops including the very interesting Shimbi Shoin where beautiful reproductions are made of the old color prints, and also went through the Nakadori or curio street. The afternoon was one succession of tea drinkings. First we all went to the Imperial Gardens of the Hama Palace where we were met by Mr. Takahashi, Master of Ceremonies to Prince Fushiba, and Mr. Adashi, who escorted us over the Wistaria Bridge and through the park-like grounds to a summer house where tea was served, brought at much trouble in motors from the Prince's palace. This function over we had more tea at the Embassy reception, and at the hotel, Miss Hoshida gave another tea for Fluff and fifteen or twenty Y. M.

C. A. workers including Peter's friend Mr. Kanzo Uchimura. The James dined at the Naval Attaché Captain Watson's, but Peter, William, and I went with Nakano to the famous Manyasu restaurant where we had a meal similar to the one at the Maple Club though somewhat less elaborate, but including raw fish, a delicacy we had not tasted before. In addition to the fully trained geishas there were also younger half-trained girls or *maikos* to entertain us, the latter being not more than twelve to fourteen years old and specializing in dancing.

Thursday, Dec. 8th. Tokyo.—The others preceded us to Yokohama but Peter and I went to the Palace to sign the names of the party in the Imperial guest book, in acknowledgment of our tea drinking yesterday in the Hama Palace gardens. We all met for luncheon at the Grand Hotel and then went out to *Aloha* where preparations were actively going on for the party that was to wind up our stay in this part of the country. Captain Cone, of the Huron, sent his Filipino band to enliven the occasion, and he and many of his officers came later, as well as about a hundred other guests from Tokyo and Yokohama. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Hayashi, Prof. and Mrs. Miyako, Admiral Baron S. Uriu, Mr. and Mrs. Maeda, the Keenes, the Ballantynes, Count de Salis, Mr. Moffet, the British Consul General, and many others. Mr. Scidmore who has been consul here ever since the time of Coronet's visit twenty-five years ago, as well as Miss Hoshida and Harold Egleston, stayed for dinner. While we were sitting over the coffee and



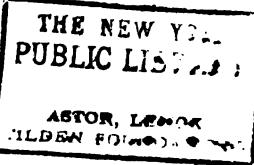
WAYSIDE TEA HOUSE

Along the road to Chuzenji were numerous resting places like this, where friendly little hostesses dispensed refreshment to the thirsty.



SACRED DEER AT NARA

Browsing about in the magnificent park enclosing Nara's many temples and shrines are hundreds of deer. Until fifty years ago, to kill one was a capital offense.



Temples and Shrines in Dai Nippon 69

cigarettes there was a violent earthquake which for about two minutes lifted the ship up and down as if she were in a seaway. Later we learned that the shock was the most severe in twenty-eight years, and the seismographic instruments showed that it lasted a little over ten minutes. A good deal of damage was done in Tokyo, the most serious result being the breaking of the main water pipes of the city, causing a water famine of several days' duration.

Friday, Dec. 9th. Miyanoshita.—Mr. Forgo, manager of the Imperial Hotel came on board for lunch, and then we departed on the 1:40 train for Miyanoshita. The railroad journey was quite interesting with fine views of the shore line, and we were surprised to see oranges and bamboo in profusion in some of the towns we passed. At Odawara, which like most Japanese cities apparently, was once the capital, we left the train and went the rest of the distance in motors, traveling steadily upward along a fine winding road through beautiful gorges with splendid glimpses of the distant mountains. At Miyanoshita we did not stop but went right on to Lake Hakone about eight miles further, reaching there just at dusk. The famous view of Fuji mirrored in the waters of the lake was not visible but the surroundings were very pretty and not unlike any one of a great many places in the Adirondacks. The Matsuzaka Hotel where we had tea and excellent "castel" sponge cake is the same at which Arthur and Harriet stopped twenty-five years ago, and they were amused to find their old rooms still unchanged. The hostess and a

crowd of chattering and giggling *nesans* were much entertained by us, and on our departure called friendly *sayonaras* after us as long as we were in hearing. The Fujiya Hotel, kept by Mr. Yamaguchi, brother of Mr. Kanaya in Nikko, is one of the finest in Japan and we found it very comfortable. Miyanoshita is famous for the wooden wares that are produced here in infinite variety and during the evening Fluff and I wandered up and down the winding main street of the town doing some very satisfactory Christmas shopping while the others played bridge.

Saturday, Dec. 10th. Kyoto.—For the first time since our arrival in Japan it rained and the mountains were shrouded in heavy mist. This was a great disappointment for the drive from here is famous for its views of Fuji, but we decided to take the motors anyhow instead of returning to Odawara and boarding the train there. It was well worth while for the military mountain road is a splendid piece of construction and though the distant summits were invisible most of the time, the views of the valleys hundreds of feet below dotted with villages and checkered with well tilled fields were superb. Peter of course was interested in the aeroplane view of the golf course at Sengokuhara and finally the crest of the divide was reached at the Long Tail Pass at an altitude of 3200 feet. After passing through the Nagao Toge tunnel the road descended rapidly and soon reached Gotemba. From here on villages were frequent and it was interesting to see the people working in the fields in spite of the rain with wide, pointed

umbrella hats and shaggy rain coats made of straw just as they are so often shown in Hiroshige's prints. This is a famous region for tea and we passed many tea gardens, finally reaching Numazu at eleven-thirty. Here there was quite a wait for the train and the crowd in the station were much interested in Fluff and Harriet, the women being greatly taken with their clothes, especially the furs, and were delighted with some flowers that were given them. The journey to Kyoto was very comfortable for Nakano secured a special compartment that held us all and there was also an observation car at the end of the train where we met Mr. and Mrs. Waddell. Mr. Waddell has just returned from a long stay in China where he has been building bridges and lecturing on engineering and he had much of interest to relate. It was dark when we arrived in Kyoto but Miss Denton, Prof. Nakasako, and about one hundred girls from the Doshisha were waiting in the station and gave Arthur and Harriet a rousing reception. It was quite a drive through the brightly lighted streets to the Myako Hotel which is on a hillside overlooking the city and is a rambling old structure with long and icy corridors, but no doubt is very attractive during the warmer months. After dinner, Peter, William, and I walked down the hill and through the city in order to get some first impressions and were especially entertained by Theater Street. This was brilliantly lighted and gay with lanterns and banners. There were many cinemas with gaudy posters to attract the public and we were in hope of finding a Japanese picture, but the films were all foreign

and it was more amusing to watch the throngs outside. Here again we were struck by the great orderliness and good behavior of the Japanese crowds, for though the streets were densely packed there was little noise except for the clicking of the *getas*, and the utmost good humor seemed to prevail. We stopped in various shops to look at things and were always cordially welcomed and generally raised a laugh by our attempts at conversation. There was much activity around the booth where an auction was being held and here we found that in this as in so many other ways the Japanese do things as we think backwards, for the auctioneer does the bidding while the buyers remain silent. The price of an article is started above its value and gradually is reduced till someone in the crowd calls out "sold" or its equivalent.

Sunday, Dec. 11th. Kyoto.—Peter and I spent the morning visiting some of the industries for which Kyoto is famous such as the potteries, cloisonné, and damascene-work shops. At Namikawa's there was a most delightful garden with charming rockeries and trees and venerable carp swimming in the miniature lake, and the pieces of cloisonné which pretty Mrs. Namikawa showed us were exquisite examples of this beautiful art. We were also interested to see in the workshop of O. Komai how the damascene-work is done and to learn that it originated in Damascus and was carried by the Moors to Spain, also making its way to the Far East. Now it has become extinct in the regions of its origin but still flourishes in the widely separated countries of Spain

Temples and Shrines in Dai Nippon 73

and Japan. Kyoto is also noted for its colored fabrics and we saw long bolts of cloth being washed in the canal, the water of which is supposed to have qualities that are especially valuable in setting the dye. Luncheon over, Miss Denton took Peter, William, and me to an art exhibition held in a fine building devoted to such purposes where a great number of art objects of all kinds and great rarity were on view preliminary to a sale. Everything was set about so that it could be handled and studied and there was a large crowd of prospective buyers examining and discussing the different articles, making notes on them, etc. The most important exhibits were a pair of wonderful antique gold screens valued at fifteen thousand yen. On the way to Lake Biwa we passed along the famous Tokaido road over which for centuries the daimios traveled in state to pay their annual homage to the shoguns. At one point outside the city, still marked by the ancient monument, all travelers were compelled to stop and put covers over their spear points. This so irked one proud old noble, Hideyoshi, that in order to avoid passing through Kyoto on the way to his castle beyond, he built for himself alone a branch road making a detour around the city, which is still in use. A little further on we stopped to call at the *besso* or country house of Mr. Namikawa, father and predecessor of the present cloisonné maker. It was a charming little place and the old gentleman is a great carp fancier for in his diminutive lake are several hundred of the fish, some of them reputed to be over a century old. Lake Biwa was very picturesque

but we were sorry to find that the sacred pine tree eight hundred years old by its shore, which has been trained so that its branches cover an area over a hundred feet in diameter, has recently died. On returning to the city we saw at Mr. Hayashi's another antique of great price, a Chinese bronze vase of lovely green patina said to be a thousand years old and valued at a hundred and eighty thousand yen. That evening we attended the second night's celebration of the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Osawa and also of the silver wedding of their son and daughter-in-law, the entire festival extending over three nights. It was held at the Kyoto Hotel and after an elaborate dinner the seventy-five or a hundred guests were entertained by samisen music, a sleight-of-hand performance, and a moving picture. Harriet missed the day's adventures as she had to spend the day in the house to take care of her cold, and after going to church with William in the morning, Fluff remained indoors for the same reason.

Monday, Dec. 12th. Kyoto.—Peter, William, and I looked about the town during the morning and then met the others at Yamanaka's. After seeing some of the art objects there we proceeded to the Doshisha. First we inspected the buildings which are splendidly planned and maintained and then went to the main entrance of James Hall, in front of which about two thousand of the students, boys and girls, were gathered, and when President Ebina had introduced Arthur and Harriet there was tremendous cheering for those who had done so much to make Doshisha possible. They both were

Temples and Shrines in Dai Nippon 75

called on to address the students and though taken by surprise made beautifully finished speeches, which Professor Nakasako repeated in Japanese. Then there was a luncheon party at Miss Denton's, and the Jameses stayed on for more ceremonies but the rest of us went to the Nishimura factory and saw the process of making lacquer work. Later we all met again at Yamanaka's for the Tea Ceremony which was charmingly carried out for us with all its formal etiquette by Mrs. Yamanaka assisted by her little daughter. After the ceremony was over we retired from the tea room, and as is the custom had a meal of several courses, which was served in exquisite lacquered dishes, the prettiest and finest we have seen. After dinner Miss Denton accompanied us to the Minamiza Theater to see Ganjiro, the most famous actor in Japan, who although seventy-three years old played the part of a young man most convincingly. The story was that of a youth in the daimio days who steals his employer's money to secure the freedom of a geisha with whom he is in love, and consequently is in danger of arrest and execution. This play was followed by comedy with dancing and pageantry, well done by a large chorus, though in this as in the previous performance all the parts were taken by men. The auditorium is very large and the stage revolves so that scene shifting is done without delay. Most of the audience sat on the floor in little compartments holding four or more people, but we had a box at the rear with chairs and numerous *hibachis* and teapots. The performance begins at five and most people bring their

dinners or have them sent in so that there is eating and tea drinking going on constantly.

Tuesday, Dec. 13th. Nara.—Arthur and Harriet remained in Kyoto doing shopping and seeing their friends while the rest of us with Nakano motored to Nara. The suburbs of Kyoto go on indefinitely and our progress was slow through the narrow and crowded streets, but there was something of interest to see at every moment and we were glad that speeding was impossible. After getting into the open country we passed quaint villages full of children who lined up at the side of the road as we passed and called out *Banzai Igin San!* Welcome Mr. Stranger!—even little tots that could barely talk at all. At Monoyama or Peach Hill we stopped to see the tomb of the Emperor Mutsuhito who was buried here in 1912. It is at the summit of a hill with a fine view down the valley and is reached by a magnificent approach of two hundred and thirty granite steps thirty feet wide, and when we had reached the top we felt the ascent was much more than an equivalent of our much neglected “daily dozen.” The road then led through Uji, noted for its fine tea and for the so-called battle of the fireflies which takes place there in the summer and attracts great crowds.

Nara was enchanting. The avenues of stone lanterns shadowed by giant cryptomerias led in graceful curves up and down through the great park, and as we walked the famous sacred deer nuzzled against us begging for the bran cakes which are on sale especially for their delectation. The temples, though not so elaborate as

those at Nikko, are beautifully placed and in one some sacred dancing girls with curiously whitened faces and flowing garments performed for us a ceremonial dance to the accompaniment of a weird chant by a wizened, white robed bonze who must have been at least a thousand years old. Then we paid six sen each to whack an enormous bell, one of the largest in this land of monster bells, with a great swinging beam, and fed beans to the sacred pony which is yellow now but will ultimately become pure white by virtue of its sanctity. The Daibutsu here, cast eleven hundred years ago is bigger than the one at Kamakura though not nearly so fine in conception, but is interesting because it is still enclosed in its huge, recently restored temple with a roof 160 feet above the floor, while the protecting structure at Kamakura is no longer existent having been destroyed by a flood two years after Columbus discovered America. Returning, we followed a longer road which passed through lovely open country where we could make better time, and in the twilight enjoyed the companionship of the mountains that encircle Kyoto and protect the city from the incursions of evil spirits.

Wednesday, Dec. 14th. Kyoto.—We made an early start for the Nijo palace but I think that its boasted magnificence fell somewhat short of everyone's expectations and left us cold, both physically and esthetically. Some of the apartments were dignified and stately with their splendid gold panels decorated with pine trees in dusky green, but the general impression was rather

gloomy and the absence of any evidence of human habitation made the great rooms seem bare and forbidding. Even the much-lauded wet heron appeared only a rather bedraggled and faded fowl and the no less celebrated watching lion failed entirely to be intimidating. As the Crown Prince was in residence no one could be admitted to the other palace, so Fluff went to visit St. Andrew's School for Girls while we drove to see the famous ancient cherry tree in Maruyama Park which forms the central feature of the festivals held here in cherry blossom time. After luncheon and many polite farewells from the nice Mr. Hamaguchi, proprietor of the Miyako Hotel we went on to Kobe and arrived there at about three o'clock after passing the factories and tall smoke-stacks of Osaka, Japan's Manchester. Kobe has an enormous port so full of shipping that the best mooring that could be secured for *Aloha* was so far from the American Hatoba that it took fifteen minutes for the launch to make the journey. William visited the office of his company and Peter and I walked up the Moto Machi, gay with Christmas banners, but the quarters of the city near the port did not appear very interesting and we soon went aboard, where a party was in progress for Miss Denton and about seventy-five of the Doshisha girls who had come down from Kyoto to bid farewell to Arthur and Harriet. Mr. and Mrs. Drummond of Osaka who had put their car at our disposal in Kyoto were there and it was a pleasant surprise also to find Tom Blagden, who stayed with us for dinner.

Thursday, Dec. 15th. Inland Sea.—The inland sea



THE PARK AT NARA

A torii and some of the thousands of stone lanterns that border the delightful cryptomeria-shaded pathways winding in all directions.



Temples and Shrines in Dai Nippon 79

is truly a sea of enchantment that justifies all the expectations that had been aroused by the accounts we had read and heard, and today's passage through it has been one succession of delights. We got under way at four A.M. in charge of a Japanese pilot and have had a day of perfect sea and sky. At times we passed through bays that seemed about as wide as Long Island Sound and again the channel lay between islands so close together that the people on shore could plainly be seen; but always there are islands large and small in endless numbers, some high and even mountainous, some low-lying with sandy shores, some barren-looking and some with villages at the water's edge and terraced fields climbing high up the hillsides, but all lovely objects in the ever-changing lights of morning, afternoon and evening. Most interesting of all were the junks and other sailing vessels coming in fleets of a hundred or more, carrying coal from Shimonoseki or engaged in coastwise trade between the villages. The moon was full and the evening air seemed almost as balmy as it used to be long ago in the Caribbean. At one o'clock we reached Miyajima and lay the rest of the night at anchor.

Friday, Dec. 16th. Miyajima.—We awoke lying placidly at anchor in the lovely Hiroshima Bay girdled by mountains, violet and lavender in the morning haze. Before us was the island of Miyajima considered by the Japanese one of the "three great sights" the others being Matsushima and Amanohashidate, though for most foreigners such places as Nikko and Nara and

numerous others are of at least equal charm. Another name for Miyajima is Ongashima, which means "gentle island" and its tranquil beauty seems to justify the term. No dogs are allowed and deer roam about the temple grounds as unconcernedly as at Nara. The ancient Shinto temple is built on piles and at high tide the water almost laps the endless lengths of winding corridors that surround the building, so that the entire structure seems afloat and is mirrored in the placid surface. In front of it, several hundred feet from shore, stands the high torii, its faded red and graceful proportions showing prettily through the trees as one approaches the temple buildings. A delightful path winds up the hillside through groves of stately evergreens under whose boughs one gets charming glimpses of the bay, the tall pagoda and the distant mountains. As it returns to the town it passes little groups of detached houses forming part of the hotel accommodations, each set in a tiny garden with rocky pools and diminutive fern-bordered waterfalls. It was no easy matter to leave behind such quantities of charmingly useless gimcracks as filled the many shops that line the town's few streets, and Fluff saw to it that we did not depart with empty hands, but at ten-forty we were back on board and a few minutes later were under way again. The afternoon was a repetition of the previous day and we steamed on past island after island, large and small, high and low, verdant and rocky, with cultivated hillsides or barren slopes in infinite variety. On every hand were the countless



THE GREAT TORII AT MIYAJIMA

Photography at Miyajima may be carried out only under the watchful scrutiny of a heavily armed police official. Fortunately this charming view of the famous Great Torii could be secured without turning the eye of the camera in the direction of the hidden batteries said to be concealed among the hills surrounding the picturesque Hiroshima Bay.

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ASTOR, LENORE

junks and fishing boats, or more stately steamers and sailing ships that singly or in groups went about their several occasions. Never before had the sea seemed so convenient for man's use as here where scores of keels were crossing it in all directions, giving it the appearance of a crowded thoroughfare. While we were finishing lunch the first mishap of any significance occurred. A sudden crack and jar made it seem for a moment as though we had struck, but it was one of the heavy wire wheel-ropes of the steam steering-gear that had parted. At the time we were in a narrow strait between two islands with a current running five or six knots, and barely escaped a collision with a fishing boat, but as usual the ship's officers and stores were adequate for any emergency and the broken cable was soon replaced by a new one. The evening continued beautiful and at nine-thirty we passed through the turns of the Shimonoseki Straits with the bright lights of Akamagasaki and Moji on either hand, but the glass was falling rapidly and after we had reached the open we ran into a heavy westerly gale. We pitched and rolled a good deal and shipped much water, especially between two and four o'clock, and it was a most uncomfortable night. If the wind had been a few points more from the north it would have delayed us for hours and perhaps have caused us to miss the connection with the evening train at Fusan.

CHAPTER IV

KOREAN COLD AND PEKING DUST

Saturday, Dec. 17th. Fusan.—Like the one in *The Swiss Family Robinson*, Jake's favorite literary production, the gale "continued with unabated violence" through the morning but fortunately did not greatly impede our progress so that we made good time and by noon had covered the hundred and ten miles from Shimonoseki to Fusan. During the afternoon we tried to go ashore but were not allowed to land as the customs officials had not been aboard and by the time this formality had been carried out, it was too late to leave before dinner, but the beautiful land-locked harbor with high mountains all about was a pleasant place in which to lie and enjoy the immobility of *Aloha*'s deck after her lively curvettings of the night and morning. Shortly after dinner we embarked for shore and met with a chilly reception on Korea's icy strand, but the station hotel was a comfortable waiting place. Peter and I went with Nakano to a Japanese moving picture and found it most entertaining. It was a story of Samurai adventure and was fairly reeking with bloodshed and sudden death. In Korea the well known silent drama is evidently far from silent, since for each



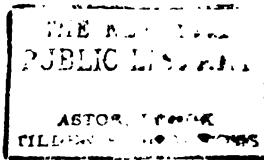
SUNSET ON THE INLAND SEA

Extending from Osaka to Shimonoseki, a distance of about 250 miles, varying in width from three miles to fifty, and studded with myriads of islands, the Inland Sea is one of the most picturesque sheets of water in the world.



A KOREAN MOURNER

The man squatting at the left is in mourning; as is shown by his huge straw hat which he wears for a year to shield his grieving features from the gaze of the multitude.



of the important characters a separate spell-binder on the sidelines bellowed appropriate speeches and all the battles and murders went on to the accompaniment of a terrific din from banging sticks and drums. At ten-thirty we found ourselves in comfortable sleeping compartments on the through express and under way for Peking via Seoul and Mukden.

Sunday, Dec. 18th. Seoul.—Everyone awoke in good spirits after a comfortable night and felt still better after the breakfast of many courses that was slowly but surely served in the dining car by apple-cheeked little Chinese boys in white coats starched to an appalling degree of stiffness. The country looked not unlike parts of New Mexico, except for the rice fields coated with a film of ice and the frequent clusters of low, mud-walled houses with brown thatched roofs. At the stations motley throngs crowded the platforms; the men for the most part in white robes covering many layers of wadded under-garments and with queer little stove-pipe hats of gauzy stiffened horsehair-fabric perched over their topknots and tied under the chin; the women also in white, though often with a touch of some bright color, and either bareheaded or wearing a hood-like arrangement of black silk with a gay tassel hanging in front. We reached the Chosen Hotel a little after ten and found it a most well appointed and comfortable place. Harriet, Arthur, and Fluff started at once with Mr. Brockman to church but the rest of us went to the Imperial Palace of Kei-fuku-kyu. This is a group of buildings of which the audience hall and banquet hall

were the most impressive, and showed a wealth of wood carving and brightly colored decorative painting. It seems a pity that the great stone administration building now in course of erection should have been placed so near as quite to dwarf these fine old structures and introduce a very incongruous modern note. Most interesting of all, however, were the streets thronged with an infinite variety of figures, all of them most picturesque. A few of the thoroughfares are broad and intersect at spacious open squares but leading from these is a labyrinth of winding, narrow lanes barely wide enough to permit a rickshaw to squeeze through. After lunch we visited some of these and found many quaint little shops where amber, jade, brass, and especially the wooden chests heavily ornamented with brass, which are the most characteristic product Korea offers to strangers, were presented for our inspection. The church-going members of the party visited the Y. M. C. A. where Jake made an address through the mediation of an interpreter, but the others continued to explore the town and through a maze of back alleys reached a school where the *keesang* or Korean geishas are trained, and a number of very complicated dances in which from two to eight performers took part were carried out for us. The movements were much more active and graceful than in the Japanese form of entertainment and more nearly resembled what we would consider dancing. After looking at Mr. Taylor's fine collection of art objects we all returned to the hotel where Bishop Trollope, who has been here for thirty years and is a

mine of interesting information about the country, came to call upon us.

Monday, Dec. 19th. Seoul to Mukden.—During the night there was a light fall of snow which made the streets seem an appropriate background for the white-robed Koreans. At nine-fifty we were on board the train, and all day traveled through the well cultivated valleys leading northward toward Mukden. The hills and fields, lightly powdered with snow, sparkled in the bright sunshine and it was a delight to leave the train at the frequent stops and breathe the dry, frosty air. The country is densely populated and we passed picturesque villages in endless succession, never tiring of watching the amusing figures that packed the station platforms at every halt. The train is all that could be desired and so far our journey through the Hermit Kingdom has been perfectly comfortable and full of interest.

Tuesday, Dec. 20th. Mukden.—It was six o'clock and six below zero as we emerged in Stygian darkness on the station platform of Mukden or Fengtien, and were met by Mr. Elder manager of the southern division of the Peking Mukden railroad and his son, and by the manager of the Yamato Hotel. In the hotel we were delighted to find Mr. Frazar on his way back to Yokohama from Peking and he joined us at breakfast as well as his local manager, Mr. Carver. The latter and the younger Mr. Elder conducted us about the city, which astonished us by its size and by the many fine buildings in the new quarter. The population is about 250,000 and the city is divided into two portions, the old or

Chinese city still enclosed by a massive wall with eight gates, and the new or Japanese city lying between this and the railroad station. This section has wide macadamized streets and splendid modern buildings while the Chinese district is said to be one of the most characteristic Chinese cities in the country. We drove first to the Peiling mausoleum about four miles out, past the Chinese cemetery which consists of hundreds of irregular conical mounds of earth. The golf links are adjoining and Mr. Carver told us that one of the ground rules is that open graves or coffins may be regarded as "ground under repair." The approach to the tomb is through a park of fine evergreens and is guarded by an avenue of stone elephants, horses, camels and other animals that are more remarkable for their excellent state of preservation than for their fidelity to nature. The tomb itself is a huge rounded mound of concrete and in front of it is a great courtyard containing the oratory and surrounded by a wall with a fine entrance gate roofed with colored tiling. The bright hues and fantastic outlines of the buildings in their snowy setting made a beautiful picture in the early morning sunlight against the background of the dark evergreens and made us forget the biting cold that nipped our noses and ears. On the way back we passed through the teeming life of the Chinese city and in the densely thronged, narrow streets a thousand new impressions crowded on us at every turn. Our first glimpse of China has interested us immensely and we are eager to see more. At ten-fifteen we parted with regret

from the excellent Nakano and began the last lap of our journey to Peking in the comfortably equipped train of the P. M. R. At first the country was flat and lacked the picturesqueness of the Korean landscape but the scenes at the stations where we stopped were always amusing and later in the afternoon we reached a more hilly region and the day closed with a glowing sunset that filled the sky with gorgeous color. Nakano's parting gift was some translations he had made of various articles appearing in the Japanese papers relating to what he called our "round world trotting," and some extracts from these seem worth recording as fitting supplements to the letters of Hashimura Togo, Wallace Irwin's famous correspondent.

Tokyo Jiji Shimpo, Dec. 10, 1921.

The *Aloha* the graceful yacht of Mr. Arthur Curtiss James who has been laying her beautiful body on the sea just in front of Yokohama Yacht Club . . . is hurrying her departure to sail for Kobe on the 10th tomorrow.

Osaka Jiji Shimpo, Dec. 11, 1921.

. . . In addition to important positions as director in Phelps Dodge Corporation Mr. James is concerning widely into railways, banks and universities. Union Theological Seminary, New York Library, Orphan Asylum and many navigation clubs are owing their good development to Mr. James. A large sum of

capital in organization of school for education of niggers and American Indians in Hampton, a girls' technical school in Turkey, Laborer's Hall in America are finding its resource entirely in the pocket of Mr. James.

Kyoto Hinode Shimbun, Dec. 11, 1921.

Mr. James is Trying a Brave Round World Trotting, Crossing Pacific Ocean in a Family Size Yacht.

One of the greatest business men and at the same time a great monarch of charity in U. S. A. Mr. A. C. James and his consort arrived in Yokohama on his Auxiliary Yacht *Aloha* on the 30th escorted by a number of prominent business men and scholars. . . . He is conducting many navigation clubs, children asylums, libraries and Union Theological Seminary as a financial background or an advising director. . . . *Aloha* is an extremely luxurious boat accomplished with play rooms and bedrooms named after its color.

Osaka Asabi Shimbun, Dec. 11, 1921.

Extremely Adventurous Round World Sight Seeing.

The great scheme of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James, Director of Amherst College U. S. A. to cross Pacific Ocean on a graceful yacht was taking notice of all the world as a most adventurous round world trip in recent date. . . . *Aloha* is the name of the yacht in which they are sitting now and means God help me in Hawaiian language. . . . The construction of yacht is extremely ingenious but it is an extreme adventure to cross Pacific Ocean without use of steam

engine and much more brave deeds to make round world trotting by the same. . . . Mr. James has very clear brain and solved any hard problem in five minutes. Mr. James is very clever to earn money and equally clever to spend it. He is using enormous sums in social improvement, educational enterprise not only in America but in Turkey and Armenia. He is stretching his hand all over the world.

Wednesday, Dec. 21st. Peking.—The approach to Peking is an uninspiring prelude with a splendid climax, for the country that was visible through the frost-coated windows did little to prepare us for the interest and magnificence that were to come. The snow had disappeared but no leafy tree or sprig of green relieved the monotony of the bare, dust-covered plain whose flat sameness was broken only by occasional mud-walled villages or by the much more numerous collections of irregular hummocks of brown earth that mark the last resting places of myriads of dead Chinamen, and it was not until we beheld a string of camels plodding along a nearby road that our interest in the landscape was revived. Then suddenly came the first view of the high walls with their massive watch towers, a sharp turn carried us a long distance close under the lofty battlements and on leaving the train we found that the station is just outside the famous Cheng-yang-men gate between Wai-cheng and Nei-cheng, the Chinese and the Tartar cities. These are the two wide-spreading precincts that must be passed before the inner Yellow

or Imperial City, and finally Peking's most secret and recondite ancient seat of sacred mystery and power, the Purple or Forbidden City can be reached. A short drive through the Legation Quarter brought us to the Hotel de Peking where French cooking, tea dances, and tiled bath rooms made the distance from without through its vestibule seem five thousand miles instead of a few short feet. After luncheon we made a preliminary reconnaissance of this new world under the direction of "Hatchwell's" latest incarnation, this time known as Mr. Pae (pronounced like New England's favorite breakfast food). The broad streets were teeming with life and it seemed as if the ratio of rickshaws to population were even greater than that of flivvers in America, that is about one to each three persons. The men were many of them tall and fine-looking, but there were comparatively few women and almost no children to be seen. There were many idlers, many in rags, and quantities of beggars. The latter form a well recognized class each with his definite beat from which he does not venture, and are both prosperous and not lacking in public spirit, for we were told that the Beggar's Guild contributed \$50,000 to the famine relief fund. It was astonishing to find that in a city so densely populated and enclosed by walls there should be so many open spaces and tracts of unoccupied land. The contrasts between the old and the new were constant and striking—traffic policemen stood on every hand to direct the swarming crowds under century old *pai-lous*, and high powered motor cars, often with a



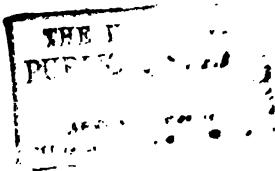
PEKING UNION MEDICAL COLLEGE HOSPITAL

The formal opening of the new medical college, which in 1915 was taken over by the China Medical Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, took place in September, 1921.



STREET SCENE, PEKING

The benevolent looking old gentleman who has established himself near the door of an iron worker's shop is a moneychanger, with his stock in trade on the ground beside him.



footman on each running board and with a fat general or fur-wrapped mandarin inside dashed by strings of camels bearing loads of brushwood, while the dust was laid by half-naked men who carried water in buckets and dashed it over the powdery streets with longhandled dippers made of basket work. Human beasts of burden toiled as laboriously as the thousands of mules and donkeys, and we saw some heavy piece of machinery on a truck drawn by twenty or thirty panting coolies. Gray and white was the prevailing tone of the low, one-story houses and of the walls of the compounds, except in the business streets where the shop fronts were often higher and resplendent with green and gold. In the Chinese city the noisy throngs elbow their way through narrow crooked lanes and we had our first experience of the insidious contagion of Peking shopping in poking into the queer little shops in Lantern Street and Jade Street. Mr. and Mrs. Francis A. Carl and Miss Carl dined with us and later at an entertainment for the benefit of Russian refugees and Chinese orphans given in the hotel some of us joined Mr. and Mrs. Johnston of New York whom we had already met in Honolulu.

Thursday, Dec. 22nd. Peking.—While the others went to the Temple of Heaven I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Johnston to the Union Medical College Hospital, through which we were escorted by Dr. Wilson, Professor of Chemistry in the pre-medical school. The new buildings given by Mr. Rockefeller and formally opened only a few weeks before, are magnificent both within and

without in every sense of the word, and embody the most modern ideas in hospital and laboratory design and equipment. In their exterior construction Chinese architectural motifs have been used with good effect and the green tiled roofs, marble courtyards and decorative carving and painting about the entrances produce an impression of the adaptation of western progress to eastern conditions that must have a very favorable influence on the minds of the Chinese beholders, and aid greatly in securing the fine results that the institution has obtained. The Director of the medical school, Dr. Houghton, received us very cordially and Dr. Franklin McLean, the Professor of Medicine, and Dr. Young, Associate in Medicine, had much to show me in the fine laboratories and wards, especially in connection with the work in isolating the ethyl esters of chaulmoogra oil for the treatment of leprosy along the lines of the Hawaiian researches, and in the culturing of the organisms of kala-azar. I was also pleasantly surprised to meet Francis Peabody and his wife in the hospital and am to lunch with them tomorrow. While the morning in this way afforded a striking object lesson of the science and altruism of today, the afternoon furnished a no less telling demonstration of the achievements of the past in things of beauty and splendor, for our visit to the Forbidden City staggered us with the magnificence of this setting for the pomp of China's early rulers. Through massive gateways piercing walls of immense dimensions one enters precincts into which until comparatively recently no



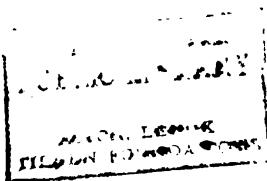
THE FORBIDDEN CITY

On the eaves of the roofs are rows of little symbolical figures placed there to ward off evil spirits, and known as "devil-chasers."



THE FORBIDDEN CITY

With their roofs of golden yellow tiling and white marble balustrades, the palaces and great courtyards have a truly imperial appearance.



foreign devil had ever penetrated, and stands entranced by the golden roofed palaces, the beauty of their marble approaches, and the richness of their interiors—but above all by the skillful grouping of the buildings and the huge scale on which the whole was planned. Imagination peoples the courts and marble terraces with the crowds of mandarins and dignitaries gorgeously arrayed that filled these great spaces with life and color on such occasions as when the Emperor made his stately progress, through gates reserved for him alone, to abase himself in ceremonial self-depreciation before the Altar of Heaven whose high dome towers far to the south, and the glory of even imperial Rome seems insignificant in comparison with this exotic splendor. Later we visited the Carls, who had summoned to their house for our benefit various dealers in jewels, furs, brocades and other beguiling wares, and none of us were able altogether to resist the temptations so alluringly spread before us, while some became positively reckless, especially in the matter of beads!

Friday, Dec. 23rd. Peking.—Much of the morning we spent at Mrs. Carl's looking at the "ivory, apes and peacocks" and other treasures of the East brought for our approval, and then went to the museum in the Forbidden City. Here there is a wealth of beautiful objects, ceramics, carvings, ivories, jades, bronzes and other masterpieces of patient skill which probably has no equal anywhere else in the world, and it is evident that Japanese art has drawn much of its inspiration from these early Chinese sources. Harriet had lunch at

the Y. W. C. A. and I went to the Peabodys, where there was a delightful gathering including the Ruddocks and Professor and Mrs. Treat of Stanford University. We all did Christmas shopping later in the afternoon and discovered some quaint streets where the second-hand dealers sold brasses and similarly fascinating things in infinite variety and at practically any price, for we found it fatal to mention any sum, however ridiculously small it appeared, in connection with any object unless one was willing to walk out of the shop as its possessor. The scenario of the transaction would be something like this. "How much is that?" "Flifty dolla." "Too much, don't want it." "Velly fine piece, how much give?" "Two dollars." "No can do, give floty-flive dolla." "No, two dollars." "No can do, give floty dolla." "No, two dollars." "All light, can do"—and you are landed with some preposterous piece of junk, feeling that like the parrot you have talked too darned much, unless perchance you are of the bargain-loving sex, and then of course you are delighted. Some of us went to the American Legation to tea and after that the charming Mme. Tang, wife of the Chinese General of that name, and sister of the Princess Derling, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Stevens, and some others came to the hotel for tea. While the ladies spent the evening in Christmas preparations the men went out to see how Peking looked at night but returned early, much disgruntled, for the most exciting diversion to be found was in a dingy resort full of unpleasant looking celestials who were being entertained by the atrocious cacophony of

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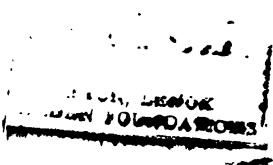
THE ALTAR OF HEAVEN

To this triple, circular terrace of white marble the Emperor repaired each year at the winter solstice to pray alone, with only the dome of the sky above him.



PAVILION NEAR THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

One of the many buildings devoted to ceremonial purposes within the temple enclosure.



two alleged musicians and a shrill voiced young lady declaiming an interminable account of what we were told were the marital troubles of one of the early emperors. The most diverting feature of the entire entertainment were the attendants who went about throwing each other balls of hot wet towels with the utmost precision from floor to balcony, and then handed them to the spectators to use in mopping brows brought to fever heat by the excitement of the performance.

Saturday, Dec. 24th. Peking.—The Northern Palace, or Winter Palace as it is often called, like the palaces of the Forbidden City is a delight to the eye and full of suggestions of the departed splendor of China's pleasure-loving rulers. It is approached over the famous marble bridge crossing a narrow portion of the extensive artificial lake. The way then leads steeply upwards through the courts of several temples now sadly out of repair and showing evidences of the senseless spirit of destruction that accompanied the Boxer uprising, to the summit of the hill surmounted by the so-called Bottle Pagoda. This gets its name from its curious shape, indicating the Tibetan origin of its design which seems strangely out of keeping with all the other buildings and temples. From the platform at its base one has a wonderful view of the entire city with the gleaming roofs of its many gates and towers shimmering above the immense gray sea of houses. Along the descent leading to the lake on the other side of the hill, are the living apartments of the palace, connected by quaint stairways and galleries, and with a long, curving, cov-

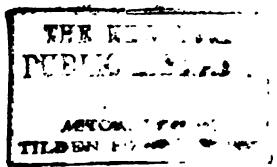
ered veranda following the line of the water's edge. A roadway leads around the lake to its upper end, past the boat house holding the wreck of the Emperor's great barge, another group of temples and palace buildings, and to the glorious nine-dragon screen, which is a wondrous structure of yellow, blue and green tiling erected to ward off evil spirits and to protect from public view one of the courtyards used by the ladies of the household. Nearby is a charming group of apartments overlooking a miniature lake with graceful marble bridges and paths winding up and down through masses of artificial rock, a sort of Petit Trianon to which the Emperor used to retire when he wished to live simply and avoid the tiresome ceremony of his ordinary existence.

At luncheon at the Ruddock's we found many delightful people, including the British Ambassador, Sir Bealby and Lady Alston, the Peabodys, and Mr. and Mrs. Ray Atherton. Afterwards we spent an interesting hour seeing Mr. Grosjean's collections in his very attractive showrooms and then returned to the hotel in time to make the final preparations for the Christmas celebration. This was a great success. We dined by ourselves upstairs and Harriet and Fluff had taken an immense amount of trouble to make the table and all the details as Christmas-like as possible. There were many gifts for all of us, some actual and others in the form of chits representing objects purchased long before and left behind on the yacht to be delivered on our return. Downstairs there was a gay and crowded



THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN

Placed on a circular base of white marble terraces, with its triple roof lines of luminous, deep blue tiling, surmounted by a golden ball, this is a building of surpassing beauty and interest.



Christmas-Eve party to which some of us descended later and discovered that modern life in Peking can be no less diverting than the Mings and Manchus may have found it in earlier days.

Sunday, Dec. 25th. Christmas Day, and the 100th day of the trip. Peking.—Like all the preceding days we have had in Peking, today has been delightfully clear and sunny, and it has been the pleasantest of all because it has been much less cold and windy. Harriet and Arthur went to various churches, but Fluff had attended an early service and accompanied the rest of us to the Temple and Altar of Heaven. Under a perfect sky and in the bright sunlight these marvelous creations of gleaming marble and tiling of deepest lapis lazuli, set in the wide spaces of the great enclosure girdled by a wall three miles around, made an ineffaceable impression. But it is tragic to see the damage that the lack of all care for their preservation during the last twenty years has already wrought, and to realize that even a few more years of similar neglect will bring about injury beyond repair. On the way back we plumped into the middle of a very elaborate funeral proceeding down Chien-Men Street. It was a scene of extraordinary interest, the sidewalks densely packed with onlookers and wayfarers afoot and in all sorts of conveyances, while the procession, which resembled a circus parade rather than an evidence of mourning, made its way through the motley crowd. There were many bearers of banners and decorations bright with scarlet and tinsel, children in snowy mourning robes carried white

feathery brooms to sweep away evil spirits, and older attendants bore gilded spears and other weapons to attack any lurking devils. There was the wailing of the mourners and the sound of weird musical instruments, perforated discs of paper to represent money were flung into the air in handfuls to appease the spirits, replicas made of paper and other materials representing food and all the possessions of the deceased, including huge sheaves of silver paper, all to be burned at the grave-side were carried by, and the elderly children of the departed, evidently an old dame of some consequence, stopped from time to time in their wailing progress before the hearse to kneel and accept offerings of tea for their refreshment presented by members of the crowd. Finally came the catafalque, a most splendiferous affair of red and gold supported on the shoulders of sixty-two bearers and followed by white palanquins from whose veiled interiors came more sounds of woe. It was a wonderful piece of luck to have seen such a spectacle, for it was a number one funeral and gave us one of the most interesting glimpses of Chinese life and customs we have had. When the crowds following in the wake of the cortège had left the way clear enough for our rickshaws to squirm through we hurried on to the Carls' where a great bowl of eggnogg, smooth and delicious, but with insidious perils lurking in the cup, was awaiting us, and then took them back to the hotel for lunch. Later the others went to the Rockefeller buildings while Harold Egleston and I climbed Coal Hill, whose summit is graced by three charming pagodas, while at its base



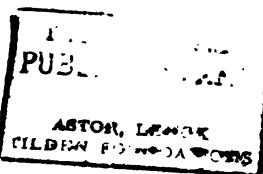
FUNERAL PROCESSION

A number one funeral procession in Peking is a gorgeous spectacle. The catafalque in the picture was a splendid affair of scarlet and gold requiring sixty-two bearers to carry it.



HILLSIDE NEAR PA-TA-CHU

Chairs had to be used by the ladies to reach the ancient Buddhist temple in the hills now occupied by Mr. Thomas as a country house.



one still may see the tree from which the last of the Ming emperors hanged himself in despair when the conquering Manchus could no longer be resisted. The view from the topmost pavilion with the slanting rays of the afternoon sun striking the golden roofs of the dwellings of the Son of Heaven in the Purple City, and lighting up the vast extent of the ancient capital to the very limits of its encircling walls was one of the finest things we have seen in this place so full of overpowering impressions. On the way back we stopped at an out of the way temple with an elaborate prayer wheel and full of many fine pieces of carving and gilding, but very dusty and gloomy and neglected looking, and then joined the others for tea at Mme. Tang's where we met the General, her husband, and a number of Chinese and foreign guests. Tomorrow we go to the Great Wall and are hoping for a warm and clear day for we have been warned that it is likely to be very cold and windy along this ancient mountain fastness.

Monday, Dec. 26th. Peking.—Going to the Great Wall requires an early start, and at this season it means rising before dawn, even though our hotel is on Ch'ang-an, which means "The Street of Eternal Repose," but this has the compensation of affording an opportunity of seeing the Peking sunrise from the very start. The dust-laden atmosphere intensifies all the coloring and the rising sun is always a fiery ball with a background of deepest crimson. From our windows high up and overlooking the Chinese city it is wonderful to see the rosy glow slowly deepening and the distant temples and

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towers gradually emerging from the violet haze that hangs over the vast expanse of roofs, till even the shadowy dome of the Temple of Heaven becomes a clear-cut silhouette against the slowly brightening sky. In the street below a string of camels shuffles through the dust, and hoary Peking, gray with age, has seen another dawn.

It was a long motor ride to the Hsi-chih-men station at the northwest corner of the Tartar City, just outside the gate of that name. A little beyond the first station one passes the very ugly buildings of the Indemnity College supported by the portion of the Boxer indemnity unexpended and returned to China by the United States. Twenty-five miles from Peking there is a long wait at Nankow, famous for its persimmons and because it is the starting point for the journey on mule-back to the Ming tombs. Standing on the station platform was a dispirited line of six or seven hard-boiled looking citizens with placards around their necks announcing that they were thus compelled to stand exposed to public gaze as a punishment for minor offenses such as petty thievery. A mogul locomotive was attached to the rear of the train, and over a splendid roadbed quite out of keeping with the primitive car in which we were seated, we were slowly pushed up the grade eleven miles further to Ching Lieng Chiao. The road, which is planned ultimately to connect across the Gobi Desert with the trans-Siberian line, now passes through Kalgan and extends as far as Fengchen in northwestern Shan-si, and is the work of a Chinese engineer, Mr. Yeme T'ien Yao, a graduate of Yale. On



THE WALL

Begun two hundred years B.C. by the Emperor Shih-Huang as a protection against the Mongols, the Great Wall has a length of about 1700 miles.



BOYS AT THE WALL

A good-natured crowd, that were eager to act as guides or to provide the visitor with arrow-heads, coins, or other trinkets of "Mongolian" origin.

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ELDEN POINT

either side the hills closed in and for much of the distance the railroad followed the course of the ancient caravan track up the valley and we could see long pack trains of donkeys, Mongolian ponies, and camels carrying their burdens along this famous pathway as they have done for tens of centuries. Even before reaching the final station we had seen the great wall winding over the distant hills, and it was only a short up-hill walk to the caravan gate. Nearby were the steps by which the wall may be climbed, and as we walked along its top we began to realize the stupendous nature of this most astonishing product of human industry. Twenty to thirty feet high and twelve feet wide at its summit, it was begun by Shih-Huang the first emperor of the Chin dynasty two hundred years B.C., and runs its serpentine course regardless of all obstacles over the highest hills and down the deepest ravines, a massive barrier of masonry seventeen hundred miles in length; the audacity of the conception and the incredible labor required in its execution making all the other great examples of man's activity seem small by comparison. The return journey was slow and tedious but we reached the hotel at about six-thirty feeling more impressed than by anything else we have seen so far. Later we went to a dance given by the British Minister, Sir Bealby Alston, in the interesting legation building which was originally a princely palace and still retains an aura of its former splendor.

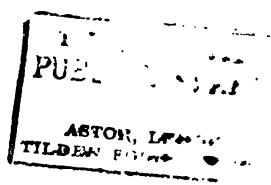
Tuesday, Dec. 27th. Peking.—Together with Miss Carl we motored over the historic road to the Summer

Palace, passing on the way through the grounds of the Indemnity College, the buildings of which though no doubt very useful seem still more awful in appearance on a nearer view than when seen from a distance. The palace gardens and buildings in their extent and beauty demonstrated again the artistic sense and the limitless resources of the Chinese rulers, in this case exemplified by that remarkable old lady the late Dowager Empress Hsi-Tai-Hou who died in 1908. The present buildings were erected by her in 1875 to replace the former palaces destroyed by the British in 1860 as a punishment for the treacherous imprisonment of the commission under Sir Harry Parkes engaged in arranging a peace treaty between the Chinese and Franco-British armies. The many villas and halls cover the eastern shore of an artificial lake said to be ten miles in circumference, and rise on terraces to the summit of an eminence from which there is a charming view of all the buildings and of the more distant hills with many pagodas and temples. Miss Carl's unique experience in having spent many months in the palace as the guest of the "Old Buddha" while painting her portrait made her a most delightful guide, and she showed us and told us many things that remain unknown to the ordinary visitor. In some of the rooms one could see the furniture and hangings used by the Empress and it was easy to visualize the extraordinary charm that must have pervaded this fairyland of oriental beauty when it was alive with the splendors of a court whose magnificence and formality have never been surpassed.



THE WALL

The splendid masonry of the wall may be seen in this view through an arch of one of the watch towers. These were built every few hundred yards along its entire length.



After a delightful drive through the hills we reached Pa-Ta-Chu where donkeys and chairs were waiting to carry us up a steep and rocky path to an old Buddhist temple founded four hundred years B.C., and now the country house of Mr. J. A. Thomas, the banker, who had invited us to lunch. From its terraces there were superb views of the plain below, and it was a unique experience to be consuming deliciously cooked Siberian rabchicks in these surroundings, hoary with antiquity, and also interesting because during the Boxer uprising they served as headquarters for the insurgent leaders. Minister and Mrs. Schurman had invited us to dinner in the American legation where we met many members of the diplomatic corps and felt we had great reason to be proud of our country's representative in Peking.

Wednesday, Dec. 28th. Peking.—Even old and hardened Pekingese admitted that today was cold and windy. To us it seemed terrific, dust filled the air, noses, and eyes and made it seem hopeless to keep faces, hands, or linen clean. Peter, Harold and I made a long pilgrimage to the temples in the northeastern corner of the city and were rewarded by seeing an interesting service in the Lama temple, Yung-Ho-Kung, or Palace of Eternal Harmony. There were tapers before the altar, acolytes intoned responses to the chanting of the priest who was robed in flowing vestments and went through gestures not unlike crossing himself; a mixture of milk and water was given to each worshipper in a small cup, and there were genuflections before the altar, but the whole temple and all the appurtenances of

worship were dusty and dingy and the robes of the youthful neophytes were faded and patched. In one temple building was a very ugly standing figure of Buddha eighty feet high. Several hundred Lamas live in the temple buildings, most of them Mongols, though there are a few Tibetans and Chinese among the number, and there is a seminary in which a large number of boys are being trained for the priesthood. The grounds of the Temple of Confucius contain many spreading "sung" trees said to be centuries old and some fine stone monuments recording the names of ancient scholars of repute. Inside one of the gates are several drum-like blocks of black stone showing inscriptions recording the exploits of one of the early emperors, and alleged to have been fashioned in 827 B.C. Inside of the temple instead of the usual figures of various deities, one sees over the altars only the spirit tablets of Confucius and a number of other sages and philosophers. That of Confucius is a tablet of vermillion lacquer about three feet long by six inches wide set in a shrine of the same color, and bearing an inscription written by the emperor K'-Ang Hsi himself. In the courtyard of the nearby Hall of Classics are the large stone tablets inscribed with the authorized text of the "Thirteen Classics," but the most striking object here is the marvelous *pai-lou* at the entrance which is a masterpiece of white, red, green, and yellow porcelain set on a base of white marble. The others entertained quite a large tiffin party at the hotel, but we three inspected the hospitable Peking Club and then lunched at the Wagon-Lits. Afterwards



THE SUMMER PALACE

The countless villas and pavilions of the summer palace erected in 1875 by the late Dowager Empress Hsi-Tai-Hou extend high up the terraced hillside and skirt the shores of a large artificial lake.

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ASTOR, LENORE
TODAY FOREMORNING

some of the party visited General Munthé to see his fine collections, but Harold and I poked around in the Mongolian market and the street fair at Lungfu-Ssu which is held twice a month. Great quantities of wares of all sorts were for sale on stands, most of the articles appearing to be of a kind more likely to appeal to foreign curio hunters than to the Chinese, but though the place was crowded and business seemed to be brisk we were almost the only non-orientals in sight. After a brief and icy walk on the city walls in the legation quarter, from which one gets a fine view of the city, we returned in time to join the others at Miss Carl's for tea. Our curiosity regarding Chinese food was well gratified at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Stevens at a famous native restaurant, the party including a number of old and new acquaintances, one of them being Miss Dickinson, the daughter of Dr. Dickinson of Brooklyn. After threading dark passages, turning many corners and passing through several courtyards, we reached the dining room and slowly worked our way through the following menu:—

Chinese Dinner
Fu Ch'aung Kwan
Lungfu Ssu Hutung, Peking.
December 28th, 1921.

Shou Sing	(Rice wine)
Kan Kuo	(Salted nuts)
Ping Kuo	(Apples)
Ya Li	(Pears)
P'u T'ae	(Grapes)
Shih Tze	(Persimmons)

106 Aloha Around the World

I	Tsao Ya P'ien	(Sliced cold Peking duck)
2	Hsia Jen Wen Tou	(Cold Shrimps and peas)
3	Chiang Chih	(Pickled chicken)
4	Ya Chong	(Duck's feet)
5	Ya Kan	(Salted ducks' gizzards)
6	Ch'in Tzai Hsia Tze	(Pickled celery and shrimps)
7	Soon Hwa	(Ancient eggs)
8	Wu Shan Ch'ong	(Chinese sausage)
I	Yen Tsai	(Sea weed soup)
II	Yu Ch'ih	(Shark fins de luxe)
III	Chia Li Chih Kao Li Hsia Jen	(Fried chicken) (Fried shrimps in Korean style)
	Tsao Wei Tong Sung	(Fried bamboo shoots, wine sauce)
	Ch'Uan Tzu Sun	(Fried bamboo marrow, white gravy)
IV	Pa Pao Tong Yuan	(Steamed rice and fruit balls)
V	I'uo Fei Ya Ho Yeh Ping	(Roasted Peking duck) (Lotus leaf cakes)
VI	Chia Tu Jen Tong T'zu Yu Pien Chia Chin Chuan Pao Yu	(Fried sheep stomach) (Fried sweet fish) (Fried duck livers) (Fried fish with wine gravy)
VII	Tong Sun Hsue Chiao	(Bamboo shoot dumpling served in steam boiler)
VIII	Chu Hwa Kow	(Steam boiler containing fish, meat and vegetables)
	Hweh T'uan Pai Tsai Yu Lang P'ien	(Ham and cabbage soup) (Duck soup)
IX	Pa Pao Fan	(Steamed sweet rice and fruit)
	Out of deference to our untutored palates Mr. Stevens had reduced the list of courses from the eighteen usually served at a formal Chinese dinner to the nine recorded.	

The dishes seemed more substantial and strongly seasoned than the Japanese food and had the additional merit of being served very hot, in a number of cases from blazing chafing dishes on the table. But it must be admitted that many of the delicacies were more adapted to oriental than occidental powers of digestion and I am waiting with interest not unmixed with a slight touch of anxiety to see what the effect will be on the alimentary tracts of the various members of our little family.

Thursday, Dec. 29th. Peking.—After yesterday's cold and gusty winds it was an agreeable change to find that our last day in Peking was to be quite warm and the air comparatively free from dust. During the forenoon we scattered, some to satisfy individual cravings for more jade or beads, others to go to the observatory. I spent the morning at the Rockefeller Hospital with McLean and was glad to see the Mellenyes, whom I had not met on my previous visit, and learned something more of the interesting work on kala azar that Dr. Young is doing. The more one sees of this institution the more one is impressed by its great opportunities and the splendid way in equipment and staff it is prepared to meet them. At luncheon there was quite a party, including Sir Bealby and Lady Alston and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Chapman Andrews. The latter are preparing for their expedition into northern Mongolia, and took us to see their outfit as well as some fine trophies of sheep and wapiti that Mr. Andrews has just brought back from a scouting trip. They are living in the large and very

beautiful house formerly occupied by Dr. Morrison, for whom one of the principal streets in Peking was named, and have furnished it most attractively. The living room is entered through a circular moon door in a large screen of teak wood that is said to be one of the finest examples of carving in Peking. Later, Jake, Fluff, and I went with Mr. Andrews and Captain Gillies to the observatory. This was erected by Kublai Khan in 1279 and the magnificent bronze armillary spheres, astrolabes, and other astronomical apparatus were constructed under the direction of the Jesuits while they were in charge of the observatory from 1661 to 1721. The pieces looted by the Germans in 1900 have just been returned in accordance with one of the provisions of the Versailles treaty and replaced in their old positions. The view of the walls and of the city's general arrangement from this point is unusually fine, as one also gets some idea of the outlying country.

Peking has been a delightful revelation of interest, charm, and hospitality, and we are leaving with much regret what is certainly one of the world's most fascinating cities. We were also sorry to part with Harold Egleston who had to take an earlier train on his way back to Japan, for he has been a very welcome addition to our party. At the station we found the Carls who have done so much for us here, waiting to bid us farewell, and at ten o'clock we drew out and started on the thirty-six hour trip to Hankow.

CHAPTER V

DOWN THE YANGTZE AND TO THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT

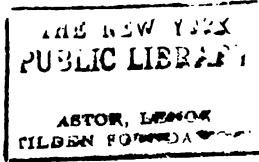
Friday, Dec. 30th. Peking to Hankow.—The Peking Hankow line is owned and operated by the Chinese Government but much of the equipment is of Belgian construction including the locomotives, which are of the rather inadequate looking type one is accustomed to see on some of the continental roads. Although we were on one of the bi-weekly trains de luxe, our sleeping car was old and shabby, with the washing facilities very primitive, but the double berth compartments were fairly comfortable and we all had a good night. The dining car was superior to the others and the meals were well served by attentive boys in spotless stiffly starched white jackets with big brass buttons, and the journey is not proving the hardship we had been led to anticipate. During the forenoon the country again reminded one strongly of Arizona, with distant, wrinkly hills and a foreground of brown plains dotted with groups of adobe houses, while from a distance the drivers of the innumerable donkeys might well have been taken for Navajos with their burros, but soon we began to pass towns with high, crenelated, mud walls and massive stone gates, and on the station platforms the usual

crowds of black-uniformed police officials and detachments of soldiers in gray with fixed bayonets strolled up and down. Gradually it became warmer, the car windows were no longer frost-coated and the fields showed a faint shimmer of green from the sprouting crops. Flocks of sheep were not infrequent and occasionally even a cow or two could be seen at large—unaccustomed features so far in the Chinese landscape. At about three o'clock we crossed the Huang-Ho on an iron trestle two miles long, and saw some junks with blue-edged, bat-wing sails moving slowly over the muddy waters of this the famous Yellow River.

Saturday, Dec. 31st. Hankow.—It was much warmer when we awoke and there was no doubt that we had left the cold weather behind for the fields were full of growing things and there were green trees beside the streams. The train arrived at Ta-chi-men station ten minutes ahead of time and Fluff's friends, Miss Dexter and Mrs. Roots, Mr. Gale, the Salt Controller, Mr. Folger, and several others were waiting to receive us. It seemed simpler to spend the night on the steamer *Tatung* which is to take us down the river tomorrow, rather than to go to the hotel so we left the luggage on board and then were taken in a launch to see the harbor. Hankow, Wu Chang, and Han Yang are situated at the junction of the Yangtze and Han Rivers and form a manufacturing and commercial center with a combined population of over a million, and of great importance, since it is the port for the whole of Central China and though six hundred miles from Shanghai the harbor

SUNSET ON THE YANGTZE
For the most part the scenery along the lower Yangtze is not very striking, though the junks and their crews are always picturesque.





bustles with activity. Countless junks, large and small, as well as many steamers were taking on or discharging cargo and sailing about in all directions. It had been planned for us to visit the Han Yang Iron Works and have tiffin there but we decided not to go and lunched at the hotel instead. The foreign quarter is divided into British, French, Japanese, and Russian concessions which are separately controlled and policed by the respective countries, and are built up with fine looking modern business blocks, banks, and residences that do not in the least suggest that one is in the heart of China. An interest in horse-flesh is the chief relaxation of the foreign residents and Mr. Gale took us to the race-track which has a fine club house, golf course, tennis courts, ballroom, and swimming pool. While the others went for a drive Peter and I walked through some of the Chinese streets which as usual were teeming with oriental sights, sounds, and smells, especially the latter. After tea at the country club we returned to the boat to watch the junks go by and then had dinner at the Terminus Hotel. Fluff spent the day in Wu Chang with her friends of the American Church Mission but abandoned her plan of spending the night there on learning that the river sometimes at short notice becomes so rough as to make it impossible to cross, so she and William accepted an invitation to dine with Bishop and Mrs. Roots at whose house she spent the night. Aside from the life on the river, Hankow has little to attract the visitor and appears to deserve its nickname of the Chicago of China, but the older city Wu Chang with a

history of over 2000 years is purely Chinese and Fluff found it full of interest.

Sunday, Jan. 1, 1922. Yangtze River.—The New Year started with bright sunshine and Fluff and William went to early church but the rest of us did not leave the ship until after breakfast. Then Peter, William, and I walked through the Chinese quarter and entered a maze of narrow alleys and crowded streets that beggar description for repulsive sights and smells. After the immaculate neatness of even the meanest streets in Japan it is a great contrast to come upon these evidences of a total absence of even the most rudimentary notions of cleanliness and decency. We have been struck by the amount of eating that is constantly going on. Everywhere are street stalls or full-sized shops where cooked food is sold and the big, black kettles steaming with extraordinary looking messes are always surrounded by eager groups of *bon vivants* whose appearance has no suggestion of malnutrition. There seems to be no lack of food or of money with which to purchase it, such as it is, but the raw materials exposed for sale in the busy markets we passed this morning are such as to jar even susceptibilities somewhat fortified by the experiences a medical education entails. There was quite a crowd to see us off, and at eleven we swung into the stream and started on the five hundred mile run to Nanking, down one of the three greatest rivers of the world. The scenery has been disappointing, for the banks for the most part are flat and but few settlements are to be seen, but the boat is comfortable,

the meals are excellent, and the captain is very agreeable. Our African explorers say that the river reminds them strongly of the Nile. The water just now is very low, in fact at times the river is forty feet higher than at present, and there are numerous bars, so that frequent sounding is necessary and the navigation is something like what it must have been on the Mississippi in the famous days when the *Robert E. Lee* used to race the *Natchez*, and the river pilots became popular heroes for their daring in taking chances over the shifting shoals. One bar we passed this afternoon had less than ten feet of water over it and the *Tatung* draws nine; and just as we sat down to dinner there was a good deal of excitement for we ran aground and stuck fast for a while but finally managed to pull off again after fifteen or twenty minutes of suspense. At nine-fifteen we anchored for the night off the town of Wu Sue, twenty-seven miles above Kiu Kiang, which is the starting point for Ku Ling, a favorite summer resort for the missionaries.

Monday, Jan. 2nd. Yangtze River.—The *Tatung* got under way early and by nine o'clock had reached the landing at Kiu Kiang. This is famous for its pottery but though Fluff tried hard she did not find much that seemed worth taking away, for most of the patterns were unattractive and the quality was of the cheapest. A fellow passenger, Mrs. Ball, who has lived here for several years was our guide through the Chinese quarter which was full of local color and odors, and took us to a silversmith who had some good work to show.

At ten-thirty we started on down the river, which today has entered a more hilly region with high mountains in the distance and occasionally considerable elevations along the shore. One high rocky islet we passed is called the Little Orphan and is the most picturesque thing we have seen on the river. In places it has been quite narrow and villages have become more numerous, but the immediate neighborhood of the Yangtze is much less densely populated than we had expected and scenically I think it has been a disappointment to all of us.

Tuesday, Jan. 3rd. Nanking.—In the early morning light countless myriads of wild ducks darkened the yellow surface of the river or flew in clouds ahead of our course and aroused the sporting instincts of several members of the party. The mountains on the south shore seemed to draw nearer, more villages appeared, and the river banks became more interesting, but as we approached Nanking the most attractive sight of all was *Aloha* lying quietly at anchor all ready to receive her truant passengers again. A little before twelve we were on board and never had we appreciated the comfort and luxury of our floating home so much as after this absence of seventeen days. The passage from Fusan to Shanghai had been smooth and uneventful and everyone was well on board. After lunch, the best we have had for many days, we went ashore, Arthur and Harriet to visit the University and the Gin Ling Girls College in the palace of the late Li-Hung-Chang, and the rest of us to see the Ming Tombs. Though

once the capital of China as the name Nanking or "Southern Capital" indicates, and laid out on a magnificent scale, the city shows no vestige of its former grandeur, except perhaps its massive walls thirty to fifty feet in height and said to be seven or eight miles in total length. It is a long drive from the waterfront to the city proper, but once there one is plunged at once into the usual labyrinth of narrow streets, swarming with activity and full of interest. We passed through the ruins of the inner city laid waste by the Taepings in 1853 and never rebuilt, and left the city through its northeastern gate. The avenue of stone figures of men and animals forming the approach to the tombs begins a mile or two beyond, and the grotesque caricatures of camels, lions, elephants, and horses in pairs placed opposite each other and ten to fifteen feet in height form a droll menagerie. The tomb itself, though it marks the burial place of Tai-tsü the first Ming emperor and his consort, who departed this life five hundred years ago, is a rather shabby structure that has suffered so much from neglect as to have lost whatever beauty it may once have had. On the way back our motor which apparently belonged to about the same period as the tombs and was just as much out of repair, began to behave very strangely and we had grave doubts of its ever reaching the river again, but after a number of stops for overhauling it finally rattled its way to the landing in time for us to be on board at four, the hour set for our departure, and a few minutes later we were under way. At dinner time some belated Christmas

presents that had been represented by chits at the Peking celebration were distributed, and the accumulated purchases of weeks were also displayed until the saloon seemed completely filled with what *Aloha's* commander usually refers to as "junk."

Wednesday, Jan. 4th. Shanghai.—After a night and morning of uneventful steaming down the river we turned the corner from the Yangtze into the Whangpoo in the afternoon and arrived at Shanghai at a little after five. This is a city of surprises. Like most people we had not realized that it is situated thirteen miles up a river, and that this river is so wide and so full of shipping, its banks are so lined with docks and factories, and there are so many modern buildings in the city, that in the falling dusk one was a little reminded of our own North River, but a glance at the passing junks with their swelling, brown sails and at the swarming sampans, quickly dispelled this illusion. The local representative of the National Aniline and Chemical Co., Mr. Bull and his assistant Mr. Hoag, promptly came aboard to greet William, and stayed to dinner. Later they took William, Peter and me to a Chinese theater, the ladies and Arthur preferring to remain on board. On the way to the play we were astonished at the many fine business buildings and broad streets in the international concession and along the Nanking road. The theater was large and rather dingy, but we had first row balcony seats and the rail in front of us was covered with white cloths and an extensive and varied array of fruit, pastry, and sweetmeats, and every few minutes the pots of tea

before each person were exchanged for fresh and steaming ones. The actors were wonderfully costumed and made up, most of them in very grotesque fashion, and the play was splendid, full of fights and killings. At one time there were nine freshly killed corpses on the stage. Contrary to the ancient custom of having only male actors several women appeared but it must be confessed that they did not shine either as performers or as beauties. There was the usual accompaniment of noisy music and a good deal of comedy in the play, and altogether it was a most diverting evening. The house was well filled and young China seems to be quite able to enjoy itself for there were many youths with their best girls sitting all around us.

Thursday, Jan. 5th. Shanghai.—Harriet and Fluff started out early to visit the Y. W. C. A. and St. John's University, but the rest of us spent the morning doing errands and attending to various affairs. For tiffin we met at the Astor Hotel but the ladies had brought with them a large contingent from the institutions they had visited and had their luncheon at a separate table. With us was William's friend, Mr. Osborne, who is on his way to India where we expect to meet him again. In the afternoon we saw more of the city, including the famous Bubbling Well road and many handsome residences of retired Chinese and other traders, for whom Shanghai, owing to its being under foreign control, is a favorite place in which to enjoy the fruits of their labors. *Aloha* was being coaled in the meantime, but the operation was carried on so slowly that we were disappointed

in our hope of being able to get away before dark and have been compelled to spend the night still at anchor.

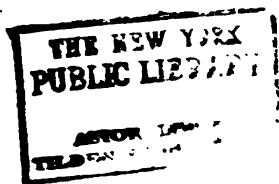
Friday, Jan. 6th. Shanghai to Foochow.—It was only twenty-two degrees when we started down the river at five-fifteen this morning but there was soon plenty of excitement to make one forget the temperature, for the river was crowded and in the dark we ran down two junks lashed together, and several wild-eyed jabbering Chinamen scrambled aboard. Little harm was done and the unexpected passengers were promptly taken off again by the police-boat patrolling the river on the lookout for opium smugglers. During the forenoon it became much warmer and we were able to be on deck without overcoats. At eleven-fifteen the last bar was crossed, with only three fathoms of water, so that we actually dragged once or twice but got over safely and were at sea again running down by the inside passage among the islands. At times the views were very fine, reminding one a little of the Inland Sea, though far less beautiful than in that lovely sheet of water. There was plenty of shipping and at sunset we ran through a fleet of about two hundred fishing boats standing out through the Chusan archipelago and looking very picturesque with their brown sails against the sunset sky.

Saturday, Jan. 7th. Shanghai to Foochow.—For most of the day there has been a breeze, light but favorable, and we have made good time with the square sails set, and at times have done better than thirteen knots. The water at last has lost its yellow pea-soup appearance,



FOOCHOW

The streets of a Chinese city are so narrow that in looking down on it one sees only an expanse of roofs. The large building at the right is the Temple of Confucius with its fine courtyard.



and is beginning to have a proper greenish color but is still very different from the lovely, limpid azure of the Pacific. There are plenty of islands and rocks to make navigation interesting and it is fortunate that the weather is so fine. These are the seas that used to be the cruising ground of pirate junks but we have seen nothing but peaceful fishing sampans. We have been trying to work out the intricate rules of Mah Jang and are beginning to realize that it has great possibilities for entertainment, and also that it is as rich in opportunities for post-mortem discussions as auction. Curiously enough, last night we were off Ning Po where the game is supposed to have originated a thousand years or so ago. We reached Matsu Roads a little before midnight and after some delay a pilot came aboard, but it was decided to wait till morning before attempting to find the entrance to the river.

Sunday, Jan. 8th. Foochow.—Before daylight we were under way and reached the buoy at the entrance to the Min River just as it became light enough to see it. A little later when we came on deck the sky was still glowing with saffron and orange behind us, and ahead were violet shadows on either side of the stream that gradually resolved themselves into splendid mountain ranges with fine serrated crests. One after the other, high-sterned junks with deckloads of lumber almost as large as the hull suspended from either side came down the current, four or five men at each sweep helping the great, brown sails, or being towed by funny little yellow sampans with cocked up bows and sterns that made

them look like slices of melon. As the river unfolded itself before us we passed through the finest scenery we have yet seen in China. Along the shores were wooded promontories under whose trees nestled old, gray temples or little groups of houses, while behind them rose green-terraced heights that in places recalled the hillsides of the Rhine, though there were sweet potato patches instead of vineyards and fairly recent but already antiquated fortifications commanding the winding reaches of the river, instead of legendary castles. On some of the slopes where the "Fung Shui" made the situation favorable, horse-shoe shaped burial places were set into the hillsides, but most of all we were delighted to see the earth's surface appear green again after the brown and barren spaces of the north. Long before reaching the Pagoda anchorage we could see the ancient, white tower from which it gets its name, and at about half past ten o'clock we had come to anchor—but still ten miles from Foochow as above this point the water shallows rapidly. It was here that the famous tea clippers of the sixties used to assemble every April to take on their cargoes, and then start on their memorable races back to England in intense rivalry to see which ship could land the first of the season's crop, some of the crack racers like the *Ariel*, *Taeping*, *Sir Launcelot*, *Thermopylae*, or *Norman Court* making the passage to London in one hundred days or less. Dr. Kinnear, Mr. Topping, and Mr. Neff, of the American Mission Board, and Dr. Jones and Mr. Scott, the President and Dean respectively of the Fukhien Christian University,

appeared to greet us and in their launch we proceeded up the river. As we neared the city we passed countless junks at anchor with high, gaily decorated sterns and white and black goggle eyes at the bow, some of them with painted nostrils too. In order to land we trans-shipped to sampans propelled by good-looking women, much handsomer than any we have yet seen in China, and in passing the famous stone Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages we were delighted to see some cormorants busily fishing for their master. At the landing a crowd surrounded us that was as fascinated by our extraordinary appearance as we were by theirs, and in ram-shackle coupés, drawn by equally dilapidated looking ponies we drove to the American Mission Board compound. Here we divided, Arthur and Harriet remained at Dr. Kinnear's, Fluff went to Dr. Dyer's, while William, Peter, and I were taken in by Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair. Luncheon over, we three went with Mr. Neff through the crowded narrow streets, and in their ever-shifting kaleidoscope of strange sights felt that at last we were beholding the real China. Amid the temples and palaces of Peking, splendid but deserted, one thinks always of the great empire of the past, but this is the China of to-day, seething with individual activity and as teeming with life as a culture of motile bacteria seen under the microscope. We joined the others at the school for blind boys started and for many years conducted by Mrs. Wilkinson, the wife of Dr. Wilkinson, and now in charge of Miss Mathews. There are seventy-six pupils who are taught various handicrafts, and their choir

and band sang and played for us in a way that was both touching and inspiring, since it made one realize how efficiently these boys have been rescued from beggarmen and placed in a position to become self-supporting. Harriet and Arthur went on to the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., but the rest of us were joined by Mrs. Peak and Mr. Peak, who was for twenty years president of Foochow Christian College, and walked along the city wall to an old tower on the hill from which there was a splendid view in the sunset light, and then strolled back through the streets—even more fascinating after dark than by day.

Monday, Jan. 9th. Foochow.—The hospital, residence, college, and church buildings in the compound are all very fine and the entire institution is equipped and organized on a much larger scale than we had expected. It took some time to inspect everything and then with Dr. Gebhart, the chief surgeon, I walked through the town and later joined the others in Curio Street. A great change has come over Foochow in the last seven years. Before then, though its population is estimated at nearly a million, there was not a wheeled vehicle in the city and chairs were the only means of transportation, but little by little streets were widened and better paved, and now rickshaws abound, there are a few horse-drawn carriages, and even one or two motor trucks. But the citizens still continue their work as they have done for centuries, each craftsman in his little shop, often with two or three apprentices—mere children some of them, who must serve for five

years before getting in compensation anything more than their rice. All imaginable crafts are represented, umbrella makers, carvers of wood or stone, blacksmiths, comb-cutters, weavers, embroiderers, makers of drums and of musical instruments, or of lacquered ware, workers in leather, silversmiths, and so on in endless variety, but all strictly specialized and working with a minimum of mechanical assistance and a maximum of patient, arduous labor, and intensely interesting to watch. After luncheon Dr. Kinneear took us to see the baby-tower now happily not so much used as formerly; a low stone structure ten feet in diameter in an unkempt cemetery surrounded by dilapidated "rest houses" in which the coffins of the departed are kept, often for many months, till the auspicious day for burial has arrived. Nearby was a long row of "widows' arches," memorials erected to commemorate the devotion of widows who had lived out their days without remarrying. Later, in a long procession of rickshaws we all crossed the Bridge of Ten Thousand Ages to the foreign settlement, and on this narrow thoroughfare a third of a mile long and built of huge blocks of stone in the thirteenth century, formed an intimate part of a throng that in variety and extravagance of wardrobe outdid the wildest and noisiest costume party ever held. The foreign settlement is on a hill overlooking the rest of the city and the other side of the Min, and has many fine residences and business buildings. After looking at the grounds of the Anglo-Chinese College we had dinner at Dr. Jones' house and then brought a party of

our mission friends back with us down the river in a large launch to see *Aloha*. This stay in Foochow has been without doubt one of the most interesting things we have done so far, and has given us a better idea of how most of China lives than anything we have seen in the other places visited. The greatest fundamental bar to the progress of the Chinese people appears to be their intensely individualistic habit of mind which makes it impossible to bring about organized effort in any direction, and the greatest immediate need appears to be provision for better means of communication, especially roads, not only to facilitate transportation, but to break down the isolation that keeps the people of closely adjacent sections of the country strangers to each other in interests and even in speech. As an illustration of this it may be mentioned that Mr. Topping who has to travel constantly through the province in his work of supervising the schools, told us that in one journey of 120 miles he encountered three totally different dialects.

Tuesday, Jan. 10th. Foochow to Hong Kong.—As day broke we left the anchorage and steamed down the river past the same fine views we had enjoyed so much on the way up. By ten o'clock the pilot had been dropped and we were at sea again with a good north-east breeze so that an hour later steam was rung off and we were making good time down the coast under the square sails. It was quite cold, with a moderately heavy sea but the wind continued strong and all day we were running from twelve to nearly fifteen knots and

during the evening overhauled several steamers going in the same direction.

Wednesday, Jan. 11th. Foochow to Hong Kong.—We are still going down the coast at a great rate for the northeast breeze is holding well, and from noon yesterday to noon today our run was 285 miles. The Shanghai coal is awful stuff, however, that makes a thick, greasy smoke and though we are running under sail there is always a sooty cloud pouring out of the funnel. All the rigging is very grimy and even the nice new suit of Japanese sails on the main is sadly streaked and spotted.

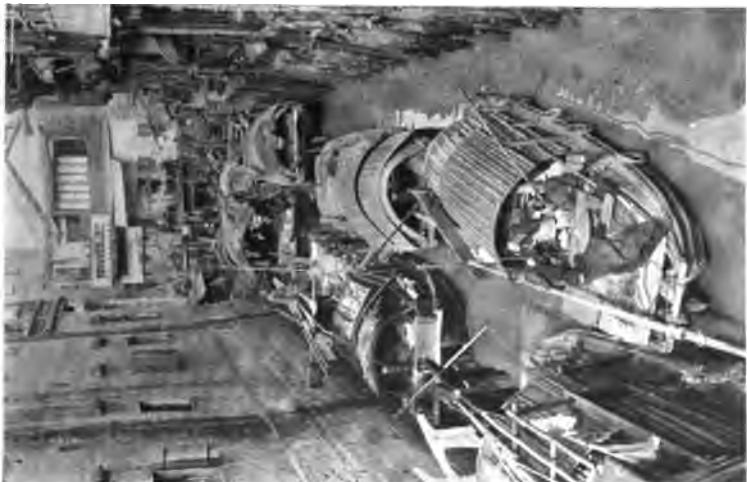
Thursday, Jan. 12th. Hong Kong.—Hong Kong is a great stronghold of the British Lion and since it was acquired in 1841 its owners have made of it a second Gibraltar, and the keystone of British power in the Far East. Originally little more than a mass of barren rock, the island now is the seat of a delightfully attractive city, full of trees and gardens, and its land-locked harbor is one of the finest and most active in the world. On the landward side lies Kowloon, the starting point of the Canton and Hong Kong Railway, and on the other side is the island of Hong Kong with the city of Victoria stretching along the water front and extending high up the steeply terraced slopes of Mount Victoria to the Peak, which is nearly two thousand feet above sea level. Everywhere one sees evidences of the splendid British management, wide streets, clean and well policed by picturesque looking Sikhs, fine public buildings, and good shops. There are plenty of rickshaws but as so many of the streets climb stairs like those in

Naples, and most of the residences are up steep hill-sides where no wheels can go, chairs are in general use. These are very attractive, made of green wicker with white cushions and carried on long springy poles by coolies in quaint, blue, peaked straw hats and loose knee breeches that allow their enormously developed leg muscles to be seen. At four-thirty in the morning we anchored in the eastern channel leading to the harbor and started again at about seven, reaching Victoria at eight-thirty. The day was warm and sunny, very cheering to our chilly bodies that had not been really warm for weeks, and for lunch we motored to the delightful hotel at Repulse Bay where we basked awhile in the sunshine, and then continued the circuit around the island, a distance of twenty-six miles. The road is a magnificent piece of engineering, and as it winds over the hills and around the inlets there are enchanting views of island-dotted bays, fishing villages in sandy coves, rugged hills, and stretches of open sea. Even Jake admitted that the scenery could be compared with that of Honolulu, but as William observed, he wasn't feeling very well. Later we went up the Peak in the funicular which stops at thirteen hundred feet, but one can walk several hundred feet higher and the panorama of the harbor crowded with shipping and with Kowloon and the distant hills in the background, is beyond description. When darkness fell the city revealed its beauty in a new aspect for the myriad twinkling lights along the water front and up the black mountain slopes behind made a picture almost fairy-like in its charm.



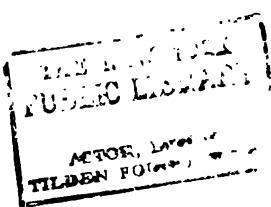
CANTON

In the distance is one of the two guarded bridges connecting the native city with the Shamseen, the island where the foreigners live.



CANTON

Some of the boats of the river folk, who spend their entire lives afloat and seldom put a foot ashore.



A little after nine we departed bag and baggage to take the river boat for Canton and found it a large and comfortable looking vessel, but soon after our arrival on board it was announced, that as the result of a strike of the firemen and seamen, the ship could not leave the dock, so in common with a large and vociferous crowd of Chinese passengers that poured out of the third class quarters, we had to go ashore again and return to our comfortable beds on *Aloha*. This means that we shall have to go by train tomorrow afternoon and lose a day of the time we expected to spend in Canton.

Friday, Jan. 13th. Canton.—After spending the morning in various affairs about the town we crossed to Kowloon after lunch and found a comfortable observation car ready for us on the three o'clock train. This road which has been opened only since 1910 is the most southerly section of the line which will ultimately connect Peking with Hong Kong by rail via Hankow. The run of one hundred and ten miles to Canton is the most interesting and picturesque railway journey we have had in China, and the fertile country through which we passed, with charming glimpses of distant villages and pagodas, gave us our first idea of what China really looks like when it is green and why the Chinese farmers are so highly praised. It is a long distance from the station in Canton to the Shameen, but appropriately enough in this city so many of whose inhabitants never leave their boats, one makes the trip by water, and it all seemed very queer and mysterious as we passed the shadowy outlines of junks and sampans, flower boats and high-

arched bridges, all indistinctly seen in the darkness. The Shameen is an oval island covering forty-five acres of which four fifths belongs to the British and one fifth to the French, and was set aside as a foreign settlement in 1859. It is connected with the city by two narrow bridges constantly protected by armed guards and by iron gates which are closed at night, and no Chinese except the house servants of the residents are allowed on the island after ten o'clock. Canton, next to Macao, is the oldest Chinese port thrown open to foreign trade, but the native city and the foreign settlement are still as distinct as if they were on separate continents. After dinner we decided, late as it was, to get our first impression of the city and set forth in a long string of chairs, each with three bearers, across the bridge and through the guarded portals—and at once entered a different world. A world of twisting streets seldom more than six feet wide, illuminated only by the dim lights of the shops where the late toilers were still at work, a world of endless, uncanny-looking, yellow faces and of never-ceasing, harsh, metallic sounding cries, of noisome smells and of repulsive sights in the stalls of the food venders; a world fantastic and terrifying as a nightmare; a phantasmagoria of incoherent shapes and apparitions and yet the home of over a million human beings. After an hour or so of this excursion into the unreal we returned through the guarded gates, and in the commonplace surroundings of the hotel lobby found ourselves back in the land of the accustomed as suddenly as one wakens from a dream.

Saturday, Jan. 14th. Canton.—To make the most of our morning in Canton we started at eight-fifteen in two detachments. Most of the time was spent in visiting the shops of the various crafts such as the weavers, ivory carvers, wood carvers, jade workers, kingfisher feather workers, lacquerers, porcelain dealers, etc. It is astonishing to see with what simple and even crude appliances the work is done, everything depending on the individual skill of the workmen, often little more than children, and from the most primitive and dingy surroundings spring masterpieces of patient toil, delicate fabrics glowing with color, or the gaudy scarlet and tinsel paraphernalia for festivals, such as only the Chinese mind could design. In one temple are the life-size images of the five hundred immediate disciples of Buddha, with an alleged figure of Marco Polo among the number, and another temple we visited is devoted to the God of Healing, with a series of sixty figures each presiding over a different year of life, so that the pious votary may select the deity corresponding to his own age. But it was the streets themselves that were most interesting, with strange sights and sounds on every hand. Though we failed to find anywhere in the food-dealers' shops the varnished rats we had been told about there were other displays, no less unesthetic, and we did see living snakes in cages exposed for sale for food. In front of the Shameen the sampans of the *Tan-min* or river folk were thickly packed and it was fascinating to watch the activities of the people, some of whom are born, live, and die without ever going

ashore. The journey back on the afternoon train did not seem very long and we were on board again in time for a late dinner.

Sunday, Jan. 15th. Hong Kong.—It was cloudy and not very favorable for sight seeing, but we walked about the streets, visited our good friend Tak Cheong who is progressing well with the various garments he is making for us, and attended church in the pretty little cathedral. Later Peter, William, and I visited the Hong Kong Club which is very large and comfortable with verandas looking out over the harbor and into the square, where a big temporary building is being erected in preparation for the coming visit of the Prince of Wales. A number of people came on board for tea, among them Sir Charles Addis, Director of the Consortium, and his daughter Miss Betty, the Portuguese Minister to Peking, Mr. de Freitas and Mrs. de Freitas, Mr. and Mrs. Sibley, and the Ruddocks and Mrs. Kirk who are on the *Wenatchee* en route for Manila and will sail tomorrow afternoon. Mr. A. Stephen, Manager of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank invited us to dinner in his big house near the cathedral where we met again the Addises, the de Freitas and the Ruddocks.

CHAPTER VI

AMERICA IN THE FAR EAST

Monday, Jan. 16th. Hong Kong to Corregidor.—Harriet and I visited the Sibleys who live on the Peak in a prettily placed house that is said to have a wonderful view of the south side of the island, but which owing to the fog we were obliged to take on faith. The others spent the morning on various errands and at four-ten *Aloha* got under way and was soon at sea with mist and rain and a heavy swell but a good northeast breeze, and under all sail headed for Manila. We leave China with pleasant memories of Hong Kong, with regret for so much that is left unseen, and yet with the satisfaction of having learned a great deal, especially in Foochow. Interesting the Chinese are, but wholly alien to the Occidental in every mental and moral attribute. While it is true that after centuries of lethargy some stirrings of new life are animating the Chinese colossus, its bulk is too vast for any rapid change to be possible and a complete rebirth of the national consciousness is imperative before great progress can follow. The essentially egoistic mental attitude which at present prevails must be replaced by some spirit of altruism and concerted action, which has always been lacking, before a people which possesses

no word for patriotism and does not understand the meaning of the idea, but uses over a hundred symbols for "good luck and long life" can emerge from the state of inertia in which it has stagnated for so many ages.

Tuesday, Jan. 17th. Hong Kong to Corregidor.—It is warm and so very humid that everything is moist and sticky just as it used to be in the Gulf of Panama, but there have been occasional flashes of sunshine through the day and we are forgetting everything else in our interest in the new adventures that lie ahead. The wind veered to the southeast and through the day we sailed only slowly and to the southward of our course, but at dinner time it became stronger and hauled around to the northeast which put us back in the proper direction. During the afternoon we had as companion a blackfish twelve or fifteen feet long which followed us a long time, swimming close to the stern and coming up from time to time to blow, until finally he became tired of our company and with a parting snort darted off to seek some more exciting adventure.

Lat. $20^{\circ}.16'$ N., Long. $115^{\circ}.17'$ E. Distance 128 miles.

Wednesday, Jan. 18th. Hong Kong to Corregidor.—This has been one of the best sailing days of the trip, with bright sunshine and a strong northeast monsoon that frequently drove us along at fifteen knots. We have been trying to get information by wireless from Admiral Strauss in regard to the cholera situation in the Philippines and are still uncertain as to what to do, but it seems best to keep away from Manila altogether in



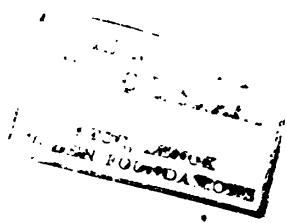
A VINTA AT ILOILO

One of the picturesque and speedy boats used by the Filipino fishermen.



FILIPINOS DIVING

At Zamboanga both boys and girls turned out in great numbers to dive for coins thrown in the water.



order to avoid any possibility of quarantine at Batavia.

Lat. $17^{\circ}52'$ N., Long. $117^{\circ}41'$ E. Distance 198 miles.

Thursday, Jan. 19th. Hong Kong to Corregidor.—Last night was very hot, but I do not think that any of us minded it; after those chilly weeks in Japan and China it was rather nice to feel a little too warm again. In the forenoon a message arrived from Admiral Strauss informing us that we could safely land at Corregidor, which was very good news. Shortly after breakfast land appeared on the horizon and all day we steamed down the beautiful coast line of Luzon. The afternoon's run close along the shore past the beautiful wooded hills with fluffy clouds curling about their summits, was one of the finest we have had. Just at dusk we anchored off Corregidor and General and Mrs. Todd and their daughter Harriet, who had been awaiting our arrival all afternoon, promptly appeared in a big launch and took us ashore for dinner. It was a long trolley ride winding up the slopes of the hill from the start at the "Bottom Side" terminal to the "Top Side" station at the summit, where the Todd's house overlooks the sea, and from their veranda, far off in the distance, one could see a faint glow of light showing where Manila lay thirty miles away across the historic waters of the bay.

Lat. $15^{\circ}8'$ N., Long. $119^{\circ}58'$ E. Distance 211 miles.

Friday, Jan. 20th. Corregidor.—After an early breakfast we started up the hill to the Todd's in the trolley, which is unique in that it is free for all and no

fares are collected. The Fort Mills Hospital is a splendid example of what an army hospital should be, and is well administered under the direction of Major McBrayer, with excellent dental and eye clinics, x-ray department, laboratory, operating equipment, etc. After seeing this I joined the others in the office of Colonel Tilton, Chief of the Artillery Service, and then General Todd took us about and showed us some of the fortifications and a fire control station under the charge of Colonel Bishop, where we watched target practice from a distant mortar battery. It was a revelation to see how completely this island has been fortified, so that only Gibraltar can be compared to it, and the entrance to the magnificent bay, a hundred miles in circumference, has been made absolutely impregnable. The Todds and the General's Aide, Lieut. Fellers, and Dr. McBrayer lunched with us aboard the yacht, and then we steamed around the island stopping to inspect the curiously fortified rock El Fraile, and enjoyed the beautiful views of the surrounding hills and the smaller islands. After remaining at anchor till midnight we started on the run to Iloilo.

Saturday, Jan. 21st. Corregidor to Iloilo.—After running through the Verde Island passage we entered Tablas Strait, thirty miles wide, between Mindoro and Tablas Island and ran all day under steam and sail with a following wind at eleven to twelve knots. At first the course took us close to the verdant hills of Mindoro which is ninety miles in length, but later as the strait widened the islands were too distant on either

bow to offer much in the way of scenic interest. The only signs of life discernible on the shores were the lights of what seemed to be forest fires on Tablas Island that came out one by one as darkness fell after a lovely opal sunset. At dusk some flying fish lost their way and came aboard just in time to be cooked and served to Fluff at dinner, much to her surprise as she had supposed that these butterflies of the sea were only for ornament and had no caloric value.

Sunday, Jan. 22nd. Iloilo.—We early turned the corner of Panay Island at Cape Naso and then headed for Iloilo against a strong head wind. All the morning it was cloudy and before we anchored off the old fort of San Pedro built in 1656 to protect the town from raiding Moros, a heavy down-pour of rain commenced. The weather and the appearance of the town as seen from the water-front reminded us a little of Hilo, but on going ashore we found that this rain had nothing in common with the polite and evanescent showers of the Hawaiian island that came and went in rather playful fashion, for it was a real tropical deluge, steady and determined, that was out for business and soon penetrated every ostensibly protecting garment. A short journey of exploration convinced us that Iloilo on Sunday afternoon offered no indoor amusements, and we took our streaming selves back to the yacht where we stayed the rest of the day and evening.

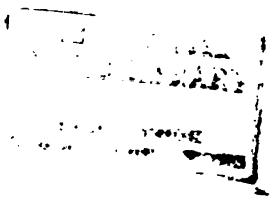
Monday, Jan. 23rd. Iloilo.—The natives here use a very speedy and characteristic type of sail boat called the *vinta*. The dugout hull, made from a single tree

trunk, is very narrow and provided with outriggers on either side, and as many of the crew as can find room pile on to the outer portion of the windward outrigger as the little craft heels over under the pressure of the wind on the triangular sail, and many of these amusing visitors were dodging about *Aloha* as we prepared to go ashore. The rain had stopped though it still remained cloudy, and Mr. Guillermo Gomez, the Collector of Customs of the Port, accompanied us in his car. After a visit to his attractive house we drove out through the suburbs of Molo, Arevalo, and Oton, the latter the oldest settlement on the island, stopping to view an interesting church or two and buy some of the native piña or pineapple cloth. The native houses of bamboo and thatch surrounded by luxuriant tropical vegetation extend uninterruptedly along the roadside, the fewness of their owners' needs being shown by the small number of shops of any kind to be seen once the city was left behind. The natives are a nice looking, cheerful lot with clear, brown skins and good teeth, and the women are justly proud of their long, black hair. They wear a peculiar bodice of gauzy pifia cloth with very loose elbow sleeves and a high rolling collar that stand well out from the body. We have gained the impression that however much they may cherish the idea of independence, the more educated Filipinos are glad to be under American protection and realize that if cut adrift to fend for themselves, they would soon be in difficulties. By twelve we were back on board headed for Zamboanga, two hundred and forty miles almost due south,



FORT PILLAR AT ZAMBOANGA

On either side of a lovely park with its water-lily covered canal are the houses of the officers stationed in this furthest post of the U. S. A. In the distance are the gray walls of the ancient Spanish fort named for Nuestra Señora del Pilar.



but the wind was disappointing and after dark we had to steam as well as sail.

Tuesday, Jan. 24th. Zamboanga.—Today we have crossed an imaginary line and entered a new world, the world of the tropics, whose very name spells enchantment and mystery and of which such places as the West Indies, Panama, and Hawaii that we have seen before have been but the outposts, lovely and full of strange interest, but only dim foreshadowings of what is to come in these lands and waters that now lie before us. All afternoon we have been skirting the emerald shores of Mindanao, close enough to watch the brown-skinned natives about their huts of bamboo and nipa leaves or on the palm fringed beaches, and finally sailed into a sunset sea adorned with all the accessories of exotic beauty imagination could invent. On the one side was the tufted green of the hilly shore we were approaching, luminous in the slanting rays; on the other a sea of indigo rimmed by the no less bluehills of distant Basilan; straight ahead lay the coral islets of Santa Cruz, and arching over it all the coloring of a sunset almost too splendid to be real. As the twilight deepened, flying foxes, large bats with wings three feet across, flapped overhead in great numbers from the island haunts in which they spend the day, on their nightly way to shore to feed, and just at dark we tied up to the pier at Zamboanga. Mr. Lawrence Benton, the Collector of Customs, and Mrs. Benton soon came aboard and gave pratique and after dinner we walked along the concrete mole bordered with flower vases and up to the three

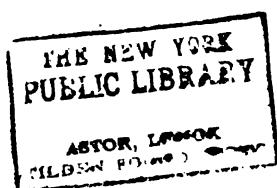
tiny plazas named after Salcedo, Pershing, and Rizal. These form the center of the little town and are prettily decorated with flowers, fountains, and a really fine monument to Dr. Rizal, one of the famous patriots of the islands executed by the Spaniards in 1896 on the charge of having fomented a rebellion.

Wednesday, Jan. 25th. Zamboanga.—In accordance with tropical custom we made an early start and after Jake had called on the governor, went first through the unusually attractive military post adjoining Fort Pillar so named for a shrine placed in the wall of the ancient fortress and dedicated to Nuestra Señora del Pilar. The Bentons, who were our very obliging guides, next took us to the newly laid out park on the hills behind the town with a pretty swimming pool, and then to the country club. This used to be a prison but has now been converted to less sinister uses, and here we met many of the army officers, who with several companies of infantry were working out a problem on the golf links. Among them was Major Fletcher, commandant of the post, who has enormous influence with the Moros, who have made him a dato or chief. A company of Moros was drilling with the other troops and looked like a pretty efficient fighting instrument. In accordance with the religious tenets which prescribe brimless head gear for the Mohammedan worshiper, who must bow his forehead to the earth, these soldiers by special permission of the War Department, wear a droll sort of tiara of khaki, open on top and with a high peak behind. Then we went on over many kilometers of



LUNCHEON PARTY AT SAN RAMON

Our hostess, Señora Paredes, and her daughter are seen wearing the becoming costume which is traditional with the native ladies. This consists of a bodice of embroidered piña cloth having short, wide sleeves, and a long skirt with a train.



perfect maccadam road with lovely glimpses of the sea through the openings in the coconut plantations, and past the native houses perched on stilts and with their walls braided of the tough ribbons of the nipa palm, to the San Ramon Penal Farm, one of the model institutions of its kind. Between six and seven hundred prisoners are kept at work here in the coconut plantation of over thirty thousand trees, and live in airy concrete dormitories surrounded by beautiful lawns and flower beds, while many of the trusties have little separate houses which they occupy with their families. In the absence of the superintendent, Mr. Paredes, the Assistant Superintendent, most hospitably kept us all for lunch in his delightful house close to the shore. The luncheon was very good and was served on the cool veranda by five or six murderers beaming with smiles who proffered rice and chicken and waved long-handled fly disturbers over our heads with a courteous and kindly *empressement* that recalled the refrain of a song very popular in the old Casino days:

"We're an airy, fairy, cheery band of murderers,
And a nickel is our value of a life;
Any sanguinary job should be referred to us,
We'll relieve you of your money or your wife."

After bidding farewell to our amiable host and hostess and their pretty daughter we returned to the city, stopping to buy orchids at several of the native houses. Later Mr. Benton took on Peter for a round of golf, while William, Fluff, and I made the rounds of the shops in search of Moro brass work. We also went out to the

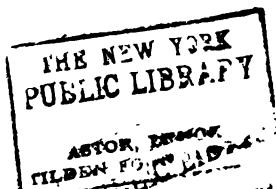
Settlement where Bishop Mosher let us see some of the fine work that is being done for the Moro children, in spite of the difficulty of winning the confidence of these shy people. In the nearby Moro fishing village of Kawakawa we gained some impression of what the native life really is, and saw the extraordinary, scarlet-lipped, black-toothed appearance produced by betel-nut chewing, to which nearly all the people are addicted. On the way back to *Aloha* we stopped at the office of the native constabulary where there is a well displayed collection of weapons captured from the different native tribes, and whatever may be the deficiencies of these people in other directions, they certainly show no lack of skill or ingenuity in the design and construction of their kries and javelins.

At five-thirty the members of the Army and Navy Club and the Overseas Club, who had been invited for tea began to arrive, and soon between seventy and a hundred guests were exclaiming over *Aloha*'s beauty and comfort, listening to the Filipino band, or consuming solid and liquid nourishment; particularly one form of the latter which was found so meritorious that the chef afterward informed me that he had distributed the recipe for its manufacture to no less than seventeen different inquirers. One of the pleasantest and most interesting days we have had closed with a dance given in our honor at the Army and Navy Club, where we finally reluctantly said good-bye to the many agreeable acquaintances we had made in this the furthest outpost of the American Army.



THE VILLAGE OF KAWA-KAWA

A Moro village, swarming with children of all sizes, and exhibiting garments ranging in number from a minimum of zero to a maximum of two.



ASTOR, BRONX,
TILDEN FOUNDATION



Thursday, Jan. 26th. Jolo.—With the haunting strains of the gay Filipino air *Zamboanga* and its hospitable admonition: “*No se vayas, no se vayas di Zamboanga*” still ringing in our ears, we left the friendly little port at dawn amid the marvels of a tropic sunrise. As steady as the proverbial church, *Aloha* slipped over the waveless Sulu sea past lovely islands large and small, and coral strands so nearly at the water’s level that their palm trees seemed to spring from the sea itself, till at three o’clock we had reached the town of Jolo on the island of Sulu. This is the capital of the famous monarch made known to Broadway years ago by Frank Daniels in that sprightly operetta *The Sultan of Sulu*, but whose realm had always seemed as mythical as the famous principality of Ruritania. However, the Sultan is a very real personage with a pretty and prosperous little city in Jolo, though his palace here is a rather shabby looking affair and his official residence is at Mainbung, some miles to the south. Jolo is said to be the smallest walled town in existence, for the ramparts are just one kilometer in circumference, and its inhabitants probably affect more different styles of dress than do those of any other place in the world. It is no wonder that it seemed a suitable setting for a comic opera, for no stage manager could ever invent for the adornment of his chorus such combinations of stripes and arabesques, such purples, yellows, greens and scarlets, such sarongs and pantaloons, skin-tight or flopping, such peaked straw hats, fezzes, and rainbow-hued head wrappings, as may be seen in a two-minute walk on

any street in this extraordinarily fascinating little place. We did not stop to inspect the town but hurried at once by motor through lovely, hilly country to the school for Moro boys established fourteen miles away towards the center of the island by Mrs. Lorillard Spencer. Mrs. Spencer is at present away but is expected to return next month and we were shown through the buildings by Mr. Fogerty who is in charge during her absence. On the way out and back we met many striking native figures in the most bizarre costumes, some on foot, others riding scrubby-looking little ponies or carabaos, and evidently on their way back from the market near the school, as they were carrying home with them their purchases of fish, fruit, or other foods wrapped in neat packages of green leaves. Kite flying seemed to be a popular sport, and some of the kites were very elaborate and strangely shaped. It was almost dark when we reached the town again so there was time for only a hasty glance at the Chinese pier and at some of the shops.

The Moros are still a very lawless lot and it is not considered safe to go unarmed far into the interior. Like other members of the Malay race they are subject to a peculiar psychical disturbance as the result of which, after a preliminary period of brooding over real or fancied wrongs, the individual has hallucinations of the appearance of devils which he attempts to kill, is seized with an uncontrollable impulse to murder and "runs amuck" attacking with his kris or other weapon all who come in his way. In another form of the condi-

tion with a religious basis there is more premeditation, the individual clothes himself in white, shaves his eyebrows, visits the mosque and as a religious rite dedicates himself to death by killing as many Christians as possible before he himself is shot down. Since actual suicide is practically unknown among the Malays, it is considered that the phenomenon of *meng amok* for the Malay temperament is the equivalent of what in persons of other races would be the impulse to commit suicide.

Friday, Jan. 27th. Jolo to Batavia.—We were early ashore in order to see a little more of what are probably the least civilized people we shall encounter. At the market there was an assemblage that for variety of types and costumes would make the most extravagant fancy dress party appear tame and dull by comparison, and the fruits, foods, and other wares offered for sale seemed no less strange. There was just time for another brief excursion along the rickety Chinese pier with its swarming mixture of brown and yellow-skinned humanity, and at ten we were under way again, leaving the Sulu sea by the Sigboye Channel, and passing the Tawi Tawi group of islands entered the Celebes Sea. Late in the afternoon the tops of the palms on the last of the coral islands faded into the horizon and we were fairly started on the long run to Batavia. Since leaving Zamboanga we have been having luncheon and dinner on deck which is a very pleasant change, though so far the heat has not been at all oppressive.

Saturday, Jan. 28th. Jolo to Batavia.—Although

we are so far south it has not been uncomfortably hot, and at dinner time when the equator was only ninety miles away the temperature was seventy-two degrees. We saw the coast of Borneo at five-forty when we passed the Myaros Reef light, and at ten we sighted the light of Mang Kalibat. A Dutch coasting steamer, the *Simaloe* from Balik Papan for Hong Kong passed us at four-thirty and we exchanged greetings by radio.

Lat. $2^{\circ}05'$ N., Long. $119^{\circ}02'$ E. Distance since five P.M. yesterday, 205 miles.

Sunday, Jan. 29th. Strait of Macassar.—This morning at five *Aloha* crossed the equator, an uneventful performance without even a toot of the whistle to mark the transition from north latitude to south. The sea is smooth and a four knot current is hurrying us on so that we are overrunning the log. At dinner time we sighted Aru Bank light and found that this same current had carried us twelve miles to the eastward of our course so that unwittingly we had passed between some ugly reefs only two miles apart. A heavy rain squall made it impossible to see in any direction and as the buoy at Panukan was not lighted as it should have been, it seemed wiser not to adventure further in these reef-infested and inaccurately charted waters, so at one-thirty we anchored not far from a coasting steamer that had evidently come to the same decision.

Lat. $1^{\circ}0$ S., Long. $117^{\circ}31'$ E. Distance 200 miles.

Monday, Jan. 30th. Pulo Laut.—At daylight we started again and picked our way down the coast till the northern end of Pulo Laut came in sight, and enter-



NATIVE HOUSE IN MINDANAO

Shaded by coconut palms and surrounded by luxuriant tropical vegetation, these picturesque houses seem thoroughly in keeping with their setting.

THE NEW YORK
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ASTOR, LENORE
TILDEN FOUNDATION

ing the channel between this island and Borneo ran down as far as Kota Baru, where we anchored at ten o'clock. This is a village of several thousand natives, but only two or three white people, and on going ashore to make inquiries we found that, as we had expected, the coaling station is at Stagen, a few miles further down the channel. The latter is only a coaling dock with a few native huts, connected with the mine at See Bigan, five miles inland by a steam tramline. As the coaling was started it began to rain heavily, as it does every day at this season, but at about three-thirty we went back to Kota Baru in the launch, taking with us a very intelligent young Chinese Mr. Teng Djoe, who is the comprador for the coolies that were putting the coal on board. In spite of the downpour we saw something of the town which was composed of neat little houses, some with pretty gardens and all with large verandas which in the better type were furnished with chairs, tables, growing plants, and pictures on the walls. Our newly made friend took us to the house of his father-in-law, Mr. Oeij Seng Tjin, who received us hospitably and invited us to help celebrate the Chinese New Year by opening a bottle of champagne. The natives are all Mohammedans except some of the storekeepers who are Chinese, and the costumes are much like those we saw in Jolo except that they are not quite so extravagant in cut and color. Although the rain continued we motored up to the mine through wonderfully luxuriant vegetation, past crocodile inhabited swamps, and when we saw monkeys skipping across the road ahead of us we felt

that this really was Borneo. At the mine there are about forty white employees and three thousand coolies and the little town was neat and orderly, with concrete shower baths and an assembly hall for the workers, while many of the foreign houses looked quite attractive. Then we returned to Stagen by another road, stopping to pick some of the beautiful alamanda flowers growing in great profusion, and getting back to the yacht at dusk.



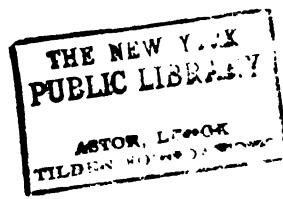
MORO FISHERMEN'S HOUSES

In erecting these practical dwellings the expense of excavating a cellar is entirely eliminated.



THE MAIN GATE OF JOLO

Jolo, the capital of the Sultan of Sulu, is the smallest walled town in the world, its ramparts measuring just one kilometer in circumference.



CHAPTER VII

JAVA, THE GARDEN OF THE WORLD

Tuesday, Jan. 31st. Java Sea.—We were off by daylight but to our disappointment had to return by the way we came, for we learned that the channel between Laut Island and Borneo through which we had hoped to pass and cut off about forty miles, had only sixteen feet of water and would be impassable for *Aloha* except at high tide. After breakfast we discussed plans, and as it seemed more sensible to stop at Soerabaia and then send the yacht on to Batavia rather than to make the longer passage to the latter place direct and then have to retrace our steps on land, we decided to head at once for Soerabaia and the course was changed accordingly. During the day we sailed by Sebuku Island, and late in the afternoon Laut Island disappeared from the horizon and we entered the Java Sea. It remains astonishingly cool, so much so that on deck the ladies sometimes send for wraps, and the nights are perfectly comfortable.

Wednesday, Feb. 1st. Java Sea.—The distance remaining to Soerabaia is about one hundred and fifty miles and we should reach there some time tomorrow afternoon. In the morning there was a heavy squall and all day it has been partly cloudy with a very choppy sea.

Lat. $6^{\circ}08'$ S., Long. $114^{\circ}39'$ E. Distance 180 miles.

Thursday, Feb. 2d. Soerabaia.—This morning we have been running along the shore of Madoera Island and approaching Soerabaia. Shortly after lunch we passed the lightship picking up the pilot at this point, but it is twenty miles further to the harbor and it was nearly five when we finally dropped anchor. In the harbor we were interested to see a new type of fishing boat built with the keelson carried forward and aft so that it projects several feet beyond both bow and stern. The boats are very gaily painted with ornamental scroll work in bright colors and with their triangular lateen sails make great speed. The oars are also peculiar, having a very short rounded blade like a paddle. It is a twenty minutes motor ride from the port to the town and we found our first glimpse of Java very interesting. Automobiles were numerous but there were also plenty of "my lords," very low barouches with a pole far too long for the two tiny ponies that draw them, and innumerable little two wheeled carts called *dos-a-dos*, abbreviated to *sadoe* in popular parlance, and holding four people. The town was a great surprise in its size and prosperous appearance. Second only to Batavia, it has a population of over a hundred and fifty thousand and the streets were lined with foreign shops, numerous department stores, opulent looking jewelry establishments, music stores, chemist shops, etc., all of them most spacious with fine window displays, and brilliantly illuminated. The native costumes were picturesque



SOERABAIA

The streets of Soerabaja, the greatest trading port of Java, are full of life and animation and give a very different impression from the calm and somnolent atmosphere of Batavia and Buitenzorg.



Java, the Garden of the World 149

in the extreme, but there will be more to say about these later.

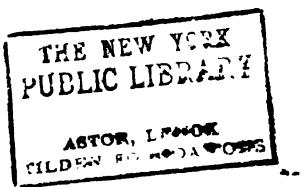
Friday, Feb. 3rd. Soerabaia.—Today we have crossed another imaginary line—that dividing Java from the rest of the world, for it hardly seems possible that there can be any other spot to be compared with this enchanting island, so fertile, so full of color, so studded with volcanoes, so crowded with industrious little brown people; where life seems so easy and yet so busy, and where every journey is through a continuous panorama of beauty and interest. As soon as one leaves the city one enters a new world, peopled by the most attractively dressed natives we have yet seen. The sarong is an ideal garment for comfort and convenience; made of a strip of batik about three feet wide and six feet long it appears in an infinite variety of designs, some gay and brightly figured in pink or blue or green, others dull and subdued in brown and indigo. The women always wear it as a skirt but the men often throw it up out of the way over the shoulder like a scarf, revealing the fantastic patterns of the cotton trousers underneath. As head covering the men use squares of similar material twisted into a turban and knotted behind with the two ends sticking out jauntily on either side, and to put on this *kam kapala* properly takes both skill and time. The women wear bright colored jackets called *kabayas* and over their shoulders drape the *slendang*, a scarf useful for carrying packages or a baby, which is placed astride the hip and not over the back as in Japan. After a morning spent in getting a little

better acquainted with Soerabaia's streets and the fascinating life that fills them we lunched at the Oranje Hotel and then took the road for Tosari, Java's most famous mountain resort about sixty miles to the south-east. As far as the little town of Pasoerean and for some distance beyond, the road runs through flat farming country where sugar cane and rice are grown—but such country, greener than any green one has ever seen before, dotted with waving palm trees, and with houses of woven bamboo all along the way, swarming with naked children, brown, fat, and smiling. In the paddy fields or *sawahs* and along the roads are the gray water buffalos, ungainly brutes with narrow heads all out of drawing in proportion to the huge bodies, often with little naked boys perched on their backs, or else drawing covered carts with wheels six feet in diameter and poles four or five feet high sticking straight up from the yoke and carrying a circle of little bells. Beyond Poespo the road rises rapidly and winds with sharp turns up the hills through a continuous flower garden set with orchids, nasturtiums, lantana, great masses of poinsettia, clusters of nodding datura bells and morning glories, and whole trees of gardenias and heliotrope, with high Australian pines towering over all—until at Tosari one reaches an altitude of six thousand feet. The narrow mountain road is really a one way street, for motors may go up only during certain hours in the afternoon and are allowed to descend only in the morning. During the journey there were several showers and on reaching the pleasant hotel at the summit we found clouds filling



BROMO

From the heights of the Moengal Pass one looks down on the floor of a huge extinct crater, now called the Sand Sea. Out of this level plain rises the active volcano Bromo, with clouds of gray smoke pouring from its summit.



the valleys so that there were only occasional glimpses through the rifts, of the plains below and of the distant ocean.

Saturday, Feb. 4th. Tosari.—Today began almost before yesterday stopped, for we rose at three-thirty and at four were in the saddle on our way to the volcano Bromo. This sounds rather more strenuous than the reality, for those who rode never moved faster than a walk, and the ladies entered sedan chairs, even though according to a local guide book these are to be regarded as "infernal machines" and the "last resort of the aged and infirm." But the ponies though small were willing little creatures, and the chairs had eight bearers each, and as we moved off in inky blackness with the Southern Cross standing upright in the heavens ahead of us, it seemed as if we were undertaking quite an adventure. The path rose steadily and led through sleeping villages and dense forests, and as it grew lighter we could see the steeply slanting corn fields of the Tenggerese clinging to the almost vertical slopes of the hills which are cultivated to their very summits. This tribe of mountaineers is about five thousand in number and has refused to adopt Mohammedanism, still adhering to their ancient Hindu faith and never mingling with the plainsmen. At seven we were on the edge of the crater, nine thousand feet above the sea, five miles in diameter, and with its level floor called the Sand Sea a thousand feet below. Ahead of us rose the beautiful symmetrical cone of Batok partly concealing the active crater of Bromo, from which dense clouds of poisonous-

looking black smoke rolled out, most ominous in appearance. Here we had breakfast and then went part way down Moengal pass to see the Sand Sea from a lower level before turning back. The return journey was very lovely in the bright sunshine through the forests and we reached the hotel again by ten. We started back while the road was still open for descent and soon realized that this was indeed the rainy season for there was a constant succession of drenching showers, but we were in Soerabaia once more at four-thirty. Fluff and I went on an exploring expedition and found a pretty residential section of the town with attractive little houses all built in the usual way with a veranda living-room and with charming gardens. The eight o'clock dinner hour seemed very long in arriving and after the meal was over we lost no time in retiring to our springless beds, devoid of even a sheet for covering, but provided with an extra bolster called a Dutch wife or *Gretchen*, and a bundle of twigs with which to expel any stray mosquitoes still lurking inside the curtains.

Sunday, Feb. 5th. Djokjakarta.—Travel here means early hours and though the train for Djokjakarta left at five-fifty-four it was already crowded. The morning was cool and pleasant and along the way stretched wide cane plantations and paddy fields, most of the latter laid out in large symmetrical rectangles instead of in the small irregular picture-puzzle outlines of Japan and China. As we approached the interior the colors of the native dress became more subdued, and blue predominated, for this is one of the indigo raising regions of the

island. At eleven-thirty we reached Djokjakarta whose name means "Blooming Night" and retired to our rooms in the Grand Hotel to cool off before lunch. Most hotels in Java are built on the same plan with a central building containing the dining room and office, while the bed rooms are arranged in separate wings running in horseshoe shape around the center group. Here we had separate little houses, each containing two bed rooms, a bath room and of course the inevitable veranda to lounge in *en deshabille* for one never remains inside the room except when dressing or sleeping. The tubless bath room or rather splash room, has a cement floor and a tank in the corner from which one takes dipperfuls of water to dash over the person, a simple but entirely satisfactory bathing arrangement. In the afternoon it rained, but we contrived to get in some walks between showers and in the meantime managed to communicate by 'phone with the Joe Smiths at Boroboedoer. It appeared that none of the several telegrams sent to them had ever been delivered and they were quite as much mystified by the lack of news as we were, but at tea time they came dashing up in a motor and we were all delighted that the meeting so long planned for had finally been effected.

Monday, Feb. 6th. Djokjakarta.—Java's rainy season is not a mere figure of speech, it has been a damned, moist, disagreeable reality all day, as Mr. Mantellini might say. Jake posted off to the residence of the governor at eight o'clock to see whether it was not possible to relax the cast iron rule that visitors may be

admitted to the Sultan's palace only on Fridays. Whether it was Jake's own personality or the fact that in one letter of introduction he was referred to as Commodore will never be known, but the result of the interview was that a special permission was granted with the proviso that we must go at once, as the Sultan was to hold an audience a little later in the morning. This potentate, whose dominions by grace of the Dutch government extend over an area of about forty square miles, lives in pomp and pride inside of a palace, or *kraton*, which is surrounded by a wall fifteen feet high and four miles in circumference. Within is a real town with fifteen thousand inhabitants, including the Sultan's immediate family and retainers, guards, and an enormous number of dependents. In the first courtyard or *aloon-aloon* are two waringen trees of great size and age called the trees of judgment, under whose branches prisoners are kept sometimes for days without food, until the Sultan is pleased to sit in judgment. A little further on is the execution hall where the prisoner if condemned is stabbed to death in the presence of the Sultan, if he has money enough to pay for this expensive but glorious form of exit, otherwise he is killed off-hand in some obscure corner without any alleviating honors to make the passing less disagreeable. Still further on were audience halls, state reception rooms, etc., roofed over but with open sides, and at one point as we stood and gazed about, the ladies of the harem, quite young and nice looking, took turns in peeking at us around the corner of a screen. Altogether it was an interesting



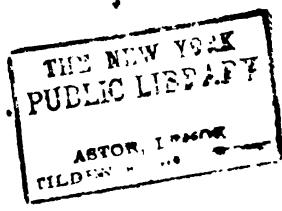
ON THE ROAD TO BROMO

The Javanese are an active and good-natured race, though small and not very strong. Each of these chairs required eight bearers to carry it.



NATIVE HOUSE IN EASTERN JAVA

The villages and houses are always clean and neat, and present a well-kept appearance.



glimpse into a manner of life which still exists in only very few places. The Water Castle is a delightful tumble-down affair of gray stone in a garden of richest tropical growth, and though much of the old moat has been filled in, the buildings are moss covered ruins, and skeptics even doubt the existence of the famous subterranean passages, it is a romantic place full of suggestions of former splendors, intrigues, and revels. After visiting a factory to see the various stages in the designing and dyeing of batik, we finished the morning in the arts and crafts museum. After lunch the rain temporarily ceased, permitting a visit to the ruins of the Hindu temples at Brambanan. Although the passing centuries and earthquake shocks have almost levelled these interesting records of the time, fifteen or sixteen hundred years ago, when Hindu influence was at its height and magnificent temples on a vast scale were erected here, at Boroboedoer, the Dieng plateau, and in several other parts of the island, enough remains of the temple at Tjandi Loro Djonggrang to be very impressive. Before dinner there was a most diverting Javanese dance for our benefit with an orchestra of drums, cymbals, and the famous gamelan, operated chiefly by children, and with ten actors in the most bizarre costumes who presented a long pantomimic performance that was a strange mixture of the serious and of extravagant buffoonery, but which in costume and action was in accordance with ancient conventions and traditions that are always strictly adhered to.

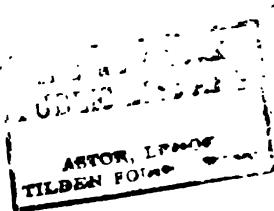
Tuesday, Feb. 7th. Boroboedoer and Wonosobo.—

During the night the rain continued but by the time we were under way at seven o'clock the skies began to clear and the ride past fields of rice, indigo, sugar cane, and tobacco or through long, cool tunnels of green was very beautiful. Again we were impressed by the throngs of people in the fields, about the kampongs, or on the highway, and one can readily believe that next to Belgium, Java is the most densely populated country in the world, for on this island, having an area about equal to that of the State of New York, over thirty million people live in prosperity and comfort. The coy Merapi that at this season is nearly always veiled in clouds emerged for our benefit, and its perfect cone, equal to that of Fuji in symmetry, looked very striking with a white smoke plume streaming from its apex. The first stop was at Tjandi Mendoet, a fairly well preserved pagoda seventy feet in height and containing a remarkably fine image of Buddha which is noteworthy in that the figure is seated with the legs hanging down instead of being in its usual position. From here it was only a short distance to the Boroboedoer, to which we had been looking forward for weeks, with expectations far short of the reality. After passing through a long avenue of stately kanari trees one's first glimpse of Tjandi Boroboedoer, which means "Shrine of the many Buddhas" is of a huge gray mound, which as one draws nearer gradually resolves itself into one of the most impressive structures which the spirit of devotion has ever led man to erect in an attempt to satisfy his aspirations for the unknown. It is supposed to have been begun in the ninth century,



APPROACHING THE BOROBOEDOER

Through an avenue of magnificent kanari trees one approaches the Borobedoer. In this view the apex of the building is visible above the tops of the trees over the heads of the walking women.

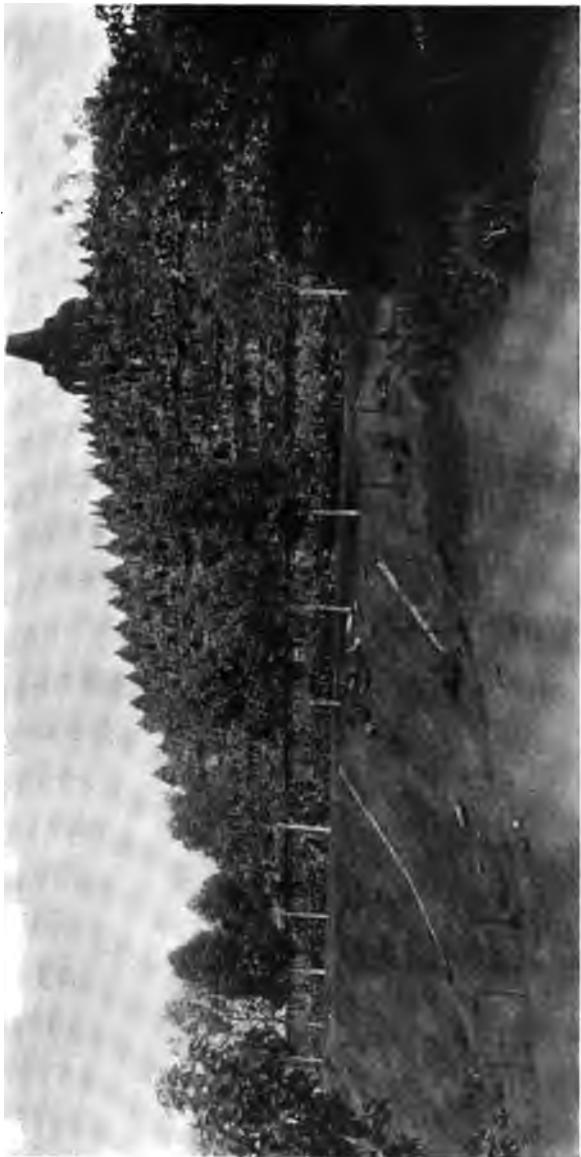


when Buddhism was the dominant influence in Java, but five hundred years later when this faith was supplanted by Mohammedanism the shrine was either covered over by its votaries to conceal it, or as some authorities believe, was simply buried by volcanic detritus from Merapi. Opinions differ on this point, but at any rate through centuries it remained forgotten and unknown, till the time of the English occupation of Java early in 1800 when Sir Stamford Raffles caused it to be unearthed, and since then the Dutch government has taken pains to restore it and keep it in repair. Shaped like a rather flattened cone it is a veritable hill of elaborately sculptured stone, and its nine galleries mount one above the other, growing concentrically smaller till at the apex rises the central dome surrounded by its circles of dagobas, seventy-two in all, each containing in its bell-shaped interior and partly concealed by the massive stone lattice-work, a life-size figure of Buddha. The five lower galleries are enclosed by double walls between which is a space six or seven feet wide, and on these pages of enduring stone the early sculptors recorded with mallet and chisel the life story of Gautama in a series of wonderfully executed bas-reliefs, said to measure about three miles in length, while above them are niches, over four hundred in number, in each of which a life size Buddha is enthroned. But figures and dimensions mean nothing in connection with this marvel of ancient artistic inspiration, which has been appropriately called a "sacred volume written in volcanic stone"; covering an area as large as that of the

great pyramid and representing an amount of labor in the execution of its innumerable statues and carvings that absolutely staggers the imagination. Joe Smith who for three weeks has been here painting the bas-reliefs, pointed out some of its beauties in detail, but the lasting impression is that of the glorious view from its summit, of the palm trees and rice fields and the soaring nearby mountains, and of the religious fervor that reared this stupendous mass of stone and fashioned it into one of the most richly ornamented buildings that the world has ever seen.

After luncheon our party, now increased to eight by the addition of Joe and Corinna, went through Magelang to Wonosobo, over a constantly rising road with views that were charming and magnificent by turns, even though low-lying clouds concealed the mountain tops. We reached the comfortable Dieng Hotel at about four o'clock and then had time for a walk through the pretty little town with a lovely common or *aloon-aloon* and an interesting market-place, where business was still going on briskly and we heard some rather melancholy but melodious music played on pipes of bamboo by an itinerant orchestra.

Wednesday, Feb. 8th. Wonosobo to Cheribon.—This has been a noteworthy day. In the first place it did not rain, and in the second place we made an uninterrupted run of one hundred and eighty miles through one of the prettiest agricultural regions of the island. We are becoming accustomed to the early starts. Before the sun got very high it was delightfully cool, and even



TJANDI BOROBODOER

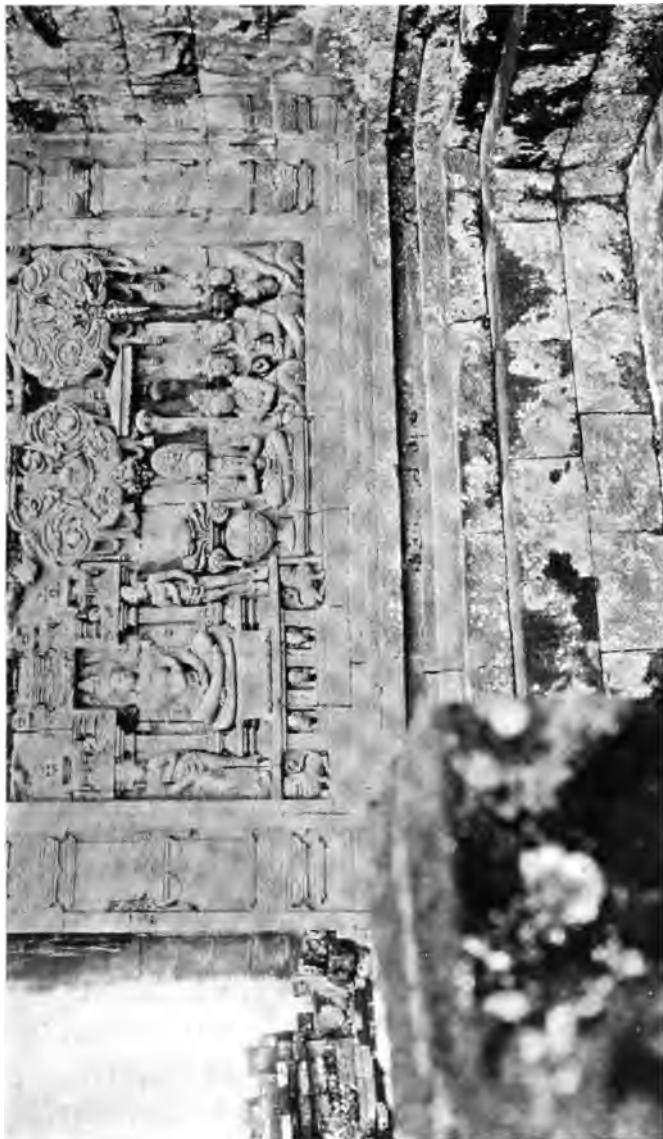
Considered one of the architectural marvels of the world, the Borobodoer is really a hill of sculptured terraces and bas-reliefs rather than a temple. The crowning dome or dagoba is 150 feet above the level of the plain, and the bas-reliefs of the nine galleries cover a distance of about three miles.

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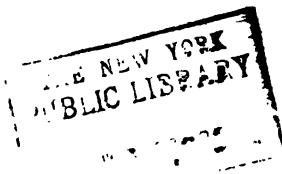
later on there was no discomfort for the road ran between rows of trees whose interlacing branches kept it in constant shade. For much of the time we passed through rolling country terraced with rice fields whose waters ran from level to level in tiny splashing rivulets, and there were frequent streams in which brown urchins bathed or fished while their mothers did the family wash. At Boemajoi we all got quite a turn, for a man balancing his load of yams on the usual *dong* stick became bewildered and ran right in front of one of the motors and was knocked down. For a moment it seemed as if a bad accident had occurred but he quickly scrambled to his feet, none the worse except for a bad fright and the damage to his vegetables, which were scattered broadcast over the road. It had been the intention to lunch at Tegal but it was two o'clock when this place was reached and no meal was ready at the hotel, so we stayed our hunger with mangosteens, rambutans, bananas, and coconuts by the wayside and decided to push on to Cheribon. The road now turned westward parallel with the coast through flat and rather uninteresting country, and brought us to Cheribon at four. This pretty name means "City of Shrimps" but it might better be "City of Mosquitoes" for these abound and it seemed very hot and stuffy in the hotel, which is the least attractive we have stopped at. The town itself has little charm though some of the many Chinese who live and prosper here have elaborately decorated houses, much prettier than any we saw in China.

Thursday, Feb. 9th. Garoet.—It is a curious thing how many differences in the customs and appearance of the people one observes in going from one section of the island to another. Today as we traveled from the coast to the interior the houses became quite different, were more solidly built, often had verandas with lattice railings, and shutters with slats. Black, shallow, covered baskets containing live fish appeared along the road, the carts were painted white with black ornamentation, the *sarongs* and *kabayas* became gayer in color, the men more frequently wore moustaches, the people as a whole were handsomer, and in the neighborhood of Garoet were chiefly Sundanese and spoke this language instead of Malay. Garoet is a delightful little town with the most comfortable and attractive hotel, the Ngamplang, we have found yet. It is on a hill some distance from the town, and from the terrace three thousand feet above sea level, on which all our rooms open, there is a magnificent view of the valley and of the mountains, with Tjikoraj and Papandajan, seven to eight thousand feet high, dominating the panorama. The rain held off until the afternoon, and all morning the by-roads over which we traveled for most of the hundred and thirty miles wound over the hills and down the valleys, often through forests but most of the time past paddy-terraces, and always with things of interest to see. Once an itinerant umbrella vender came along from whom we bought some of his gaily painted wares, and a little later at the summit of a hill with a splendid outlook we found the buildings of a tea garden whose



DETAIL OF BAS-RELIEFS OF THE BOROBOEDER

As the worshippers ascended from terrace to terrace studying the bas-reliefs, they passed through a course of religious instruction intended to prepare them for the contemplation of the crowning figure of Buddha at the summit, purposely left unfinished to symbolize the inadequacy of human art to portray the divine.



deep green expanses stretched for miles. After lunch some of us explored the town and in the exhibition rooms of the Tourist Bureau found local products of batik, buffalo horn carvings, brass work, and fabrics from Sumatra, and Joe became the possessor of a collection of the interesting marionettes representing characters in the Javanese folk lore, which have not been made for over fifty years. After bargaining for more batik in the shops we bought some fruit, especially a lot of the delightful pineapples that are sold here for two cents each, and even considered the purchase of a durian, but Simon the courier, had warned us that the odor of this tropical gas bomb was so terrific that the only time it could be eaten was out of doors at the hour when most of the inhabitants were taking their siesta, and when we got within ten feet of one in the market we decided that Simon was right and returned to the hotel without it.

Friday, Feb. 10th. Garoet.—The others were lazy but Joe and I rose betimes and after an hour's motor ride through sleeping villages and past the early toilers going to their work in the fields, as dawn was breaking reached the Villa Pauline at Tjisoeroepan. Here we changed to horses and started up the trail to the crater of Papandajan. For the first mile or two the path rose gradually through lovely banks of green, gay with lantana, hibiscus, morning glories, datura, poinsettias, and roses, but soon it became rough and rougher, like a real Arizona mountain trail and climbed so steeply that the tough little ponies had to scramble like goats over the jagged boulders and we had much ado to keep from

slipping off over their tails. As we neared the summit, whiffs of sulphur tainted air blew in our faces, and finally we entered the great breach in the mountain wall made in 1772 when the top of the volcano was blown off by a terrific eruption that destroyed many villages and killed three thousand people. The view backward of the mountains in the direction from which we had come was superb, but ahead was desolation; gray rocks, from whose clefts rose roaring pillars of smoke and steam, and yellow sulphur patches incandescent from the heat of the gases pouring out from the depths below. Pools of boiling muddy water sent up clouds of steam, and while not to be compared with Kilauea for grandeur and immensity, the place was awesome enough. At eleven-fifteen we were back at the hotel and starting for Garoet, but had not gone more than a few miles when something went wrong with the ignition of the car and after we had waited patiently for more than a half hour with no evidence of any improvement in the situation we decided to walk on. Though it was mid-day and nearly on the equator it was not especially hot, and after about twenty minutes we discovered a *sadoe* which trundled us merrily in the course of a couple of hours back to Garoet. The others had spent the morning going to Lake Bagendit, Lake Leles, and the hot springs at Tjipanas, and in the afternoon Joe and I repeated the trip. At Lake Bagendit the native children bring lotus flowers and dance and play curious instruments of bamboo that make rather pretty music, and it is very droll to see the little urchins take their per-

formance so seriously. The water for the baths at Tjipanas, which is said to have radio-active properties, comes from the mountain at a high temperature, but in the big swimming pools it is cooled down enough to make bathing very refreshing.

Saturday, Feb. 11th. Buitenzorg.—The colors of the sunrise were still in the sky as we started on the one hundred and forty-five mile run to Buitenzorg, and it was so cool that wraps were welcome. From Garoet to Bandoeng the road crosses a fairly level plain and for a time we lost sight of the mountains. Bandoeng, the fifth largest city of Java, is full of spick and span concrete dwellings of rather art nouveauish type, and all with their verandas furnished exactly alike; a few blue plates on the walls, some hanging shelves for small, shiny brass vases, and a picture or two; the floor space crowded with chairs, tables, and china pedestals for flower pots. After a supplementary breakfast at the inviting looking hotel, we kept on and though one of the cars had to stop three times to change punctured tires, reached Buitenzorg at about one o'clock. From Bandoeng on the scenery increased in interest again as we entered more hilly country, and finally mighty Salak came in sight shortly before our arrival at Buitenzorg. A new feature along the roadside were the poles twenty to thirty feet high, to the tops of which bird cages could be pulled to give their feathered tenants a better view, showing a degree of consideration for their comfort which reminds one of the mandarins in Peking who take their avian pets for walks.

Everyone was glad of a little rest in the afternoon and then Harriet and William went to the botanical garden which they have been talking about for weeks, and later reported that it was quite up to their expectations. Arthur and Joe went to call on the governor, while Peter and I walked about among the crowds gathered to see the parade which started at dusk to wind up the Chinese New Year. The streets were jammed with natives and many Europeans too, in front of the Chinese stores were tables set with flowers and lamps, and the costumes were more amusing and colorful than ever. The women were adorned with much jewelry chiefly gold, and most of them had jackets of bright-colored gauzy material through which one could see the close fitting bodices they wore underneath, which in some cases were elaborately embroidered. Fluff and Corinna had the best view of the parade for they went off by themselves and were entertained by a Chinese family, from whose veranda they saw the floats and dragon banners go by to the accompaniment of fire crackers and music. Rockets, roman candles, bells, drums, and cymbals added to the excitement of this truly Chinese celebration in sleepy little Buitenzorg.

Sunday, Feb. 12th. Buitenzorg.—This Dutch Sans Souci, which is the seat of government for the island and the residence of the Governor General is a charming town with well-shaded streets and attractive foreign houses. Behind the hotel rises lofty Salak, and the rooms on this side of the house have a beautiful view of the mountain and the plain between, with a bamboo



JAVANESE TYPES

A group of workmen, showing different ways of disposing of the sarong while engaged in active labor.



RICE FIELDS

A characteristic view of the terraced rice fields, covered with about six inches of water, that form a common feature of the Javanese landscape.



native village by the side of the swift running stream in the foreground. Before it became too hot we scattered through the botanical gardens, some of us cutting short our promenade in order to go to church. This magnificent park which has been more than a hundred years in the making is one of the world's most famous botanical collections, and quite apart from its scientific interest and value it is delightful to loiter along its shady walks and beside the pools and ponds where float the lotus and the great leaves and splendid blooms of the Victoria Regia. Nearby is also the interesting zoölogical museum with complete collections of the fauna of the island, which seems to be especially rich in birds and reptiles. Peter and I decided to go on to Weltevreden before lunch and took up our abode in the Koningsplein Hotel which is quite new and more comfortable than the well known Hotel des Indes, though less attractively situated. Later in the afternoon we motored to the old town of Batavia with its canals and buildings dating back to the early days of the colony, and which owing to its unhealthy situation is given over entirely to business, all the Europeans living in Weltevreden, and then went on to the port, Tandjong Priok ten miles from Weltevreden. Here we saw *Aloha* waiting for us and looking very trim and spotless after the furbishing she has had at Soerabaia. The others arrived before dinner, and the heat of the evening and the night made us think regretfully of the cool mountain heights in which we have spent so much of our time in Java.

Monday, Feb. 13th. Batavia.—To our disappointment the museum, Weltevreden's most interesting feature, was closed for the day but we enjoyed seeing the broad streets with their canals in whose turbid waters the native women were busily engaged in doing their washing, and visited some of the shops. We were back on board the yacht in time for lunch and passed the opening in the harbor breakwater at three o'clock on our way north along the Sumatra shore, ending the day with a delightfully cool evening on the moonlit deck.

Tuesday, Feb. 14th. Batavia to Singapore.—Today we have been steaming through the rather difficult waters of the Banka Strait between Banka and Sumatra but the day has been pleasant and the heat not oppressive. At luncheon a handful of valentines arrived, stamped and postmarked, from all quarters of the globe and with appropriate jibes for each of us. There was also a birthday to be celebrated and at dinner various of our friends along the journey put in an appearance. Imagine the surprise of suddenly seeing again some of those who had done so much for us in Honolulu, Peking, and the Philippines, and even Nankano from far away Nippon, all full of conversation about what had been happening since our departure from their respective homes. Then an uninvited guest with the initials C. L.* appeared and tried to push his way into our company but to everyone's relief he was

* An unwelcome visitor whose identity is thus discreetly veiled under the initials of the name *Cimex lectularius*, by which he is known to entomologists—though housekeepers use a shorter and uglier word.

promptly given his quietus through the vigilance of the censor. The chef had provided a real birthday cake too, with things inside, and as the saying is, a good time was had by all. Distance 187 miles.

Wednesday, Feb. 15th. Batavia to Singapore.—At half past three this afternoon there was a terrific blast from the siren as we crossed the line back to the northern hemisphere, and it gave one rather a feeling of satisfaction to be again on our own side of the fence. It is a constant source of surprise to find that the equator is not the boiling hot place that one imagines it, for though the morning was warm it was not uncomfortably so and in the afternoon we ran into the N. E. monsoon which was delightfully cool. We have been running past the coast of Sumatra, or Java Minor, all day, and at eleven-thirty anchored for the night between the islands of Pulo Bantan and Pulo Bintang. Distance 215 miles.

CHAPTER VIII

FROM SINGAPORE TO RANGOON

Thursday, Feb. 16th. Singapore.—One cannot speak of Singapore without thinking of Sir Stamford Raffles, to whose genius Great Britain owes this cornerstone of her commercial supremacy in the Far East. The son of a sea captain, he was born on shipboard near the island of Jamaica, at seventeen started as a junior clerk in the London office of the East India Company, and later became one of the great colonial administrators, so that one constantly meets his name in reading the history of these outlying possessions of the British Empire. It was through his foresight that the island of Singapore was acquired in 1819 from the Sultan of Johore, and his statue near the landing is one of the first things to catch the new arrival's eye. This strange city that he founded has become the great cross roads of oriental travel, and in its crowded streets may be seen an epitome of the whole Far East. A score of peoples are represented in this menagerie of the human race and the queer specimens go about their affairs in a many-hued variety of apparel and complexion that makes the stranger stare in wide-eyed astonishment. All gradations of pigmentation of the human epidermis are here on view, running the gamut from the anemic pallor of the European

through the yellow of Japan and China, the clear sepia of Malay and Javanese, and the deeper duskiness of half a dozen Indian races, till in the sooty Tamils with nearly naked bodies one sees skins whose inkiness can be compared only with that of ebony. But the Chinese are in the majority and lead all the others both in number and in wealth, for here as elsewhere in the East, outside of their own country they prosper exceedingly. We left our anchorage early and by eleven-thirty were gaining our first impressions of the colorful streets. After luncheon at the famous but rambling, old-fashioned Raffles Hotel, with its terrace, where one can sit and watch the unending stream of native life pass by, we motored to a Chinese temple outside the city which was finer than any we had seen before. It was built about twenty-five years ago at a cost of thirty-two million dollars as the gift of a single wealthy merchant, and is a marvel of elaborate decoration. While we were there a service was being conducted, and it was evident that this well tended sanctuary, unlike those in China, was prosperous and in active use. From here we went on around the "Gap," past rubber plantations, the handsome villas of rich Chinese merchants, and groves in which monkeys skipped from branch to branch, and still further to a height from which there was a fine view of the sea. On the shore below was a Malay fishing village and nearby we were invited to have tea in the seaside villa of a Chinese friend of David's, our Singhalese guide. After dinner the men went with David to the Chinese quarter and saw several restaurants, a

Chinese theater and an opium smoking joint. In order to restrict the use of opium and keep the practice in check the drug is sold only under government control and in small amounts, and all the resorts are closed at ten o'clock. While we were so engaged the ladies went to the Y. W. C. A., but we joined them later at the dance that was going on at the Raffles, where we are spending the night, as the yacht is being fumigated. Distance, from yesterday noon to Singapore, 150 miles.

Friday, Feb. 17th. Singapore.—Harriet and Corinna went again to the Y. W. C. A. and Jake was busy on affairs concerning the yacht, but the rest of us spent most of the morning looking for bargains in the Chinese pawn shops and other places. Joe and Corinna had met an acquaintance, Mr. Wakefield, who is a copra trader in the South Seas and he took us aboard a yacht, the *Wisdom II*, owned by Dr. Salisbury of Los Angeles, which has been cruising through the South Sea Islands for over a year making moving pictures. Captain Taylor and Mr. McNeal showed us the boat which is very well found for such work, and also a fine collection of the photographs they have been taking. At luncheon at the Hotel Europe some friends of William's, Mr. and Mrs. Blair of Boustead's, and also Mr. Hotchkiss of the U. S. Rubber Plantation joined us, and later we motored across the island and took the ferry to Johore. Here the Sultan has a rather tawdry palace, and there is a very large and recently built mosque with a picturesque approach past a marble pool where the true believers

perform their ablutions before entering to worship. From here we hurried back to the city, stopping on the way to pick up the Blairs at their beautiful house on a hill surrounded by magnificent lawns and gardens, in order to bring them on board for dinner.

Saturday, Feb. 18th. Singapore to Penang.—At six *Aloha* was under way again and steaming up the smooth waters of the Malacca Strait, skirting the shores of the Straits Settlements and passing the town of Malacca. There was a light northerly breeze which made it possible to set some sail part of the day, though it did not give much assistance.

Sunday, Feb. 19th. Singapore to Penang.—At noon we had covered two hundred and fifteen miles since the same time yesterday, and were two hundred and eighty miles from Singapore. Although the deck was comfortable it was so hot below that for the second time since leaving New York it seemed better to omit the church service. We have been passing Dindings and the province of Perak that Sir F. A. Swettenham writes about in his dramatic sketches of Malay life; regions beside whose mangrove bordered inlets and crocodile infested rivers Conrad's villains and lovers might plot and stab and come to no good end. The day closed with the western sky a lake of mauve and madder, not so spectacular as many of our sunsets have been, but very lovely none the less.

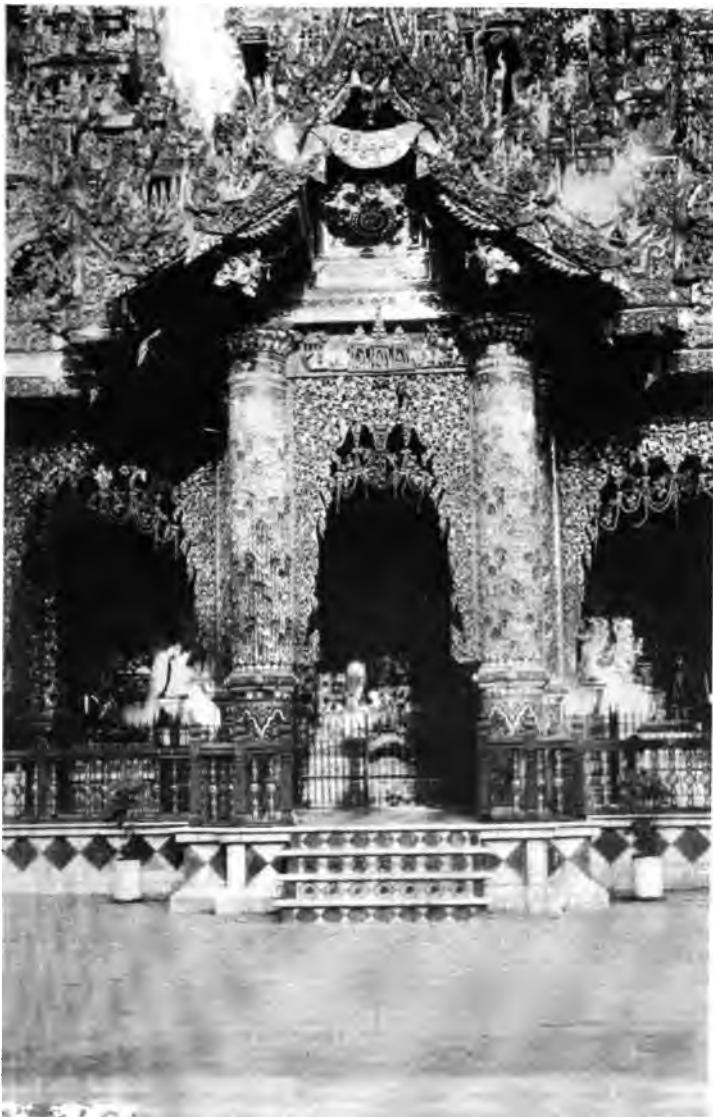
Monday, Feb. 20th. Penang.—At twelve-thirty A.M. *Aloha* anchored off the northern end of the Island of Penang, or Betel Nut Island, and waited till six before

proceeding through the channel into the harbor of the city. Like its ancient rival Singapore, Penang or Georgetown as it is officially called, is on an island separated from the mainland by a narrow passage. Founded in 1786 by Sir Francis Light, acting for the East India Company, it was the first British colony in the Straits, but later was outstripped by the rapid development of Singapore under the able administration of Sir Stamford Raffles, and in 1837 the seat of government for the British Straits Settlements was transferred to the latter place. Now the entire peninsula is divided politically into three sections, the British Straits Settlements including among others Singapore, Penang, and Malacca; the Federated Malay States; and the Non-Federated States; but all of the latter two groups are under British protection and have either British residents or advisers. We all went first to the office of Boustead and Company, who for four generations have been agents for Phelps Dodge and Co. From there Jake, Peter, and Joe departed by motor for a sixty-mile ride to Taiping on the mainland to see one of the famous tin mines. They returned about six-thirty after a rather strenuous day, and described the process of mining as being carried out on a small scale and in very primitive fashion by dredging up the ore-bearing sand from pits artificially flooded, the sand then being washed from the heavier tin containing sediment. The rest of us had a wonderful ride around the island over a fine winding road which after skirting the shore and passing through many native villages climbed to heights from which there were

splendid views of the sea and the coconut-palm filled valleys. The air was full of strange fragrances that it puzzled us to identify, and not even in Java did the surroundings seem more characteristically tropical. A Chinese temple by the roadside furnished an unexpected thrill, for as our eyes became accustomed to the dim interior light, snakes began to appear to our startled vision on every hand, motionless but living, coiled in festoons about the gilded images, on the branches of potted shrubs, in the intricacies of the decorative carving, or quietly reposing on tables and altars; some small and green or blue, but most of them four or five feet in length, mottled black and yellow and having the triangular head of the vipers. Over seventy of the creatures inhabit the dingy recesses of the temple and are considered sacred by the worshippers. Our return to the city was delayed by several punctures and blow-outs and after a late lunch at the Eastern and Oriental Hotel, a gillie-gillie or Indian magician showed some tricks that were just as mystifying and as skillfully performed as we had expected to find them. He did ten or a dozen, but most interesting of all was the famous growth of the mango tree, which from a seed planted in a handful of earth in a handkerchief developed in a few minutes under the shelter of a cloth to a thickly foliaged shrub a foot or more high with crisp, fresh leaves that did not appear to have been subjected to any previous folding or compression. As an after-thought he also produced for us a cobra and put it through its paces with a thoroughness that did not fail to elicit a full chorus of jumps

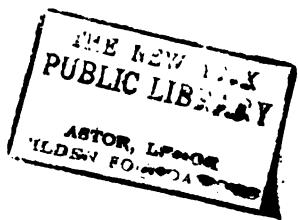
and squeals. Later under the guidance of Mr. Milligan of Boustead and Co. we drove through the very attractive residential sections where most of the best looking places seemed to be the homes of wealthy Chinese, visited the botanical gardens where there is a pretty waterfall, and finally went out to the Ayer Itam Chinese monastery which is a branch of the famous Kusan monastery we saw at a distance from the Min River at Foochow. The temple buildings rise one above the other up the hillside, with rocky gardens, goldfish ponds, and a pool filled with ancient tortoises, until from the highest there is a fine view of the city and the palm covered slopes below. After witnessing the evening service of the monks we were served tea by the priest in charge and then went on to the pretty house where Mr. Milligan lives with three other bachelors and had more tea; finally getting back to *Aloha* a short time before the return of the tin miners, and then sailed while we were eating dinner. Distance 120 miles.

Tuesday, Feb. 21st. Penang to Rangoon.—The day started auspiciously with the capture of three albacores, the first fish caught in a long time. The spanker was set in order to use what there was of the monsoon and at ten-thirty A.M. steam was reduced to one boiler, but the wind was too light to be of much service and most of the day we ran only between seven and eight knots. The sea was flat and oily till late in the afternoon when we encountered frequent tide rips of little dancing waves that splashed musically as we passed through them. Distance 165 miles.



SHWE-DAGON

One of the many shrines on the terrace from which springs the great pagoda. This entire structure is a sparkling mass of gilding, filigree, and mosaic, in whose interior three Buddhas can be dimly seen.



Wednesday, Feb. 22nd. Penang to Rangoon.—We are in the bay of Bengal running along the Malay peninsula to Rangoon but out of sight of the land. The sea remains as calm as ever and the monsoon is almost dead ahead so that the canvas is of little use and at noon we went back to two boilers. As it was Washington's birthday, Joe helped to celebrate by exhibiting his paintings of the bas-reliefs at Borobedoer, which are remarkably fine and gave us a great deal of pleasure. Lat. $9^{\circ}41'N.$, Long. $97^{\circ}03'E.$ Distance 161 miles.

Thursday, Feb. 23rd. Penang to Rangoon.—A very uneventful day with a smooth sea, a cloudless sky and only the faintest of breezes. We are making good time, however, and at noon were within 200 miles of Rangoon which is 737 miles from Penang.

Lat. $13^{\circ}11'N.$, Long. $96^{\circ}31'E.$, Distance 212 miles.

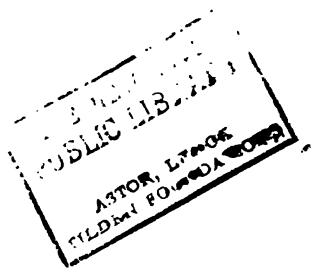
Friday, Feb. 24th. Rangoon.—The murky fluid almost like cocoa in appearance that entered the bath tubs this morning showed that we were nearing the mouth of the Rangoon River whose turbid waters surpass in opacity even those of the Hoang Ho and the Yangtze Kiang. The lighthouse at China-Bakir was undermined not long ago by the swift currents and has been replaced by a lightship, a change not noted on the charts, so that our landfall though perfectly accurate was somewhat disconcerting at first, but shortly after ten we picked up the pilot brig and a pilot came aboard. It was about forty miles from here to Rangoon, past the sharp westward turn at Elephant Point and through

the windings of the treacherous channel up the river, and at half past two we reached our mooring among the crowded shipping with the current tearing by in muddy ripples at four or five knots. Long before the city itself was visible the golden spire of the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda could be seen dimly gleaming through the haze, the most beautiful and most venerated shrine of Indo-China, to which pilgrims throng from far and near. It is said to have been founded in 585 B.C. to enclose eight of Gautama's hairs as well as relics of three preceding Buddhas, and through the centuries has been enlarged and beautified till now with the countless lesser sanctuaries that cluster around its base it is considered one of the wonders of the East. It stands on a mound cut into two rectangular terraces, the upper of which is one hundred and sixty-six feet above the ground and forms a paved platform nine hundred feet long by six hundred and eighty-five feet wide. From this rises the pagoda itself with a broad octagonal base a quarter of a mile in circumference, and rearing its gracefully tapering shaft to a height of three hundred and seventy feet; a slender column of gold crowned by the usual "ti" or umbrella top of elaborate gilded and jewelled lattice work, fringed with dangling bells with elongated clappers which make them tinkle with every passing breeze. The platform is reached by a flight of irregular, dilapidated steps covered by an arcade of carved and painted teak, and up this long ascent we toiled painfully in our shoeless and stockingless feet, for the rule that "Footwearing is Forbidden" is strictly en-



SHWE-DAGON

Part of the circle of shrines and altars that surround the great central pagoda, rising 370 feet above the terrace on which it stands, which itself is 166 feet above the level of the ground.



forced and only absolutely denuded soles are allowed to press the sacred pavement. On either side of the stairway were booths where offerings of flowers or gold leaf, sacred pictures on glass, and other wares might be purchased, and from whose shelter pretty Burmese maidens smoking the traditional fat, twelve inch cheroots smiled tolerantly at our flat-footed progress. On the upper terrace surrounding the great pagoda were countless shrines, chapels, altars, niches, and treasure houses, marvels of ornate filigree work and carving, glittering with gilding or glass mosaics and enclosing thousands of Buddhas of all sizes, seated, recumbent or standing, of wood, plaster, gilt or marble. Here and there were tall poles supporting symbolic geese or cranes, stands of bells, and whole menageries of fabulous animals, while strolling about were the brightly dressed crowds; most striking of all the *pongyis* or monks with shaven heads and toga-like draperies of orange yellow that left one brown arm and shoulder bare. Some of the people came to worship, others to walk and talk, and in one corner a group of young men in knee breeches of dark blue tatooing were playing cane ball, cleverly keeping a hollow ball woven of rattan in the air by hitting it with the knee or instep, never with the hand. This is the spot of which it was written in the Song of the Cities:

"Hail mother! do they call me rich in trade?
Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon."

After leaving this fascinating place we drove about past the smaller Sule pagoda and through the suburbs, later joining the crowds enjoying the delicious coolness of the late afternoon in the pretty Victoria Memorial Park with its charming lakes across which there was a fine sunset view of the great pagoda. For dinner we went to the Minto Mansions Hotel and afterwards drove along a dusty road to a field outside the city where a *Pwe* was being given. This form of theatrical entertainment is very popular with the laughter loving Burmese, and consisted of a farcical performance of song, dance, and dialogue carried on to a musical accompaniment by two men and a girl on a rude platform, while the audience squatted on the ground in front. The lady, who had lots of pep, was by far the best performer, and in spite of her tight fitting skirt did wonders in the way of dancing and dramatic posing. On the way back to *Aloha* we stopped in order that the ladies might visit the Y. W. C. A.

Saturday, Feb. 25th. Rangoon.—After an early breakfast we started off to see the "elephants a-pilin' teak." Modern machinery with its steam winches and wire ropes is rapidly displacing this picturesque method of handling the great logs that are floated down the Irrawady River from the forests in the interior, but a few firms still use the *hathis* and we went to a timber yard where half a dozen of the great creatures were just finishing their morning's task, for they work only from five till nine and then from four till dusk. Their intelligence in following the suggestions, for they seemed to be

little more, of their mahouts, was remarkable and it was almost uncanny to see how cleverly they balanced their burdens with trunk and tusks or pushed the logs into place with forehead or foot. It was a most interesting thing to see and a phase of eastern life that like so many others will soon be merely a tradition. Then we did shops for a while; silversmith's where fine répoussé bowls and boxes are made, lacquer ware shops, and the bazaars—the crowded markets where the people throng as much to see their friends and gossip as to buy. Most fascinating of all was the silk bazaar, for the Burmese silks are famous for their color and design, and all the beauties of the spectrum seemed to glow and shimmer imprisoned in the gossamer of the rainbow-tinted fabrics piled and hung along the aisles in endless variety of hue and pattern.

While Java first made us realize the meaning of the tropics, Rangoon, this city of three hundred thousand people with only a sprinkling of Europeans, sums up and typifies all that one has read and thought about the East, and here one seems to stand at the portal of still another world, enormous in extent and incredibly populous, and as different from our own in customs, dress, and mode of thought as if it were on another planet. The sun-baked streets brilliant in the blinding glare are filled with dusky people of a score of different races; long haired men with scarlet breech clouts the only covering on their sooty bodies dragging great burdens on heavy carts, yellow-robed priests going from house to house with shiny, black begging bowls, laughing

groups of women in white and pink and apple green with flowers in their inky hair, artisans plying their trades in the open, *bhistis* laying the dust with splashes from their goat skin water bags, white-bearded, turbaned scholars carrying ancient looking tomes, chocolate-colored little boys dressed only in a few silver bangles but smoking foot long cheroots with airy nonchalance; a thousand striking pictures make up this living mosaic of strange figures to which no description could do justice.

We were back on board for lunch at which Mr. Moffit the American Consul joined us, and then started down the river a little later as soon as the tide permitted. At eight-thirty we dropped the pilot and were at sea again.

Sunday, Feb. 26th. Rangoon to Calcutta.—To our relief the water is clear again, as blue as the cloudless sky overhead. There is no wind so that we have to steam but it is cool and we were able to have service in the saloon.

Lat. $15^{\circ}21'$ N., Long. $94^{\circ}28'$ E., Distance 167 miles.

Monday, Feb. 27th. Rangoon to Calcutta. There is almost no wind and what there is is dead ahead, so we are still steaming and dodging the coal dust when we sit on the poop deck.

Lat. $17^{\circ}32'$ N., Long. $91^{\circ}49'$ E., Distance 196 miles.

Tuesday, Feb. 28th. Rangoon to Calcutta.—Another day of placid sea and azure sky but still no sailing breeze. This morning we passed through a herd or whatever the proper term may be, of turtles sunning themselves on the mirror-like surface, and Joe who seldom leaves the



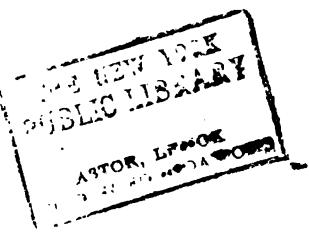
A STREET IN RANGOON

These smiling youngsters are good examples of the laughter loving Burmese—in striking contrast to the gloomy Hindus.



A BURMESE LUMBER YARD

A wise old member of the teak piling gang, who, like his companions, shows great intelligence in handling the heavy logs.



From Singapore to Rangoon 181

bridge, counted dozens of them before lunch. At eight-thirty we were abreast the lightship at the mouth of the Hugli and took the pilot on board.

Lat. $19^{\circ}59'$ N., Long. $89^{\circ}08'$ E., Distance 216 miles.

CHAPTER IX

KINCHENJUNGA AND BENARES

Wednesday, March 1st. Calcutta.—At twelve-thirty last night we anchored to wait for the tide and got under way again at seven this morning, passing Saugor Island at eight-thirty. The Hugli River pilots are the aristocrats of the profession, as were their prototypes on the Mississippi half a century ago, and ours came aboard with his native servant and heaps of luggage, but he knew his business and took us cleverly up the treacherous coffee-colored river, whose shoals shift so often that the government issues daily charts to show the changes in the channel, and native leadsmen come aboard to take soundings in some of the worst places. On approaching Calcutta we passed numerous large jute mills and when we finally reached the city a little after three were astonished at the amount of shipping moored along the waterfront. We were given a good berth opposite the Maidan, and later Mr. Lawson of the National Aniline Chemical Co., and Michael the head servant engaged for us by Mr. Osborne, came on board. The railway strike now going on as well as the unrest among the natives make it difficult to plan the trip, but we have worked out a schedule that meets everyone's

approval and are going to start with that as a basis subject to modifications as circumstances may require.

Distance 200 miles. Distance from Rangoon 779 miles.

Thursday, March 2nd. Calcutta.—Calcutta with a population of nearly a million is the leading port of the East, and its water-front extends over nine miles, all densely crowded with shipping so that we are fortunate to be lying within a stone's throw of the shore, in the very heart of the city. The famous Maidan, whose drives are crowded late in the afternoon with the motors and carriages of fashionable Calcutta, is a nearly treeless park running for about two miles along the river and over a mile wide. Centered about it are the most important public buildings, hotels and clubs, the Victoria Memorial, the Museum, the Eden Gardens, and the two-mile race course, and on Chowringhi which runs along the side opposite to the river, are many of the leading shops. This quarter of the city is of fine appearance, with many imposing buildings, but the streets are filled with a strange mixture of East and West, and such sights as the sacred cows that wander at will over the sidewalks, and poke their muzzles unrebuked into the shop doors, make one realize that this is a country where occidental civilization is only a veneer under which lie undreamt of depths of superstition and ancient custom. Our first errand was to order the bedding-rolls or *razais*, which are needed on every journey in India, and then Jake, William, and I with Mr. Lawson visited various railroad officials to make arrangements about

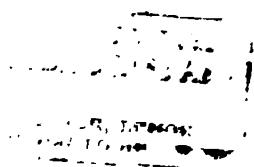
our trip to Darjeeling and across the country. The others inspected the market and the Jain temple, but did not consider that the latter deserved its reputation for beauty and interest. Miss Wilson, directress of the Y. W. C. A. training school, and two of her assistants lunched with us on board and then there was just time to pack and leave at four o'clock for the Sealdah Station to take the Darjeeling train, together with Michael and four other Goanese retainers. The country was flat and not very interesting; endless rice and jute fields and occasional small hamlets tucked away in groves of bamboo or palm trees. After dinner we crossed the famous Hardinge Bridge over the Ganges, more than a mile long with fifteen spans of three hundred and fifty feet, whose construction involved great engineering difficulties owing to the treacherous nature of the river bed. Some distance beyond, at Santahar we had to change from the broad gage to the narrow gage line, and arranged ourselves for the night in several good sized compartments.

Friday, March 3rd. Darjeeling. The compartments provided fairly comfortable sleeping accommodations and at seven we alighted at Siliguri to have breakfast and change again to the two-foot gage mountain railway. The station crowd provided endless amusement during the wait until the little toy train made up its mind to start, in four sections, but then it entertained us greatly itself for locomotive, cars and track were all on the most diminutive scale and it seemed like going for a ride on the scenic railway at Coney Island. And a



DARJEELING

On Saturdays and Sundays the market place is crowded with hundreds of people of many races, and presents a picture of extraordinary interest and fascination.



scenic railway it turned out to be, but of the greatest possible interest and grandeur. The road was started in 1879 and finished two years later, for the most part following the cart road up the mountains, but often leaving it to make sudden jumps in altitude by switch-backs or single or double loops, one of the latter with a radius of only fifty-nine feet. The real ascent does not begin till Sukna station is reached, seven miles from Siliguri, and then in the forty miles to Ghoom it climbs to an altitude of seven thousand four hundred and seven feet with an average gradient of one in twenty-nine, the steepest rise being one in twenty. Darjeeling, four miles beyond Ghoom lies a little lower, with an altitude of six thousand eight hundred and twelve feet. During the climb there is a complete change in vegetation from the tropical growth at the level of the plain to the oaks, walnuts, chestnuts, and magnolias of the higher levels, and the pear, cherry, and plum trees in blossom made us realize that this is spring time in the temperate zone. Kurseong is a pretty and popular mountain resort where we stopped for breakfast and began to see the picturesquely dressed hill people, Mongolian in type, and caught our first glimpses of the Kinchenjunga range. Early in the afternoon we arrived in Darjeeling and were delighted to breathe its cool, thin air after so many weeks in the tropics. The streets and shops and great bazaar of this charmingly clean and attractive little town kept us busy the rest of the day, and it seemed almost like a memory of Peking and the Great Wall to see the pigtailed Tibetans and Mongolians in

their fur caps, wadded coats, and heavily padded cloth boots.

Saturday, March 4th. Darjeeling.—Though we had decided to postpone till tomorrow the expedition to Tiger Hill, we were all awake at dawn to see from our windows the sunrise lights on the Kinchenjunga range; a spectacle whose splendor far outstrips all description. Stretching across the sky in a majestic line, the serrated crests of these giants among the earth's greatest mountains slowly changed from grey to pearl, from pearl to white, and finally the whole chain through its stupendous length glowed in the pink radiance with a spectral beauty that recalled the Alpenglühens of the Bernese Oberland. Yesterday the afternoon mist had hidden the lofty peaks, but there was no trace of haze in the clear morning air as the few cloud masses about the summits lifted and the entire range stood out sharply and distinctly against the crystal sky. Inspired by the sight we thought no more of sleep, but dressed and climbed the hill behind the town to get another view of the summits, now dazzlingly white in the full light of day, and did not return to the hotel till time for breakfast. Then, afoot, in rickshaws, or on ponies we went through the town and descended to the opposite slope of the ridge on which it lies, to a Buddhist monastery or temple, approached through a long line of tall poles from which fluttered prayer flags of cloth and paper. At its entrance were several prayer wheels, one six feet in height, and in the dingy interior crudely decorated with colored designs, were Tibetan manuscripts and

various musical instruments including trumpets made of human thigh bones. Before the altar votive offerings of colored rice and butter had been placed, some ingeniously arranged to resemble flowers. Buddhism as practiced here is of a very debased kind, consisting chiefly in attempts at propitiation of the countless evil spirits who pervade all nature, and it is for this purpose that the prayer flags are erected that one sees everywhere flapping in the breeze to remind the demons of the petitions inscribed on them. Nearby was the Bhutia Basti, a village of Bhutias, dirty but full of color. We are lucky in the time of our visit here for on Saturday and Sunday the big market is packed with a swarm of multi-colored figures such as hardly could be equaled anywhere else in interest and picturesqueness. Like all hill people they are sturdy and good natured, a thousand miles removed from the melancholy and skinny Hindus, and their slanting eyes and flat, high cheek-boned faces reveal their Mongolian ancestry. Most characteristic are the Bhutias, descended from Tibetans who filtered in through Sikkim centuries ago, and their women are loaded with heavy jewelry and amulets of gold, silver and turquoise. The Lepchas or aboriginal race of the region are also of Mongolian type but less vivacious and of smaller stature; their men wear pigtails and like the women are very fond of ornaments. The Nepalese have an admixture of Aryan blood, dress more simply than the others and do much of the work in the neighboring tea gardens, and in addition Tibetans, Limbus, Bengalis, Kashmiris, lamas and beggars

complete this congress of outlandish people. Nearly all had something for sale and both men and women at the slightest suggestion of interest were ready to take off any piece of jewelry or ornament they were wearing and to attempt to beguile the visitor into purchasing it. After spending most of the afternoon in looking at furs, rugs, embroideries, and antiques in the dozens of little shops, we watched the sunset from Observatory Hill where there was another primitive shrine surrounded by a group of prayer flags, but the sky was not propitious and we are hoping that tomorrow we shall be better rewarded when we go to Tiger Hill for the sunrise.

Sunday, March 5th. Darjeeling.—We were called at three, and at a quarter before four moved off in the frosty darkness, the ladies in chairs, or dandies as they are called here, and the men on frisky little ponies. After four miles of eerie travel through the blackness we suddenly found ourselves in the main street of sleeping Ghoom and then turned up the mountain trail leading to Tiger Hill at the summit of Mount Senchal, two miles further and eight thousand five hundred and fifteen feet above sea level. Here, in the concrete observation tower we were able to settle ourselves comfortably just as the dawn was breaking and watch the magnificent spectacle before us. Forty-five miles away across the valley of the Ranjit River, seven thousand feet below, and across the lower mountain ranges of the native state of Sikkim, lay the great barrier of the Kinchenjunga range with countless other peaks stretching on without limit to either side till half the horizon was filled. Di-



A TIBETAN PRIEST

Carrying his prayer wheel and ready to accept the alms of the
piously inclined.



A DARJEELING BELLE

This lady was a very capable business woman and has
just induced Mr. Alvord to buy heavily of her stock of jewelry
and antiques.



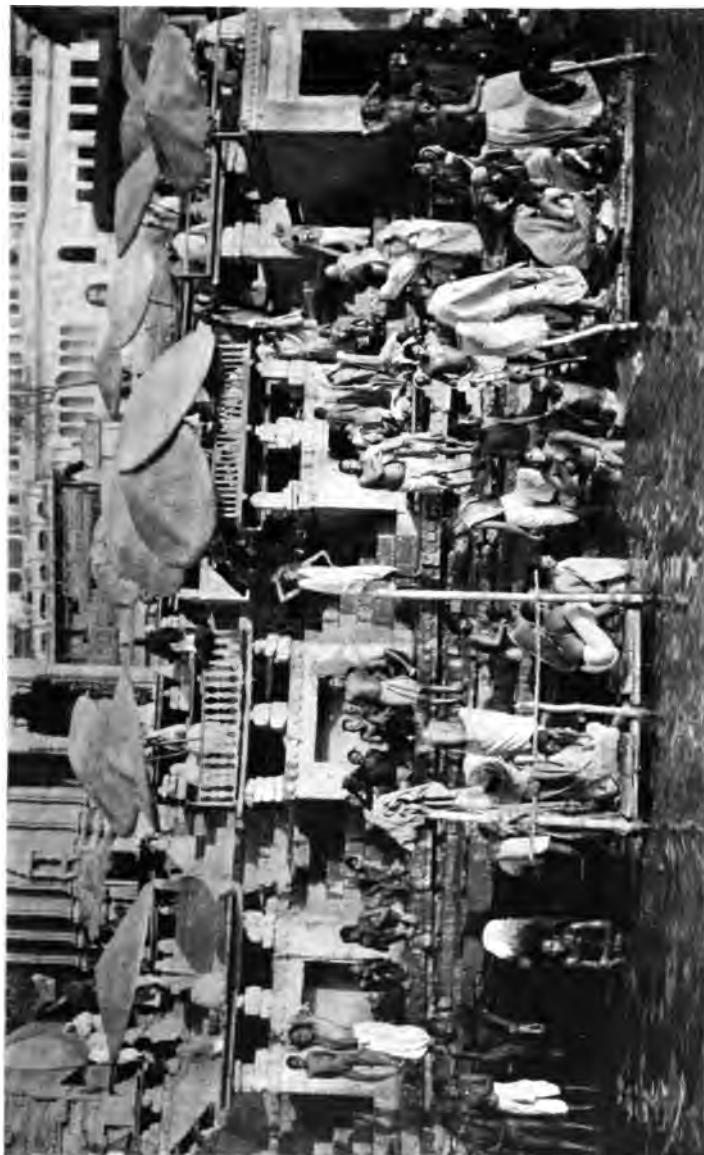
rectly opposite lay Kinchenjunga itself, twenty-eight thousand one hundred and fifty feet high, with half of that immense height white with snow and ice, and as the sun's rays moved slowly down the line of glistening crests and warmed the icy slopes with rosy glow it was a vision of unparalleled beauty and grandeur. It was a perfect morning for the sunrise with only enough clouds to add to the beauty of the picture, and even Mt. Everest deigned to show its apex, diminished by one hundred and fifty miles of distance to a gleaming triangle of white just clearly visible above the intervening heights. Afterwards in discussing it we decided that it was finer than anything we had seen in the Canadian Rockies but that the view from the Görner Grat, where one is so much nearer to the glaciers and the peaks, could well be compared with it and that the Grand Canyon still remained in our opinion the most impressive sight in the world. When the day had fully come and we had been a little warmed by the excellent coffee our cheerfully grinning coolies had made for us, we started back down the mountain and discovered what a beautiful forest trail it was that we had mounted in the dark. After breakfast some of us went to church and the others shopped and bargained and made friends in the crowded bazaar where everyone was good natured and ready to laugh and joke with the strangers and if possible sell them jewelry, kukrie knives, rugs from Kashmir, or Tibetan idols. The train down the mountain left at two and shortly after dark we arrived at Siliguri where we dined and changed again to the meter-gage road.

Monday, March 6th. Calcutta.—At five we had to leave the train again at Santahar to change to the broad-gage line and at eleven we were back in Calcutta. Here we found to our relief that Sher Khan the head servant or bearer engaged for us months ago by Edward Fairbank and who had been expecting us in Colombo, had finally received word of our arrival in Calcutta and had reported for duty. He is a fine appearing Mohammedan with a beautiful snowy turban and jet-black whiskers, who has been pensioned after twenty-one years' service in the army and whose two sons were killed in the same battle in France. He promises well and it is a great satisfaction to have him succeed the limp and dispirited Michael and his crowd of worse than useless Goanese. A great mass of mail, the first since Nanking, awaited us on board and this as well as various errands kept us busy most of the day. Harriet lunched with Mrs. Gall, Chairman of the National Y. W. C. A. of India, and afterwards Fluff went with them to a tea party given in their honor. Joe and I visited the museum, which has a fine collection of antiquities among which portions of the famous Asoka rail from Buddh Gaya and other ancient sculptures were particularly noteworthy. After this somewhat serious diversion we entertained ourselves in lighter vein by feeding the monkeys and elephants in the zoo and watching the splendid tigers, panthers, and leopards get their suppers. Everyone was rather tired after the Darjeeling excursion and we were glad to have an *Aloha* dinner and get into our own comfortable beds again.

Tuesday, March 7th. *Calcutta.*—Jake has planned a splendid itinerary for us taking in all the most important places in India and the strike situation appears to have improved to such an extent that it is unlikely that the through mail trains to which our car is to be attached will be interfered with. As guests for lunch we had Mrs. Gall and Mr. Gauntlet, Financial Advisor to the Government, both of whom gave us many helpful suggestions about our trip. William visited the botanical gardens in the morning which he found well worth while, and in the afternoon Harriet, with some of the others, attended a garden party given by Sir and Lady Rajendra Nath Mukharji in honor of the retiring Governor, Lord Ronaldshay and Lady Ronaldshay, where they met many prominent Hindu ladies and gentlemen. The former were all out of purdah, which it was said would not have been possible even a few years ago and is another evidence of changing conditions in India. After an early dinner we proceeded to the Howrah station to take the eight-thirty train for Benares. Here we found the car which is to be our rolling hotel for the next two or three weeks, being prepared for our reception by Sher Khan, Imda the guide, a steward, a cook, and four other servants. The car, which is painted white, has two large compartments with berths for four people in each, and between them is a bathroom with a tub. At one end is a diminutive kitchen and a still smaller anteroom in which the crowd of retainers must live, move and have their being about as comfortably as sardines in a can. In addition to our *razais* or bed-

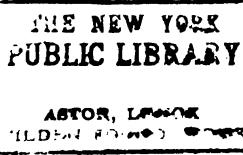
ding-rolls everything else must also be provided, crockery, cutlery, table linen, cooking utensils and food, so that from the number of hampers that are being unpacked it appears as if we were setting up housekeeping permanently.

Wednesday, March 8th. Benares.—The car, although its accommodations are somewhat taxed by so large a party is proving fairly comfortable and adequate to our needs, and surprisingly good meals are produced from the tiny kitchen. We were somewhat behind time in reaching Mughal Serai junction close to Benares on the south side of the Ganges, but while we were at lunch the train rolled over the long bridge that crosses the sacred river and a few moments later we had arrived in the holy city, four hundred and twenty-nine miles from Calcutta. The peculiar sanctity of Benares is so great that anyone dying within its confines, no matter what his sins may have been goes at once to heaven, and over a million pilgrims annually come to seek the spiritual benefits which follow a visit to its shrines and temples and immersion in the waters of the all-purifying Ganges. As in most Indian cities, the Cantonment or European section is a mile or more from the native city and it was a long and dusty drive before we reached our first stopping place, the palace of the Maharajah of Vizanagram. This was a very shabby and tawdry semi-modern affair of white stucco in which cheap music boxes and atrocious European furniture were pointed out as evidences of the magnificent state in which the Maharajah used to live. As soon as we could get away



MORNING ABLUTIONS IN THE GANGES

The crowds that at sunrise throng the ghats along the Ganges at Benares, afford an interesting opportunity for studying native customs and costumes. After the bath and the prayers are finished, and the caste-marks in great variety of color and design have been re applied to forehead or cheeks, the devotee is ready for the day's occupations.



from this horrid example of the bad taste of modern India we went on to the temple of Durga, Shiva's blood-thirsty wife, in whose worship goats are daily sacrificed. The terra-cotta colored building with its central court containing the image of the goddess has no architectural interest, and even the crowds of monkeys that make it their headquarters and cause it to be familiarly known as the Monkey Temple, did not lessen the disappointment with which we regarded it. Four miles north of the city lies Sarnath, the famous Deer Park where Buddha first preached and made known his doctrines to the world. To reach this we passed for some distance along the Panch Cosi road, thirty-six miles in length, which surrounds the city and whose circuit all the pilgrims make, taking six days for the journey unless they are of the ultra-devout who protract the ceremony and inch-worm-like measure the entire distance with their bodies. Sarnath shows many interesting ruins of monasteries, stupas, and other buildings of immense antiquity including the remains of a tower in which some of Buddha's bones are said to have been found. Finest of all is the Dhamekh tower, ninety-three feet in diameter and one hundred and forty-three feet in height, which still exhibits sculptured ornamentation of much beauty. The work of excavation is going on actively and in the nearby museum are preserved many of the finest objects that have been unearthed. As evening approached it became cooler and the drive back under the mango trees, many of them in blossom, was very pleasant, but it must be admitted that whether seen from the car

window or at closer range the Indian countryside has little charm.

Thursday, March 9th. Benares.—Women of the highest rank do their bathing in the Ganges before dawn, but we decided to wait till sunrise and at a little after six had reached the river and were drifting slowly down it past the ghats. These are long very broad flights of steps leading into the river and already the crowds were beginning to descend them, the women in brightly hued saris and all with shining brass lotas in their hands in which to carry home some of the sacred water. Some of the ghats were much dilapidated and had settled till their steps were all askew, but others with their backgrounds of fine palaces and temples looked like the settings for some magnificent opera. At the river bank the devout multitudes were engaged in prayer or making ceremonial ablutions, muttering the appropriate *mantras* the while, and as we passed slowly down the river and then back again the picture was one of extraordinary variety and interest. To reach the Golden Temple dedicated to Shiva, one has to pass through the narrow alleys of the native quarter which in the neighborhood of the shrine were crowded with early worshippers, their countenances disfigured by caste marks of white, red and ochre in an infinite variety of designs, while sacred cows with a fine unconcern pushed their way through the throngs and past the endless rows of seated beggars and ash-covered fakirs. Nearby was the famous Gyan Kup or Well of Knowledge and another crowded cow temple in which the sacred animals make



THE BURNING GHAT

Several cremations are frequently going on at once. At the right of the picture is a body in process of incineration, while resting against the steps at the left is another with its feet in the purifying waters of the Ganges, in readiness to be burned as soon as the pyre has been prepared.



their home. Along all the streets and alleys were elaborately carved and decorated shrines, but as a whole it must be admitted that architecturally they are disappointing and the rites of the worshippers seem most debased and degrading. After visits to some of the textile shops where beautiful examples of the kincobs or gold brocades for which Benares is famous were offered at prohibitive prices, and to the brass-workers' quarter, some of us went to the Jalsain or Burning Ghat, while the others returned to the car. The bodies, wrapped in sheets of white or red are borne to the ghat on the shoulders of the wailing mourners, who dip the corpse in the Ganges and then leave it with the feet in the sanctifying stream while the heads of the nearest relatives are being shaved, the pyre is built and the other preliminaries are gone through, after which the actual cremation requires several hours. Finally the ashes are scattered in the river, though in some cases they are sold to the goldsmiths, thrifty placer miners who first sift them over to recover any possible residuum of gold from the ornaments of the deceased. Later we saw an amazing exhibition of snake charming. Several snakes were killed by a mongoose and the charmers handled black and vicious looking scorpions with impunity, while one of them allowed a cobra to bite his finger till the blood came and then applied a snake stone and rubbed his hands and face with a bit of root resembling a dried serpent's skin, apparently suffering no ill effects. How much poison there was in the snake's venom sacks is of course a question. At one o'clock the car was at-

tached to the Lucknow express and during the afternoon we saw an interesting collection of jewels and fabrics shown us on the train by Mr. Ganeshi Lall of Agra, including a carved emerald said to have belonged to Shah Jahan and valued at twenty thousand pounds. At eight-thirty we reached Lucknow and were shunted to a siding for the night.

Friday, March 10th. Lucknow.—Lucknow, the fifth largest city in India and the former capital of the Kingdom of Oude is interesting chiefly through the tragic events occurring there during the mutiny, for there is nothing very fine or imposing about the buildings erected under the rule of the Kings of Oude, who are said to have been a vicious and incompetent lot and the last of whom, Wajid Ali Shah, was deposed in 1856. It was this monarch who was responsible for the Kaiser Bagh Palace, a stucco atrocity full of gaudy glass chandeliers and trashy furnishings, and surrounded by a square of ugly yellow and white buildings in which he used to lodge his countless wives. From here we went to the Residency and were really thrilled by the sight of the ruined and shot-pitted buildings, the Baillie Gate, Dr. Fayer's house in which Sir Henry Lawrence died, the Residency itself from whose tower the flag is still kept flying night and day, and the *tai-khanas* or underground rooms in which the women and children took refuge. The buildings which originally were of surprisingly fine construction are being carefully tended and the grounds form a pretty memorial park with simple and dignified monuments to those who perished here. Our wizened

SNAKE CHARMERS

A cobra with spreading hood is emerging from its jar in response to the summons of the charmer's flute. Some of the snakes lying about have just been killed by a mongoose, the *rikki-tikki-tavi* of Kipling's story.





and friendly old guide spared us no detail, and the shattered ruins that were so long and gallantly defended brought very vividly to our minds the story of those terrible days and weeks from the first of July, 1857, till the seventeenth of November when the siege was finally raised by Sir Colin Campbell, and less than a thousand still remained alive of the three thousand soldiers, civilians, women, and children that sought safety here at the beginning of the mutiny. Some distance from here we passed through a lofty gateway into the immense paved courtyard of the Great Imambara or "Patriarch's Place." This is a huge and well-proportioned but cheaply decorated hall consecrated to the Moharran or yearly celebration of the martyrdom of the sons of Ali, the direct descendants of the Prophet, who were put to death by rival claimants to the leadership of Islam in the year 666 A.D., and contains some of the tawdry trappings that are used in the processions. Not far away was the Husainabad Park with a high clock tower and picture gallery containing portraits of half a dozen or more of the fat and cruel looking Nawabs or Kings of Oude, but the best thing here was a fine view from the veranda across the gardens and the picturesque tank. After a brief stop at the Palace of Light, a group of whitewashed buildings with many domes and minarets surrounding a court with a marble basin bordered by potted plants, we spent a little time in the bazaar inspecting the rather crude brass work and the "chikan" embroidery which is one of the specialties of Lucknow, and finished up the morning by going to

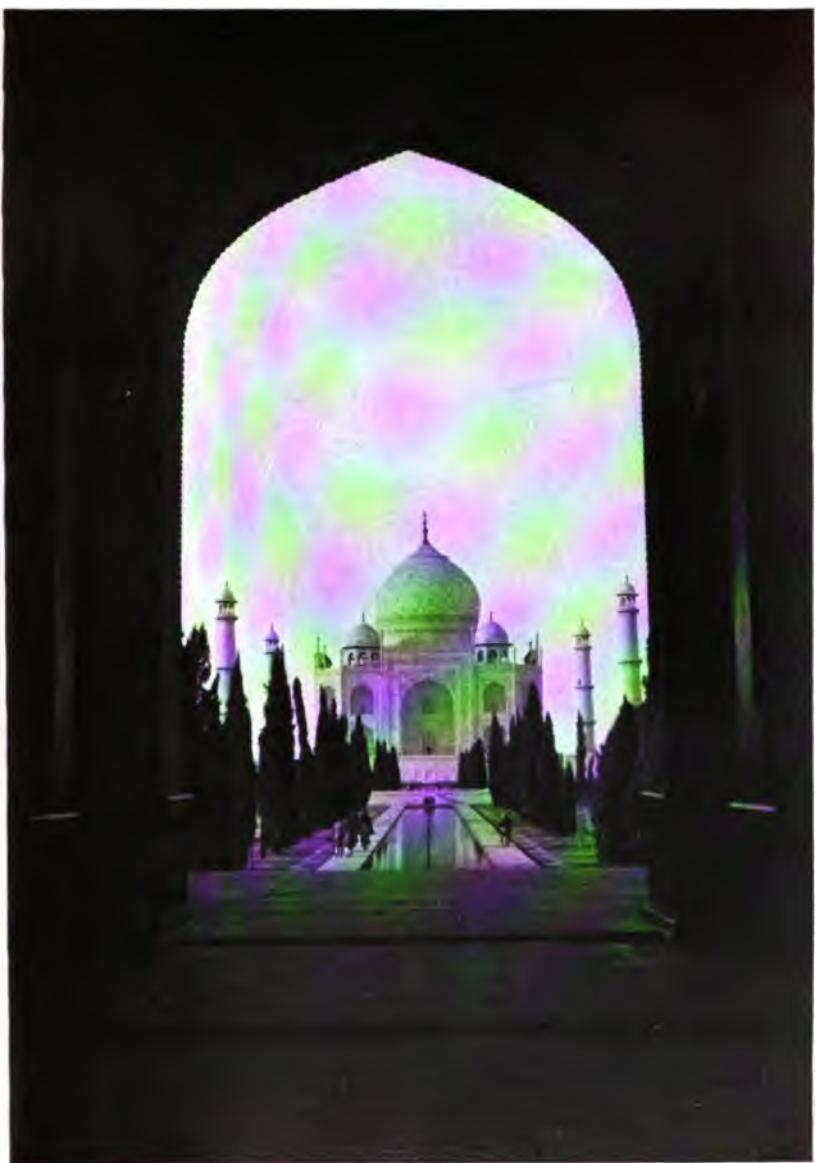
the pleasant Carlton Hotel where we had a meal that was either a late breakfast or an early lunch, we could not decide which. Here we acquired a native conjurer with a solemn-faced, big-eyed little boy as an assistant and took him back to the car where he made mangos grow for us and did other fascinating tricks until the train started at two-thirty. The country between Lucknow and Cawnpore was of the usual monotonous type but the distance was not great and we arrived at the latter place at about five o'clock. Motors were difficult to find here, and while expecting some to appear we spent the time watching the crowds of natives squatting in groups about the station entrance smoking, gossiping, eating, praying, and waiting with oriental patience for hours till it should be train time. Railroad fares are very cheap in India, especially third class, and the natives are great travelers so that there is no better place in which to get a cross section of Hindu life than about the third-class ticket windows. The rules in regard to caste violation are much relaxed while on the "teerain" and Brahmin and Sudra, high-born and low, well-to-do and poor, may all be seen in picturesque and multi-colored confusion. No wonder that Kim loved the gossip and entertainment of the jammed third-class compartments when he was on his way to Lucknow to "go up to the Gates of Learning." Finally we drove in ramshackle garris to see the memorial to the one hundred and twenty-five women and children imprisoned and then massacred in a small house called the Bibi Garh, at the order of the vindictive rebel Nana

Dhundu Pant. The monument, which is impressive from its associations rather than through any intrinsic merit is placed in an attractive park over whose lawns a lively population of monkeys skipped and capered. After a brief stop at the memorial church we returned to the car, which was attached to the train leaving for Agra at eight-ten.

CHAPTER X

MOGUL PALACES, TOMBS, AND MOSQUES

Saturday, March 11th. Agra.—The train should have dropped our car in Agra at midnight, but when we awoke instead of being in the city of the Taj we found that we had gotten only as far as Tundla junction, fourteen miles away, and we did not reach the station till nine-thirty. As we crossed the Jumna bridge we could see the famous fort and in the distance the glistening minarets of the Taj. There was the usual long drive to the hotel through streets that in the native quarter were full of color and crowded with donkeys, camels, sacred cows and a stream of picturesque humanity, and in the Cantonment were wide and bordered by bungalows, many of them of the old fashioned thatched-roof type and set in enormous compounds. Laurie's Hotel was one of the most comfortable we have found and our rooms in a separate building, each with a dressing-room and splash-room attached and balconies overlooking the garden, seemed very cool and inviting. Before we could get away for a drive about we were inveigled into visiting Ganeshi Lall's shop where we spent a little time examining his collections of jewels and antiques and then motored across the Jumna for our first view of the beauties of Mogul architecture. This



THE TAJ MAHAL

As it first appears to the visitor standing beneath the arch of the great entrance gate.

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TILDEEN FOY

was at the tomb of I'timad-ud-daulia, the father of Nurjahan, the wife of the Emperor Jahangir, and grandfather of Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the lady of the Taj. Through a magnificent gateway one enters a charming garden in the center of which stands the mausoleum, a beautiful creation of white marble with elaborate traceries of inlaid work in colored stone, and window lattices mellowed to the color of old ivory and of a fairy-like delicacy of design and workmanship that are a revelation of what the chisel can accomplish in stone. Late in the afternoon we made our first visit to the Taj, almost dreading lest the reality should disappoint our anticipations. But there are no words in which to describe the exalted and spiritual charm of this lovely monument to the memory of a departed queen, that no one can look at without feeling that it is the most beautiful building the world has ever seen. Of much more imposing dimensions than we had expected, its perfect proportions cause one to lose all sense of size and to see it only as an exquisite creation of marble and colored stone in the midst of the lawns and trees that form its beautiful setting. The spirit of the memorial that Shah Jahan erected to the memory of his queen Arjmand Banu, called Mumtaz-i-Mahal, the "Pride of the Palace" and finished after twenty-two years of labor in 1652, is most gracefully expressed in the following sonnet:

THE TAJ

Fair Tomb, whose loveliness doth magnify,
A majesty that held the world in sway;

Immortal shrine of Love's too mortal clay,
That dost thyself the death of Love belie:
Soft, dreaming dome, as Love's own courage high,
Pure as Love's tears, and radiant as Love's ray,
Ethereal as the very moonlight, nay
As Love's own tenderest, most endearing sigh:
What spirit can behold and not gain wings
To soar aloft with thee to heaven's high throne?
Thy beauty is an angel's voice that sings
In strains earth, save for thee, had never known,
Lifting us up, up, up from earthly things
To regions where is naught but Love alone.

This charming tribute to the beauty of the Taj was written by Mr. D. B. Spooner, Deputy Director General of Archeology in India, who was staying at the hotel and has been kind enough to permit its insertion here.

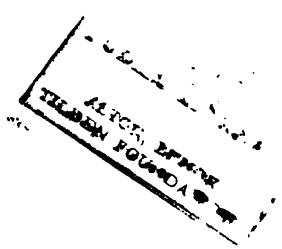
To our surprise and pleasure, at the entrance to the tomb we were greeted by Edward Fairbank, who had come on from Vadala expecting to join us in Delhi but had stopped off here en route, and later in the gardens we met the Viceroy and Lady Reading accompanied by General and Mrs. Crozier, who have been visiting Agra and had come in for a twilight view of the Taj. We stayed on and on till long after dark, for the moon was full and under its silvery light the glistening dome took on such new beauties that we were very loth to leave, and only the knowledge that we could come again tomorrow resigned us to departure.

Sunday, March 12th. Agra.—Today we have had our fill of the miracles of beauty in sandstone and marble which the Mohammedan conquerors of India left be-

THE TAJ MAHAL

The charm of this wonderful monument, which Shah Jahan erected to the memory of his queen, is greatly enhanced by its beautiful surroundings. At the right above the trees are the domes of an imposing mosque, balanced by another exactly similar one out of sight on the left, though only the latter is actually used for worship.





ESTATE OF
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

hind them as enduring memorials of the splendor and artistic superiority of their dynasty, which was in its flower at the time when the Pilgrim Fathers were braving the hardships of their first New England winters. In the Fort, surrounded by sandstone walls seventy feet in height and a mile in circumference, is a miniature city of audience halls, mosques, pavilions, living apartments, baths, and gardens, each a delight to the eye, representing a prodigality in material and labor that outstrips all efforts of the occidental imagination and makes even the descriptions of the palaces in the Arabian Nights pale into drab insignificance. It was chiefly Shah Jahan the builder of the Taj who was responsible for the beauties of the Fort, though some of the buildings are ascribed to his predecessors Akbar and Jahan-gir. First we were delighted by the Moti Masjid or Pearl Mosque which gets its name through being all of white marble, then came the imposing Diwan-i-am or Hall of Public Audience, two hundred and eight feet long by seventy-six feet wide, and after that a succession of pavilions and courtyards, gardens and fountains, mirror-lined baths, marble pools and gem-encrusted boudoirs, balconies with lovely glimpses of the Taj, and endless other wonders of oriental luxuriousness and love of beauty. It was something of an anti-climax to go from here to the Jami Masjid or Great Mosque, outside the Fort, a big but not very admirable structure, and then we were glad to postpone further sightseeing until some hours after lunch, for the heat and glare at noon-day are severe. When it had become cooler we visited

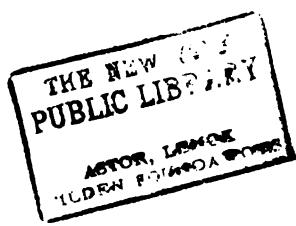
Akbar's tomb at Sikandra five and one-half miles from the city, a somewhat finicky-looking building of sand-stone and marble combined with not altogether happy effect. The actual tomb is in the basement of the building but on the flat roof four stories up and enclosed by exquisite marble screens is the great emperor's cenotaph, a magnificent monster block of richly arabesqued white marble, near one end of which stands the little marble column which was once covered with gold and contained the koh-i-nur. We ended the afternoon at the Taj and after dinner returned again to stroll through the gardens or sit in contemplation on the marble terraces, finding new beauties from each change of view or shifting of the shadows as the full moon rose higher, and never tiring of the dream-like beauty of this enchanted spot.

Monday, March 13th. Agra.—All night long drums were beating and bonfires burning in the native town, for it was the time of the "Holee" festival when women must stay indoors and the men dye their faces with red stain and splash the crimson fluid on each other's garments so that all the population seem spattered with gore,—a very unpleasant celebration. Fatehpur Sikri is twenty-three miles away and we made an early start while it was still cool, seeing many peacocks and monkeys on the road and passing several long camel trains. Our destination was the famous city of palaces and mosques that was built by Akbar, the Great Mogul, contemporary of those other great rulers, Elizabeth, Henry IV, and Phillip II; father of Jahangir and grand-



THE PEARL MOSQUE

The Fort at Agra contains many masterpieces of Mogul architecture, and the Moti Masjid, or Pearl Mosque, is one of the finest. Built entirely of white marble, it is considered one of the best examples of this type of building.



father of Shah Jahan, a sturdy monarch who worked hard, is reputed to have slept only two hours a day, and at whose progressive and broad-minded court the sciences, arts, and all religions flourished. He is said to have planned this gorgeous capital because of the sanctity of a local hermit, the Chishti Shaikh Salim, but later abandoned it for Agra, just why has not been satisfactorily explained. At any rate he lived here for a time in pomp and pride, with separate palaces for his favorite wives, his curious council chamber in which he sat high up in the air on the capital of a richly ornamented column connected by short stone balustrades with the corners of the apartment occupied by his four ministers, his stables for a hundred horses and as many camels, his courtyard inlaid with blocks of colored marble to make a pachisi board on which he played with slave girls to represent the pieces, his Khwabgah or House of Dreams, and many other splendors all bearing evidence to the skill of his architects and his own extravagance. But the finest, the most exquisite, the most elaborately beautiful thing of all was the little white marble tomb of the Chishti Shaik Salim, a marvel of filigree in snowy stone that represents in marble a masterpiece as delicately wrought as the most intricate example of the ivory carver's art. Through doors of ebony one enters the dim interior where lies the tomb of the saint, under a canopy of mother-of-pearl and enclosed in walls of delicate ivory-tinted lacework that seem as frail as cobwebs, but are carved from slabs of solid stone. Nearby is the Great Mosque, a copy of the one at Mecca,

and across the wide flagged courtyard stands the huge Gate of Victory, one hundred and thirty feet high and bearing on its façade the inscription "Isa (Jesus) on whom be peace, said: 'The world is a bridge, pass over it but build no house on it. The world endures but an hour, spend it in devotion.'" Just around the corner outside the gate was a large well into which skinny, white whiskered mountebanks jumped for our delectation and a little bakshish from the crenelated summit of the wall eighty feet above. We hurried back to Agra to seek shelter from the glowing mid-day sun and shortly before four were on our way to Delhi which we reached at eight. Maiden's Hotel was too full to absorb our numerous party, but at the Cecil we found agreeable and convenient quarters.

Tuesday, March 14th. Delhi.—Shahjahanabad or modern Delhi—once the capital of India under the Mogul emperors and again elevated to this dignity on the occasion of the Great Durbar in 1911—is the sixth or seventh Delhi that has occupied this general site, so that the country for miles round about is sprinkled with the remains of countless ancient fortresses, palaces, and especially tombs, and it is an appalling task to attempt to bring order into the chaos of myths and suppositions, sackings and massacres, dates and polysyllabic names of rulers and invaders that make up its history. After a morning spent in the shops and along the main artery of Delhi's trade, the famous Chandni Chauk, we went in the afternoon with Mrs. Kennedy Crawford Stewart, the American wife of the Military



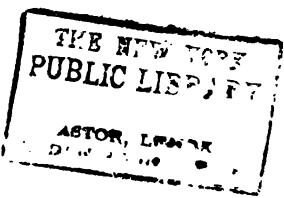
FATEHPUR SIKRI

The city of palaces, mosques, and audience halls which Akbar, The Great Mogul, built as his capital and afterwards abandoned.



LIGHT AND SHADE IN AGRA FORT

The opposite shore of the Jumna is seen framed by the arch of one of the many pavilions built on the ramparts of the Fort.



Secretary to the Viceroy, and her sister Miss Wheeler, to one of the most historically interesting spots of all, the ruins of Kutb eleven miles south of the city. Here still stands the beautiful Kutb Minar or tower of victory, a graceful column of fluted sandstone two hundred and thirty-eight feet high and considered one of the great sights of India. Near its base are the remains of the Kutb-ul-Islam mosque, with the famous iron pillar dating back to the first century and bearing an interesting Sanscrit inscription. It was very pleasant to have tea in the government rest-house at this quiet spot so rich in the memories of former greatness, and then by way of contrast on the way back we stopped to see what had been planned for the Delhi of the future. On a great plain south of the city the government is constructing a group of administration buildings on a vast scale, and the architect in charge of the work, Mr. Luytjens, explained the project to us by the aid of an elaborate model. Arthur and Harriet dined with the Stewarts and the rest of us after dinner went to see again Mr. Imre Schwaiger's unique collection of jewels and antiques.

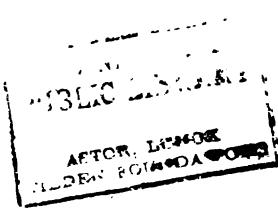
Wednesday, March 15th. Delhi.—While it was still cool we drove out to the tomb of the Emperor Humayun erected by his son Akbar and supposed to have furnished the inspiration for the design of the Taj a century later. One approaches it through a fine gate and fore-court and then finds the great red sandstone building relieved with pleasing decorations of white marble, standing on a high stone terrace and in general effect strongly remi-

niscent of the Taj. Though it lacks the delicate harmony of proportion and detail, the exquisite purity and atmosphere of that wonder of wonders, it is a fine creation, and interesting as the larger, cruder prototype of the more poetic and refined conception that was to come later. It was to this place that at the close of the mutiny Bahadur Shah, the last King of Delhi, fled after the capture of the city and then surrendered to Lieut. Hodson. Around a sharp turn not far from here we found another little gem of Moslem art, the shrine of Nizam-ud-din-Aulia. The entrance is not prepossessing, and bare white-washed passageways in the outer building lead past the sacred tank miraculously constructed by the saint. Then one comes suddenly on a delightful little courtyard shaded by spreading trees with the mausoleum in the center, the red sandstone mosque called Jamat Kana at one side, and various other tombs in enclosures of exquisitely carved marble nearby. The most interesting of these is that of Jahanara, daughter of Shah Jahan and Mumtaz-i-Mahal, who remained devoted to her father in his captivity after his reckless extravagance at last caused him to be deposed and succeeded by his son Aurangzeb. Her simple grave is open to the sky and covered only by a little patch of grass, planted there in accordance with her wish recorded on the marble slab beside it. On returning to the city the others repaired again to the shops, but Fluff, William, and I called on Mrs. Crawford Stewart and drove with her through the vice-regal gardens, flanked by long rows of permanent tents which serve as offices



THE GREAT COURT AT FATEHPUR SIKRI

At the left is the impressive Great Mosque, said to be a copy of the one at Mecca. The white marble tomb of the Shaikh Salim is an exquisite creation of white marble carved with all the delicacy of a jewel box.



for the officials. On the way back we took the Ridge Road past the Flag Staff Tower where the women and children were sent for safety during the mutiny, and the rather banal Mutiny Monument, and saw Asoka's pillar, a stone column over two thousand years old which after various vicissitudes has finally been re-erected here. The late afternoon was devoted to the Fort, a group of buildings something like that at Agra though less extensive and varied, but no less beautiful and in some respects even more so through the lawns and flower beds that fill the open spaces. Here is another Pearl Mosque built by Aurangzeb in 1659, the great Audience Hall or Diwan-i-am, the royal baths, the Sultana's residence, a living room furnished in all respects as it was in the days of the emperor and looking as if he had just stepped out for a moment to order someone's head chopped off, charming little pavilions overlooking the Jumna, and most beautiful of all, the wonderful Diwan-i-khas or Hall of Private Audience. Here in this lovely setting of white marble with every arch and panel inlaid with intricate marquetry of colored stone once stood the famous Peacock Throne, made entirely of solid gold encrusted with sapphires, rubies, emeralds, pearls and diamonds and with the koh-i-nur for one of the peacock's eyes, but looted by the Persian Nadir Shah in 1739 and never again heard of. In the heyday of its glory this gorgeous hall must have been indeed a place of the most extravagant luxury, and to the oriental mind may well have merited the enthusiastic inscription over the arches at either end:

If there is a paradise on the face of the earth,
It is this, oh! it is this, oh! it is this

Visitors are required to leave the Fort early or we should have lingered on indefinitely, but as it was we took advantage of the daylight still remaining to drive again along the ridge road past the Durbar field where was held the great ceremony in 1911, and through the pretty Roshanara Gardens, laid out by another daughter of Shah Jahan's who lies buried here. Mrs. Crawford Stewart and Miss Wheeler came for tea at the hotel as well as Col. Dr. Cary Evans and Mrs. Evans, who is a daughter of Lloyd George.

Thursday, March 16th. Delhi.—The great mosque or Jami Masjid, said to be the largest in India, is splendidly placed well above the busy streets around it so that it is approached by a stately flight of steps leading to a high arched gateway. Through the central portal only the Emperor used to pass and now it opens only for the Viceroy, but through the other entrances each Friday morning twelve to fifteen thousand worshipers push into the great quadrangle, three hundred and twenty-five feet square enclosed on three sides by cloisters and fronting the mosque itself. It is a truly impressive place of worship with its graceful domes and slender minarets, a pleasing combination of sandstone and marble. In one corner of the cloisters are shown relics of Mohammed; a page of his writing, his slipper kept in a box of jasmine flowers, and a henna-stained hair from his beard. Afterwards I went back to the Fort to loiter awhile in the "Life Giving Gardens" and through the



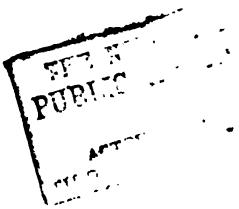
DIWAN-I-KHAS

The Pearl Mosque in the Fort at Delhi, seen through an arch of the famous Diwan-i-Khas.



ARCHWAY IN THE FORT AT DELHI

A beautiful example of elaborate ornamentation in inlaid marble and pierced grilles.



halls and pavilions that had been the scenes of so much magnificence and also of so much cruelty and bloodshed. Harriet and Arthur and the Smiths had accepted an invitation for luncheon from the Viceroy and Lady Reading, and later some of us visited the Jain temple near the Great Mosque, a truly beautiful building of white marble very different from the cheap and showy affair in Calcutta. We all had tea with the Sherwoods, Boston friends of Joe and Corinna's, when Mrs. Sherwood who was Rosina Emmet, showed us some charming water-color sketches she had made in the Philippines and in India. Then came the parting of the ways. While the others were leaving late that evening for Bombay on the way to Vadala to visit Edward Fairbank's mission there, Fluff, William, and I had decided that the opportunity of seeing a purely native state not subject to British rule should not be missed, and after an early dinner we drove for the last time through the famous Kashmir Gate and departed for Jaipur.

Friday, March 17th. Jaipur.—It was still pitch dark at four-forty when we tumbled out on the platform at Jaipur to find the station gaily decorated with flags and banners, but to our disappointment we soon learned that this was not for us but for the Viceroy who was expected to arrive later in the day. A crowd of coughing coolies swathed to the eyebrows in all manner of wrappings, for to them the morning air seemed very chilly, bundled us into a rickety carriage, piled our bags into another and started us rattling off to the hotel,

which as usual was a mile or more away. The Sherwoods who had come on the same train at once retired for further sleep, but as we were taking our *chota hazri* the sun started to come up with such splendor that we preferred to sit on our balcony and watch Jaipur take shape before our eyes. Monkeys skipped along the nearby walls, peacocks squawked discordantly, and myriads of pigeons and other birds cooed and chattered all about. Later we learned that except by special favor the Maharaja permits no birds or animals whatever to be killed, not even tigers unless definitely known to be man-eaters, so living creatures of all kinds abound and tigers are often seen on the hill facing our windows and only a few miles away. A few hundred feet from the hotel in some huts by the roadside were several hunting cheetahs, beautiful, speckled monster cats fastened only with collar and chain as a dog would be, and also a hunting lynx, a sleek active looking little creature trained to catch kites in the air by leaping upward on them as they swoop down toward a bait. In the fine Public Garden, a most attractive park with beautiful examples of tropical vegetation, we saw some handsome tigers and panthers but later on at the end of the street facing the Tripolyia Gate we discovered a series of cages containing half a dozen of the largest and finest tigers, most of them said to have been man-eaters, we had ever seen and when their keeper made them prance about and roar it was a remarkable spectacle. The streets were extraordinarily interesting, very wide and well paved, crossing at right angles and teeming



A PAVILION IN THE DELHI FORT

A charming little building in one corner of the "Life-Giving Gardens."



HUNTING CHEETAHS

By the open roadside in Jaipur lived the owner of these cheetahs, trained for use in hunting antelope and deer.



with the most picturesquely garbed multitudes we have yet encountered. Donkeys, sacred cows, camels, "raths" or little carriages drawn by swiftly trotting diminutive white bullocks, even gaily caparisoned elephants made their way through the crowds collected about the fountains where the women filled their water jars and bore them away on their heads, graceful figures in red or yellow *saris*. The houses on the principal streets were several stories high, rose-pink in color and ornamented with white arabesques outlining a fascinating variety of oddly shaped little windows and balconies. We also spent some time in the museum, a handsome building containing excellent collections which in addition to examples of ancient and modern Indian arts and crafts include models of such things as steam engines, electrical machinery, chemical apparatus, ocean liners, etc., for the instruction of the natives in the development of modern science. The Maharaja's palace was being spruced up for the coming visit of the Viceroy and the courts about the Hall of Audience were already gay with bunting, but the general impression given by the buildings and the extensive grounds was one of being down at the heel. This may be due to the fact that the Maharaja's domestic budget is so heavy, for he is expected to support in idleness the entire family of each one of his forty-five wives. In the lake are a number of large crocodiles which formerly were used for the execution of condemned prisoners who were thrown in to them, but now they rise to the lure of a piece of liver on the end of a rope and come up on the shore to be admired

and photographed. Close to the palace grounds is the observatory constructed in 1718 by the celebrated royal astronomer, Jai Singh. It is a large open space on which have been erected a curious assemblage of instruments, gigantic dials, quadrants, meridian circles, etc., of masonry, including a gnomon seventy feet high whose shadow moves thirteen feet an hour. From here we hurried to keep an appointment with an elephant waiting for us outside the Surya Gate to bear us up the steeply winding pathway to the hilltop shrine of the Sun God at Galta. The view over the city from the heights was well worth while but still more so was Fluff's delight that in the words of the beautiful song she should "have elephants to ride upon" on St. Patrick's day even though the bells on her toes were lacking.

Saturday, March 18th. Jaipur.—Nowhere else in the world can there possibly be so many peacocks as along the road to Amber and Fluff who has a great failing for the bird sacred to Juno was in a constant twitter of excitement as we sped on with big, gray, curly tailed monkeys cavorting along beside us on the tops of the garden walls. In the courtyard at the foot of the hill our waiting elephant raised his trunk in greeting, a fine old tusker of great size with red painted face and rings in his ears, who carried us with much dignity up the long inclines of the path to the palace and fortress on the summit of the ridge. On reaching the great entrance courtyard we went on past a temple to Kali where each morning a goat is sacrificed in memory of earlier times when human beings were the offering, and climbed from



MAIN STREET IN JAIPUR

All the colorful picturesqueness that one associates with the idea of India is seen at its best in Jaipur, the capital of a state still under native rule.



one level to another, seeing Halls of Audience, Halls of Victory, and Halls of Pleasure; pretty pavilions with graceful columns, delicate marble screens, and walls inlaid with colored stone or bits of looking glass; little garden plots, and balconies clinging to the palace walls high above the sheer descents; sights that once would have caused us to exclaim with wonder and delight but which now suffered by comparison with the incomparable beauties of Agra and of Delhi. But the views of the distant mountains and the village-dotted plain and of the artificial lake and water-garden immediately below us were very fine, and impressed us with the commanding situation of this ancient capital. At the foot of the ascent we changed again from elephant to car, but found the modern form of conveyance less reliable, for its engine refused to start and as each new attempt to stir it into life seemed to result only in a more complete disorganization of its vital parts, we decided to set out on the five mile drive back to town in the first vehicle that offered. This was a native fourth class garry in which we stowed ourselves with some difficulty and then rattled and bumped along for two or three miles to the joy of all the passersby, till finally the re-vivified motor overtook us. At our yesterday's visit to the establishment of Zoraster, a local Pooh Bah who combines the functions of rug weaver, brass worker, curio dealer, banker, and leading citizen, he had invited us to lunch today and a very interesting meal it was. Thirty courses by actual count appeared, each consisting of some form of sweetmeat or mixture of milk, sugar,

butter, rice, peas, pulse, and curry or other purely vegetable combination, all meat and even eggs being considered unfit for food. Our host and the male members of his family conversed with us through the meal but did not join in eating it, and of the women of the household we of course saw nothing. In the courtyard in front of the house was a long row of looms at which tiny boys squatting in rows worked at weaving rugs, choosing the colored wools and knotting them with lightning-like speed in response to the instructions of an overseer who kept reading aloud the directions for the patterns from a written record, the little workers repeating each phrase after him like an antiphonal chant. In spite of the heat William and I visited some of the shops in the afternoon and in the course of one elusive bargain hunt ignorantly penetrated into the grounds of the Rambagh or official residence for visitors of high rank, now prepared for the Viceroy's stay. In the gardens here was a big pavilion filled with Jaipur's choicest wares brought by the leading merchants for the distinguished visitor's inspection later in the afternoon, and we had a good time looking at things till it was discovered that we had no business to be there and were invited to withdraw.

We were very sorry to leave Jaipur's pink stucco streets with their kaleidoscopic crowds and the camels, elephants, cheetahs, peacocks, monkeys, crocodiles and tigers. In this city of prismatic color and infinite variety, where life is more distinctively native than in any other place that we have visited it appeared as if the citizens



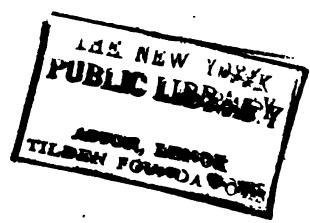
JAIPUR

The pink stucco houses with their façades fancifully arabesqued in white, give the Jaipur streets a very characteristic appearance.



A CAMEL TEAM

The equipage of one of Jaipur's leading citizens; a break drawn by two swiftly trotting camels.



were more prosperous and contented, better nourished and more good humored than the apathetic and melancholy people that represent the average of India's population, and we should have liked to see more of them. But our time was up and on the seven-fifteen train we left for Bombay, stopping for a very poor dinner in the station restaurant at Phutera.

Sunday, March 19th. Ahmedabad.—It was a scorching day and there was little in the sun-baked plains we were passing through to distract attention from the heat. Early in the day in the region of Mount Abu where we stopped for breakfast the country showed a slight tendency to hilliness but most of the time it was very flat and dull. Owing to the fact that robbers had derailed a train on the main line ahead we were obliged to make a detour and travel by sidelines, but in spite of this, arrived at Ahmedabad at four-thirty about on time. This is a populous city with crowded streets lined by houses remarkable for the fine carving of the woodwork in their fronts, and was at one time considered the handsomest town in Hindustan. Many of the people are Jains and the raised feeding platforms for birds that are seen in all the streets are evidence of the respect for animal life that is one of the doctrines of this sect. Outside of the city is a large artificial lake or tank, polygonal in shape with thirty-four sides of masonry each one hundred and ninety feet long. By its shores were crowds of unusually tame monkeys eager to be fed, and some distance further on was the tomb of Shah Alam with some fine marble screens.

Driving back to the city we visited various mosques and tombs including the big Jain temple, and saw the famous windows of pierced marble tracery in Sidi Saiyad's mosque. The Grand Hotel which was formerly a dak bungalow was anything but grand in fact, but the dinner there was better than the usual railway restaurant meal would have been and at nine-fifty we were on the train again on the last stage of our journey to Bombay.

Monday, March 20th. Bombay.—Sherkhan was on hand in the Bombay station to greet us as we left the train at eleven-thirty, and guided us to the Taj Mahal hotel where we were welcomed by the rest of the party. Harriet and Arthur and the Smiths lunched with the Governor, Sir George Lloyd, and the rest of us were taken by Mr. Osborne to the Yacht Club which is conveniently situated in the center of the town and is very attractive. We all foregathered afterwards to go under Mr. Osborne's tutelage on a government boat he had in some way requisitioned, to the Island of Elephanta, six miles out in the harbor. Here a climb of two hundred and fifty feet up a flight of stone steps brought us to the caves in which are the famous rock temples dating back to the eighth century. In the dim recesses are colonnades of finely sculptured pillars and well-executed friezes, representing some of the complex episodes of Hindu mythology recording the greatness of Siva and of Parvati, his spouse. We all dined together at the Yacht Club and then the James, the Smiths, and Peter departed on the ten o'clock train for Poona, the first stop on their way to Vadala.



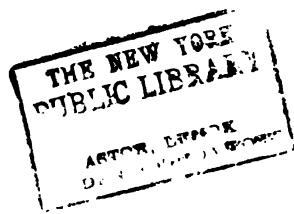
A MAN-EATING CROCODILE

In the grounds of the Maharajah's palace is a lake containing crocodiles, which at one time were used for the execution of criminals.



ELEPHANTS AT AMBER

The elephants that make the trip up to the palaces at Amber. Miss Sullivan is trying out a camel.



Tuesday, March 21st. Bombay.—This has been a day of leisure for Bombay is a big, fine, modern, largely Europeanized city that does not offer much to tempt sightseers accustomed as we have lately been to the most characteristic and beautiful things in all India. Mr. Osborne drove William and me about the different quarters of the city, from Colaba at the tip of the island on which Bombay is built around the Back Bay up to the aristocratic residential section on Malabar Hill, and to the Byculla Club that derives its curious name from an old village once occupying its site. Here he had arranged a dinner party for us tonight, a pleasant occasion with the tables placed on the lawn as ladies are not permitted in the club house itself.

Wednesday, March 22nd. Bombay.—Mr. and Mrs. North Winship, the American Consul and his wife who have recently come here from Milan have been most kind and attentive and today invited us to lunch in their very pretty bungalow on Malabar Hill. After dinner this evening, Mr. Osborne took us to a native wedding celebration to which we had been invited through his chief assistant Mr. Vajdyá. The street in front of the house was gay with festoons of electric lights and colored streamers and most of the guests were enjoying the party out here since the crowd was too great to find room indoors. Inside, the walls were draped with light-blue hangings and almost covered with mirrors (hired like all the trappings we were told for the occasion) and at one end of the long, narrow room a nautch dancing girl said to be an artiste of great beauty and

merit, but appearing to us rather portly and middle-aged, wriggled about a bit, and with an equally unattractive companion, sang long songs in tones of piercing monotony. Cigarettes, sweetmeats, ices, and brightly colored drinks were pressed upon us and we met with a most courteous reception from our host and his friends. The bridegroom was a nice looking boy of fifteen all in white and heavily garnished with gold chains, but the bride of course we did not see, for she does not appear at all at these ceremonies which are repeated for several nights in succession; her part in it all apparently being just about as important as that of the bridegroom at one of our own weddings. As we took our leave garlands of flowers much like the Hawaiian *leis* were placed about our necks, we were handed big bouquets and given two coconuts each to take home with us.

Thursday, March 23rd.—I spent the morning seeing the five hundred bed Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy Hospital under the guidance of the chief physician Col. Tucker and then met Fluff and Mr. Osborne for luncheon at the Yacht Club, while William went off to join several Maharajas at a luncheon party at the Governor's. Afterwards we met at the Towers of Silence on Malabar Hill where in a pretty park with a fine view of the city and the bay are five low towers somewhat resembling roundhouses for locomotive engines, used by the Parsees for the disposal of their dead. Of the hundred thousand or more Parsees in India over eighty thousand live in Bombay where they form a highly respected and prosperous portion of the community, often recognizable



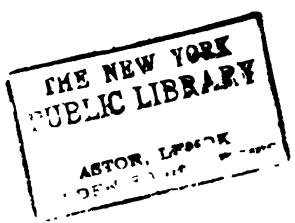
AMBER

The hilltop palaces at Amber, reflected in the pool of the water garden.



A GARRY

Garrys come in various degrees of excellence. This one is officially recognized as belonging to the fourth class.



in the streets by a peculiar, shiny, black headdress said to be designed in imitation of a cow's hoof. As is well known, in order to avoid polluting the elements fire, air, earth, or water which are held in veneration they have adopted the method of disposing of the dead by exposing the bodies on the summits of the towers, where the flesh is removed from the bones in an hour or two by the hordes of vultures that are always sitting around in watchful waiting, and the clean picked bones are finally thrown into a central pit where they ultimately crumble into dust. The Winships had asked us to come to them for tea and after bidding these nice people farewell we returned to the hotel to pack and have an early dinner preparatory to leaving on the Madras mail. Mr. Vajdya from Mr. Osborne's office and his assistant came to see William off, and after making him a farewell speech presented us all three with garlands of flowers and bouquets. We then said good-bye with much regret to Mr. Osborne who has done so much for us, making arrangements and plans long before we reached India and assisting at every stage of the journey after our arrival.

Friday, March 24th. Bombay to Madras.—In the early morning hours the car containing the other members of the party was attached to the train when it stopped in Poona, and at breakfast time we were re-united and heard the story of their adventures. On Tuesday morning they had arrived in Poona at six o'clock and the Smiths remained there while the others went on by motor one hundred miles to Edward Fair-

bank's home in Vadala. Here they were received in triumph by the whole Christian community with flags flying, and after lunch there was a ceremony of welcome at which they were decorated with wreaths, speeches were made, and hymns sung, and they were then conducted through the native village. The next morning they motored to one of the hundred or more villages contained in Mr. Fairbank's territory which is forty miles square. Here they saw some of the fine work that has been done in building up a center of Christian education by the Fairbank family, five generations of which have lived or are living in India. In the forty-three primary schools of the district splendid educational work is being carried on and the most promising students are transferred to the boarding school in the home compound where there is also a church holding sixteen hundred people. That afternoon Peter went hunting and established a reputation as a Hawkeye by killing a fine buck at an immense distance by a perfect shoulder shot. On Thursday morning they left Vadala and breakfasted with Dr. Hume at Ahmednagar, later visiting the mission school for boys and girls, the theological school, hospital, nurses' home, and church, and then going on to Poona. Today's railroad journey on the way to Madras has been very hot and trying, with long and frequent stops and has demonstrated the inadvisability of attempting to do any more traveling in Southern India.

Saturday, March 25th. Madras.—At seven forty-five we rolled into the station at Madras and were de-



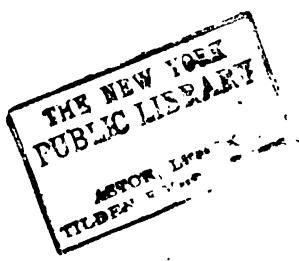
THE ROCK TEMPLE AT ELEPHANTA

Six miles out in the harbor of Bombay is the Island of Elephanta with its curious cave temples excavated from the solid rock.



REST HOUSE AT SIGIRYA

In the smaller places of India and Ceylon there are no hotels, but travelers may stop, for not longer than three days, at the Government rest houses.



lighted to find Captain Bezanson waiting on the station platform with the report that everything was well on board, and still more so to get back to the yacht ourselves and settle down again in our own quarters which never had seemed so desirable. Harriet and Arthur, Fluff, and William were invited for lunch by the Governor, Lord Willingdon and afterwards drove out to the Governor's country house in Guindy Park. Lady Willingdon was much interested in *Aloha*'s journey, for she is a daughter of Lord Brassey and is the "Baby" of Lady Brassey's famous account of the *Voyage of the Sunbeam*. Harriet and Fluff then went to the Y. W. C. A. and Peter and Joe to the aquarium and to the museum which has some fine antiquities. At six we were under way again and headed for Ceylon.

Sunday, March 26th. Madras to Colombo.—After twenty-five days on shore it was wonderfully pleasant to be at sea again and though it was still pretty hot there was breeze enough to make one forget the stifling temperature of the past few days, and the clean blue ocean with its delicious fragrance soon drove away all memory of those arid, dusty plains that had filled the horizon for so long. We are delighting in the simple joys of being thoroughly clean again and of being able to stay so, and of having eatables and drinkables set before us that are like Cæsar's wife; pleasures that the traveler in India must renounce.

Lat. $10^{\circ}49' N.$, Long. $81^{\circ}30' E.$, Distance 152 miles.

Monday, March 27th. Madras to Colombo.—All this beautiful day we have been running along the Ceylon

coastline, sometimes close enough to see the white line of breakers fringing the yellow beaches, and always with rows of serrated mountain ranges one behind the other, blue and hazy in the distance. The breeze is disappointingly light, however, and though after lunch the fore and aft sails were set they did not add much to our speed. We are now leaving the Bay of Bengal whose entire circumference we have followed and in whose waters *Aloha* has been "laying her beautiful body" as the Japanese papers would say, for over five weeks since we left Penang on February 20th.

Lat. $7^{\circ}24'$ N., Long. $81^{\circ}57'$ E., Distance 207 miles

CHAPTER XI

CEYLON, EARTH'S JEWEL BOX

Tuesday, March 28th. Colombo.—After hugging the southern extremity of Ceylon during the night we turned northward and still running close to the shore made a very good run so that at one o'clock we dropped anchor in the basin off the city of Colombo. From a distance it made a very favorable impression and when we went ashore for a preliminary investigation this was more than confirmed. Clean, wide streets and well constructed modern buildings and attractive shops made the city seem very inviting, and later when we all went for a long drive we realized that we were going to find Ceylon one of the most attractive places we have visited. The road paralleled the shore and ran past pretty villas set in palm-shaded gardens gay with flowers, and all along were crowds of contented looking people that made one think of Java. Many of them, both men and women wore the *camboy* as the *sarong* is called here, and all the people seemed more animated, cleaner, better nourished and less melancholy than the sullen and apathetic Hindus, though the men with their long hair done up in a bun behind and wearing more or less elaborate tortoise shell combs had a rather bizarre

appearance that it was not altogether easy to become used to. Rickshaws abounded again and in place of the ramshackle Hindu "ekka" with its decrepit horse there were quantities of smart looking carriages called buggies, drawn by speedy little bullocks. The return to the city by way of Victoria Park and the Cinnamon Gardens delighted us with the coolness of the breezy evening air and with the fresh green of the abundant verdure that was a grateful relief from the dusty sun-parched fields of the mainland. Mr. Veich, the American Vice-Consul, dined with us to the sound of the music from the band of the British cruiser *Southampton* at anchor a short distance away.

Distance at noon 235 miles, to Colombo 12 miles.
Total distance from Madras 606 miles.

Wednesday, March 29th. Colombo.—A day of idling in Colombo has made us realize that our first impressions of this pleasant city were more than justified and we are delighted with it and with its good natured population who all seem to speak English. Ceylon is one of the world's greatest sources of precious and semi-precious stones and one cannot walk ten steps in any direction without being invited to enter some shop and "Please see big star sapphire, no need to buy, only look." In one of the largest establishments we were shown the really magnificent collection of gems prepared for exhibition to the Prince of Wales who left Colombo only a day or two before our arrival. Late in the afternoon we drove out to Mt. Lavinia, seven miles down the coast, where there is a pleasant hotel on the headland



THE SHORE AT MOUNT LAVINIA

The fishing boats have just been carried in by the breakers and hauled up on the beach, while their owners are disposing of their catch in the little market building on the right.



that looks down on a pretty beach edged with coconut palms. The picturesque fishing canoes or catamarans were coming in, very narrow dugouts with outriggers and square brown sails spread by sprits going diagonally to the upper corners, and the whole fabric held together with lashings of coir rope made from coconut fiber, no metal being used in their construction. On the way back while Harriet went to the Y. W. C. A. the rest of us visited the exposition of Singhalese industries, also organized for the Prince's benefit, where the products of the native arts and crafts were on view in pavilions of bamboo and thatch, but none of the exhibits seemed of unusual interest. Harriet, Fluff, Peter, and I dined with Mr. Veich and the Consul and Mrs. Vance in their attractive house some distance out of town, and our entertainment and surroundings made us realize how agreeable life may be here in Colombo.

Thursday, March 30th. Kandy.—The run of seventy-two miles to Kandy was a fresh revelation of the charms of Ceylon and we were constantly reminded of the delightful trips we had made in Java. The roads were excellent and seemed almost as populous as those of the Dutch island, but there was not so much color in the costumes of the people though these seemed just as good natured and cheerful as the amiable Javanese. The ascent did not begin till some time after we had refreshed ourselves with pineapples and ginger ale in the prettily placed little rest house at Ambepussa about half way to Kandy, but during the latter portion of the journey we began to see mountain ranges and the road

mounted in long loops through beautifully variegated tropical scenery, till at two o'clock we arrived in Kandy at an elevation of sixteen hundred feet. This is now only a charming little city of thirty thousand inhabitants, but in the sixteenth century it was the capital of the island. In the center of the town is a pretty artificial lake and after lunch we visited the famous Temple of the Tooth which is close to its shores. The famous relic, Buddha's tooth, for which it is named is visible only on rare occasions for which pilgrims assemble from all the lands where Buddha is revered, but we saw the shrine, the sacred Bo Tree, a reclining Buddha eighteen feet long of gaudily painted granite, and the fine library of ancient books or "olas" written on strips of talipot palm leaves and enclosed in richly ornamented covers of silver, often gem-encrusted. Three miles away is the little village of Katugastota and here we watched a dozen or more of the elephants that are used in doing the heavy hauling hereabouts getting their bath in the river. The great creatures, as docile as kittens, rolled about in the water while their mahouts scrubbed them diligently from trunk to tail with coconut husks, in some cases even brushing their teeth. It was a most diverting spectacle and the nearest thing possible to seeing the animals in the wild state. Then we went back to Kandy, driving around the lake which was most beautiful with the late afternoon light falling on the green hills that surround the city, and then on to the Peradeniya Gardens celebrated as one of the finest botanical collections in the world. Though not quite



KANDY

The lovely lake that is one of the town's most attractive features, with the little island to which the last King of Kandy is said to have banished his refractory wives.



KATUGASTOTA

Here the many elephants that work in the neighborhood are brought each afternoon to have their daily scrub.



as extensive as the one at Buitenzorg or on so large a scale it has some magnificent avenues of palms and is more attractively laid out than the latter. Harriet and William, our experts in such matters, who were conducted through it by the director, Mr. Stockdale were greatly interested, and he very kindly arranged to send to the yacht for Dr. David Fairchild of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, a Wardian case containing specimens of various indigenous plants, including some mangosteens.

Friday, March 31st. Polonnaruwa.—By eight-thirty we were off for the long journey northward to Polonnaruwa, passing first through Katugastota and later through the thriving town of Matale twenty-two miles from Kandy, with a long and busy bazaar. The ride was very beautiful and interesting past groups of mud-walled, thatched-roofed houses half hidden in the green foliage, rice fields terraced on the slopes, cocoa and rubber plantations, and occasional tea gardens. Later, mountain peaks came into view and at Dambulla forty-five miles from Kandy we stopped to see the famous rock temples in a crevice of a high black cliff. It was a scorching ascent over the bare slopes but soon we came to a shady path and reached the horizontal cleft in which the shrines are built—much like some of the cliff dwellings in Arizona. Boyish priests in the invariable yellow robes brought the big, elaborately wrought, brass keys that opened the portals, and by the light of tapers one could dimly see the great seated and reclining Buddhas carved from the living rock two thousand years ago, one of the latter forty-eight feet in length. It was quite

impressive though the effect was cheapened by the tawdry modern hangings and by the lurid red and yellow recent painting of the figures, but the view from the terrace in front of the temple across the jungle to the distant mountains was very fine. Nearby was the rest-house and we stopped there for lunch and shelter from the noon-day heat. The night before a wild elephant had invaded the garden and the rest-house keeper shot and badly wounded it. In the jungle a short distance away were footprints and marks in the ground and in the broken undergrowth, showing where the animal had fallen and struggled several times before succeeding in making off, but the trackers sent to follow it in its flight had not yet returned. At four we started again and had a most wonderful ride through mile after mile of densest jungle without a single habitation, only the splendid road giving any evidence of human activities, while the monkeys skipped about in the trees with a blasé indifference that showed they were little used to any interference. A short distance from our destination we left the main road to see the Minneriya tank, a fine artificial lake thirty miles in circumference constructed by King Maha Sena who reigned in the third century B.C. A little after six we had covered the forty-five miles to the rest-house at Polonnaruwa, and found it a very comfortable place prettily situated overlooking the tank Tapa Wewa, surrounded by the jungle and with range on range of mountains in the distance. As the sunset faded across the lake and the stars came out swarms of fireflies covered the nearby



POLONNARUWA

The Wata-da-ge, which is considered by some authorities the finest of the ancient buildings in Ceylon.



POLONNARUWA

In the Middle Ages this was the site of a magnificent city, but now only a few ruins in the heart of the jungle testify to its former greatness.



trees and turned them into masses of flashing phosphorescence.

Saturday, April 1st. Polonnaruwa.—Yesterday had been so hot that we decided to make an early start to see the ruins here, so we had our *chota hazri* at six and were off to the site of the ancient city while the morning was still cool and gray. Polonnaruwa became a royal residence in 386 A.D. at which time the tank was constructed, and some centuries later was made the capital of Ceylon but did not reach its full glory till the reign of Parakrama Bahu (1153 to 1186) who made of it a magnificent city. It was later laid waste by the invading Tamils and was finally deserted toward the end of the thirteenth century. The ruins are scattered through the jungle but though of much later date than those at Anuradhapura, are in a better state of preservation and for that reason more satisfactory to visit. The most interesting is the Wata-da-ge or Treasure House, which some authorities consider the most beautiful ancient building in Ceylon. This is a circular structure about sixty feet in diameter on a raised platform approached by four stairways each with a finely carved "moon-stone" at its foot and leading up to four sedent Buddhas facing the points of the compass. Enough of the building remains to show its original design and the splendid sculptures. Nearby is the large Thuparama, a temple with enormously thick walls, also well preserved, while all about are the remains of numerous other buildings, all placed on an elevated terrace which must have given the whole group an imposing and acropolis-like setting.

A short distance away lies another collection of impressive ruins; a huge dagoba two hundred feet in height and one hundred feet in diameter, a temple one hundred and seventy feet long and seventy feet high with a gigantic standing Buddha, and the remains of other smaller buildings. A foot path through the jungle led to the most striking monument of all, however, called the Gal Vihara. Carved from a great ledge of black rock and flanking a small shrine hollowed out of the cliff are three figures of heroic size, one a seated Buddha, another a reclining Buddha, forty-five feet long, and the third a finely executed standing figure said to represent Ananda, Gautama's cousin and chief disciple. These great figures cut from the living rock and surrounded by the dense jungle are wonderfully dignified and suggestive.

After lunch we returned along the jungle road by which we had come, till at five miles from Dambulla a side road led five miles further to the tiny village of Sigiriya beside a little tank from whose further shore rose straight and sheer the mighty mass of rock which gives the place its name. The rest-house here was the most attractive we have found yet though all have been clean and well kept with comfortable rooms, good meals and very attentive service. Fluff and I made a preliminary reconnaissance of the village and climbed up to the platform at the base of the rock from which there was a fine sunset view.

Sunday, April 2nd. Kandy.—We were up at six again to climb the rock. This extraordinary fortress,

one of the most remarkable ever constructed, was built in the fifth century by King Kasyapa who had murdered his father Dhatusena and felt the need of a refuge to secure himself from the vengeance of his brother Mogallana. After reigning here in safety and splendor for eighteen years he unwisely forsook his airy retreat and with his army encountered that of Mogallana on the plains below, but was defeated and committed suicide. Enough is left of the ancient structure to enable one to visualize its former grandeur and to cause astonishment at the remarkable ingenuity of the early engineers who carved their stairways and galleries out of the sheer face of the rock and transported to its summit the massive blocks of granite of which the buildings that crowned it were constructed. On all sides the rock rises vertically over four hundred feet from the level of its base, but the ascent has been made fairly easy by the restoration of some of the original steps and by iron ladders clamped to the rock. At one turn one enters the last stages of the ascent between the paws of the great masonry effigy of a lion which gave its name to the citadel, Siha-giri meaning "lion rock." This part of the climb had to be done in complete silence to avoid rousing the swarms of wild bees that cluster in the crevices, as any noise or disturbance is said to cause them to attack the unwary intruder. On the top, two or three acres in area, were the ruins of the palace and other buildings, water-tanks and lookout posts, mere indications of what they once had been but sufficient to suggest their former arrangement and size, while the view

of the trackless jungle extending endlessly in all directions till it met the far away mountains was superb. Little wonder the ruthless king felt comfortable and secure in this impregnable retreat that makes the strongholds of the feudal lords of medieval Europe appear like children's toys.

At nine we were under way for Kandy and reached there at eleven-thirty. After lunch the others went on to Nuwara Elyia (pronounced Nuraylia) but Joe and Corinna and I remained behind in the comfortable Queen's Hotel. Here we saw a juggler do some new tricks, among others fire eating and an extraordinary feat I had heard of but never seen performed; lifting a basket containing a python that must have weighed thirty pounds by two cords attached to metal cups that he had applied to his eyeballs, pushing them under the upper and lower lids—a most uncanny sight. Then Joe and I indulged ourselves in another long visit to the elephants at Katugastota, becoming very intimate with the mahouts and their friendly charges, with whom they conversed in a special elephant language quite different from the ordinary Singhalese. One big, old bull was marvelously accomplished and would carry out endless maneuvers in response to the quietly spoken directions of his mahout who stood some distance away and did not touch him or even make a gesture. We finished the afternoon with a drive around the upper lake road looking down on the little town with its sparkling lake set in the green cup of the hills, and with another visit to the Maligawa temple.



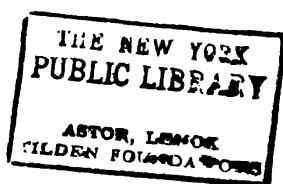
SIGIRYA

The "Lion Rock," on whose summit King Kasyapa built his airy citadel, fifteen centuries ago.



ON THE ROAD TO KANDY

A characteristic scene along Ceylon's shady roads.



Monday, April 3rd. Colombo.—Joe and I spent a delightful morning rummaging about the curio shops many of which contained really fine specimens of antiquities, and established a reputation for hard bargaining that preceded us all about the town. One dealer took us to his house to view his private collection of ancient weapons, brass, ivories, etc., which contained some fine pieces, and we also visited the museum which is well worth while and is conducted as a training school to encourage the continuation of the ancient arts and crafts. The road to Colombo was even more beautiful in the afternoon lights than it had been in the morning and we arrived on board shortly after five. In the evening a boxing contest was held in the Town Hall under the auspices of the Captain of the *Southampton*, and together with a delegation of the crew we attended in order to cheer on Harry Fairweather, one of our men, who was scheduled to meet one of the *Southampton's* crew for a silver cup. The bout was to be of three rounds, but our man had all the best of it and in the middle of the second round his opponent allowed he'd had enough and quit. There were eight or nine other bouts, nearly all well contested and the exhibition was splendidly managed, with the *Southampton's* Chaplain as timekeeper.

Tuesday, April 4th. Colombo.—We spent the morning ashore doing much bargaining and little buying in the jewel-stored caves of Ali Baba that line Colombo's streets, where the twenty or thirty varieties of gems occurring in Ceylon are to be found in quantities that

stagger the imagination. Sapphires, star sapphires, moonstones, rubies, cat's-eyes, aquamarines, garnets, spinels, topazes, zircons, and many others are brought out in glittering handfuls of all degrees of size and fineness, and she must be strongminded, indeed, who can resist the lure of these bits of shiny stone. In the afternoon Joe and I visited the museum and found it a delightfully interesting place with fine collections of Singhalese jewelry, weapons, implements, and antiquities, Polonnaruwa and Sigiriya being especially well represented. Later we sat for a time looking at the sea and the breaking surf from the veranda of the Galle Face Hotel, and going back to the yacht found that the others had finished the one hundred and thirty mile journey from Nuwara Elyia at about four-thirty, stopping for lunch at Yatiyantota. Nuwara Elyia was a delightful spot at an altitude of seven thousand feet where open fires were a comfort and the vegetation was that of the temperate zone. It lies in the center of the tea-growing district and for over a hundred miles in approaching it and leaving it the road passed through continuous tea gardens. It is the favorite resort of the Europeans in Ceylon and has a race track, polo ground, and a golf course on which Peter and William played a round and then decided that the claim that it is the finest in the East is not unjustified. Harriet and William also found the Hakgala Botanical Gardens interesting though not so extensive as the Peradeniya Gardens at Kandy. The mountain scenery in the neighborhood was very fine and the descent down the winding road back to

Colombo with countless sharp and often unguarded turns was not free from danger. Mr. and Mrs. Vance were prevented by illness from coming to dine as had been arranged and Mr. Veich alone appeared to represent the consular household.

Wednesday, April 5th. Colombo to Aden.—This has been a day of farewells, for Joe and Corinna who have been our companions through Java and India, separated from us to go to Marseilles by steamer as they are anxious to rejoin their children in France as soon as possible, Sher Khan to whom we have all become greatly attached, started on the long journey back to his home in Ahmednagar, and we all had to look our last on the Far East, with its strange fascinations that make one forget all discomforts and leave it behind with a haunting sense of regret that is hard to describe. After going in the launch as far as the breakwater to wave a parting greeting to the Smiths in the *Yorkshire*, we returned to the city and spent the morning and much of the afternoon on various affairs, especially in looking again at the stores of precious stones offered so temptingly by dealers large and small on every street and turning. Mr. Veich and Mr. Seidle, the gem expert, lunched on board, the latter bringing with him some fine examples of sapphires, which are especially cheap at present as there has been a great slump in the gem market. Shortly after five we passed through the breakwater and *Aloha*'s figurehead was once more directed toward the sunset, into which we sailed for so many evenings on the Pacific and which will lie ahead of us at the close of each

day during the long run of over two thousand miles to Aden.

Thursday, April 6th. Colombo to Aden.—At noon today the sun was almost directly overhead for the latitude and declination were nearly equal and in taking the sights the sun touched the horizon practically all around its circumference. At midday we had our last glimpse of India as Cape Comorin faded from view and we passed from the waters of the Gulf of Manar between Ceylon and the mainland into the open Indian Ocean. At times there was a light southwest breeze that barely filled the fore and aft sails but kept it comfortably cool on deck. Below it seemed pretty hot, however, for the air was ninety-two degrees at two o'clock, and with the ship's hull immersed in water at eighty-eight degrees there is little chance for the air in its interior to cool.

Lat. $7^{\circ}05'$ N., Long. $77^{\circ}11'$ E. Distance 170 miles.

Friday, April 7th. Colombo to Aden.—Another day of smooth sea and even less air stirring than yesterday. At sunset we ran into a dead calm with a misty sky that during the evening dulled the brilliancy of the moon which is now half full. The Colombo coal is of good quality and we have been averaging nine knots all day.

Lat. $8^{\circ}54'$ N., Long. $73^{\circ}29'$ E. Distance 231 miles.

Saturday, April 8th. Colombo to Aden.—Although through the wireless we know that there are ten or a dozen ships not far away the only one we have seen is a tramp early this morning. Long, smooth, swells have been coming up from the south but there is no wind and

the weather continues fine. During the afternoon and evening it became much cooler and the moon shone down from a cloudless sky.

Lat. $9^{\circ}44'$ N., Long. $69^{\circ}45'$ E. Distance 225 miles.

Sunday, April 9th. Colombo to Aden.—The *Half Moon*, a tramp freighter that left Colombo some hours after we did came in sight early this morning and remained on the horizon till after lunch, when she slowly left us behind as she was making about a knot more than we were. Our only other neighbor was a sailing vessel, probably an Arab trading boat that for about an hour was visible as a white speck to the northward. It has been another perfect steaming day with the same fine, big rollers as yesterday coming up in the afternoon, and so much cooler that it has been very comfortable both above and below and it was possible to have service in the saloon again.

Lat. $10^{\circ}42'$ N., Long. $66^{\circ}16'$ E. Distance 213 miles.

Monday, April 10th. Colombo to Aden.—All morning the sea was as polished and deeply azure as one of Colombo's darkest sapphires. Jelly-fish and Portuguese men-of-war floated by and several schools of enormous porpoises played about the ship, but as soon as the harpoon had been gotten ready for their benefit they disappeared as if by magic. In the afternoon a little ripple stirred the water and the usual long, slow swells came up, but the breeze was barely enough to fill the fore and aft sails. A wireless message from the *S. S. Bhamo*, one hundred and fifty miles to the south, informed us that she had stopped to supply water to a

sailing ship that was twenty-six days out from port.

Lat. $11^{\circ}44'N.$, Long. $63^{\circ}02'E.$ Distance 238 miles.

Tuesday, April 11th. Colombo to Aden.—There was a little promise of a breeze this morning and for the first time in many weeks the square sails were set, but after an hour or two it was evident that they were useless and they were furled again. The evening was one of unusual beauty and afforded another illustration of the infinite variety of conditions at sea. The sun set without a cloud in the sky so that its departure was not especially striking, but soon a wonderful afterglow of saffron and orange filled the western heavens and threw a sheen of variegated color on the oily sea that made it glow with all the luster of an opal. Then the rising moon added a silvery radiance to the colors of the fading west reflected in the ocean, and made prismatic combinations unlike anything we had seen before, while hosts of flying fish kept darting in long flights over the mirror-like surface. During the evening a filmy haze of fog filled the horizon, but did not dim the brightness of the full moon which made us think of the last time we had seen it at Agra in the gardens of the Taj—just a month ago.

Lat. $12^{\circ}44'N.$, Long. $58^{\circ}34'E.$ Distance 224 miles.

Wednesday, April 12th. Colombo to Aden.—The mountainous island of Socotra has been in sight most of the day, as we have been running past its length of seventy miles. Although so close to the track of all the ships passing along this busy highway of the sea, it is seldom visited by Europeans and its twelve thousand

inhabitants, mostly of Arab blood, still live in a manner little influenced by western civilization. This morning we saw a singular sight; a school of hundreds of porpoises crossed our bow at a distance of a mile or two and were so numerous and densely packed that it seemed like a tidal wave sweeping across the ocean. Fluff created a diversion at tea-time by saying that she had found in her scrap-book a sea song that was so fine and inspiring that she wanted to read it to us. It was no doubt a very fine song, but as soon as the first line was heard "Give me a freshening breeze ahead" such a howl went up from everyone that the rest of the poem had to remain unread. It was a poor start for a poem intended to appeal to this ship's company who have faced relentless headwinds for so many weeks. A little later the following choice ditty was produced:

A SONG OF THE SEA
By a Horse Marine.

What ho! For a fair head wind
That backs the slatting sail,
And drives the gallant ship sternfirst
Against the whistling gale.

What ho! For the stinging spray
That drifts to windward fast,
All slack the snowy head-sails strain
Abaft the mizzen mast.

What ho! For the life at sea,
In the sunrise reddened West
The Southern Cross hangs high above
The crow perched in his nest

What ho! For the noiseless waves
That lash the tasteless brine,
As the stun's'l's lift the spanker-boom
In latitude 99!

That now, has the real spirit of the sea into it.

Lat. $13^{\circ}.12'$ N., Long. $54^{\circ}.35'$ E. Distance 230 miles.

Thursday, April 13th. Colombo to Aden.—It continues to be perfect steaming weather and we have made a splendid run so that we shall probably reach Aden a day earlier than we expected when we started. We have lost the long Indian Ocean rollers for we are in the Gulf of Aden with Arabia to the north of us and Somaliland to the south. Most of the square sails have been set all day but with little effect for we are traveling just as fast as what little wind there is and often the smoke rises vertically from the funnel. There is a great deal of moisture in the air and tonight the decks are absolutely drenched with dew.

Lat. $13^{\circ}.03'$ N., Long. $50^{\circ}.25'$ E. Distance 244 miles.

Friday, April 14th. Aden.—Another splendid run and at seven-fifteen we had covered the seventy-one miles from the noon position to Aden and had reached the entrance to the harbor, though it was about nine o'clock before we had threaded the narrow channel and were settled in our berth. Aden has been a good deal of a surprise for we had pictured it as a small settlement on a flat and sandy plain, instead of which the town is on a hilly promontory connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus, and its rugged skyline with the sun setting behind it made a very striking picture as we

approached. The average annual rainfall is less than an inch, but the pilot told us that about two weeks ago in a single storm nine inches of rain fell. Nothing like this has happened in over thirty years, and the ancient tanks in the hills are full for the first time in the memory of man.

As shown by the daily runs, we have been making a very good steaming record which Jake has tabulated as follows:

A comparison and study of steaming records obtained from the experience of the present voyage.

UNDER ONE BOILER

Panama to Hilo 4884 miles, 28 days at sea, under steam 352 hours, 2690 miles.

Average per hour	7.36 knots
Coal used.....	110 tons
Distance per ton of coal.....	23.7 knots

UNDER TWO BOILERS, full speed

Colombo to Aden 2097 miles, 9 days, all under steam.

Average per hour	9.4 knots
Coal used.....	85 tons
Distance per ton of coal.....	23.53 knots

With one boiler one ton carries the ship eight hundred and fifty feet further than with two boilers, but to do this, one boiler requires 3.2 hours, while two boilers accomplish it in 2.4 hours—so:

Under one boiler, 150 tons of coal would run us 3555 miles in 453 hours—and,

Under two boilers 150 tons of coal would run us 3529 miles in 375 hours.

Both these comparisons are predicated on calm weather, or light head wind, and seem to prove that two boilers are the more economical if a straight away run of several days is expected, but if at sea the main engines are used for only a few hours at a time, and then shut off owing to the ship having been put under sail, one boiler is evidently the most economical, because one boiler has to be kept under steam at all times to run the auxiliaries, and the only increase in coal consumption is the actual amount required to turn over the main engine, which increase stops as soon as the main engines are again shut off and the ship put under sail, whereas, if two boilers are used under the same conditions, the coal required to get up steam in the second cold boiler is wasted.

Lat. $12^{\circ}37' N.$, Long. $46^{\circ}10' E.$ Distance 248 miles.

Saturday, April 15th. Aden.—Aden we found was a place of much greater interest than we had expected. It is composed of a group of settlements and barracks scattered about in various portions of the promontory which is a well-defended British outpost and forms a remote but integral part of the presidency of Bombay. Our anchorage was off Steamer Point and here in the office of the ship chandler Cowasjee Dinshaw and Bros. we saw two beautiful lions eighteen months old and as big as police dogs. They were simply chained to the veranda rail and allowed themselves to be petted and mauled with the greatest amiability. The town of Aden or Crater is about four miles away along a sun-baked road thronged with camels that almost without



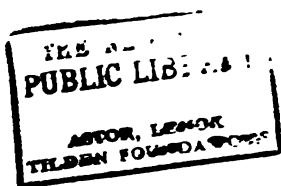
POLONNARUWA

Carved from a ledge of black rock this huge recumbent Buddha is tremendously impressive.
At its head stands a figure of Ananda, Buddha's chief disciple.



ADEN

Aden is a city of drought and of camels, but here the ship of the desert is usually hitched
ignominiously to a cart.



exception were used not as beasts of burden, but to draw carts of all sizes and descriptions, a function for which their anatomical peculiarities seem to make them singularly unsuited. Passing through a narrow pass in one of the ridges we reached the bazaar crowded with wild looking Arabs, Swahilis, Somalis and representatives of many other Eastern races, and then went on to the famous tanks. These are a group of masonry receptacles for water constructed in the clefts of the hills at a period so remote that the date is not known and were excavated and restored about sixty years ago. In the little garden here were almost the only green things to be found on the entire promontory, which is a mass of bare, gray rock where moisture is seldom seen and practically all the water used is supplied by several large condensing plants. We returned to Steamer Point by a road that pierced the rock through one very long and narrow tunnel where we had to wait till a string of camels coming in the opposite direction had passed through, and another shorter one. In a cage in somebody's back yard we saw a fine grown-up lioness and after we had stopped to make her acquaintance returned on board where we found a lively traffic going on with the bumboat men, who were offering a new variety of wares; gaily colored baskets, ostrich feathers, and the horns and hides of ibex and leopards being the staples. At one o'clock the anchor was up and all afternoon we steamed along the forbidding Arabian coast, jagged and much broken mountain masses alternating with stretches of baking sand on whose yellow expanse an

occasional fishing village could be seen. Between ten and eleven we entered the Strait of Bab el Mandeb or The Gate of Tears, and rounding the Island of Perim, another waterless mass of rock where there is a coaling station, passed into the Red Sea through the Large Strait, having made a fine run with the assistance of a moderate southeast breeze.

Sunday, April 16th. Aden to Suez.—Easter Sunday began with cards all around from Harriet and Fluff and developed into a splendid sailing day, the first in many weeks. There was a moderate southeast wind and with all sail set we made good speed, at times as high as twelve knots. In the morning we passed Jebel Zuker, at noon Zebayer, and at dusk Jebel Teir, barren waterless islands all of them—mere uninhabited masses of rock on which the lighthouse keepers must lead the loneliest of existences. At the Easter service Harriet sang a fine solo: *When the World Forgets*. By six o'clock the pleasant breeze began to drop and as we lost speed *Aloha* rolled heavily so that we had to have dinner in the deckhouse instead of on the deck outside, something that has not happened in ages, and at seven-forty we were forced to go back to steam again.

Lat. $14^{\circ}45'$ N., Long. $42^{\circ}13'$ E. Distance 245 miles.

Monday, April 17th. Aden to Suez.—The temperature at noon today was ninety degrees but the water is cooler than it was in the Indian Ocean, varying from eighty to eighty-two degrees. A little before midnight we were passing Port Sudan though it was out of sight on the western coast, and *Aloha* had completed her tour

of the world for she was here in 1913 with Arthur, Harriet, and William of the present company on board.

Lat. $17^{\circ}54'$ N., Long. $40^{\circ}18'$ East. Distance 217 miles.

Tuesday, April 18th. Aden to Suez.—All day we have been bucking a strong headwind which has kicked up a choppy sea that causes *Aloha* to ship a good deal of water forward and to pitch heavily.

Lat. $20^{\circ}42'$ N., Long. $28^{\circ}39'$ E. Distance 195 miles.

Wednesday, April 19th. Aden to Suez.—The effect of yesterday's headwind and sea is reflected in today's run, the poorest in a long time. Today conditions are improving and we are making better speed again.

Lat. $22^{\circ}34'$ N., Long. $37^{\circ}44'$ E. Distance 121 miles.

Thursday, April 20th. Aden to Suez.—Last night we crossed the tropic of Cancer and are therefore now out of the tropics where we have been for more than three months. The air is saturated with moisture and feels quite cool, though the thermometer this afternoon registered eighty-four degrees.

Lat. $25^{\circ}18'$ N., Long. $36^{\circ}03'$ E. Distance 190 miles.

Friday, April 21st. Aden to Suez.—Last night a curious phenomenon was observed by the captain. Owing to the effect of a mirage the light on Shadwan Island in Jubal Strait at the entrance to the Gulf of Suez became visible at a distance of thirty-five miles though the light is only a seventeen-mile light. It was sighted two hours sooner than it should have been according to the ship's position and continued to flash as it normally should, all the time from the moment it

was first seen. Now that we are in the Gulf of Suez both shores seem near at hand and the coastline is very picturesque; barren yellow and reddish brown elevations, sometimes terraced and colored in a way that reminds one a little of the painted desert in Arizona. Behind the distant mountain ranges appeared a hazy shape that may have been Mt. Sinai, at any rate it was in the right position for that historic summit. It has become so much cooler that the bridge is really a chilly spot and we have dinner in the saloon.

Lat. $28^{\circ}06'$ N., Long. $33^{\circ}24'$ E. Distance 227 miles.

CHAPTER XII

WHERE TIME BEGAN

Saturday, April 22nd. Cairo.—At one o'clock last night we anchored at Port Tewfick at the entrance to the Suez Canal, and this morning *Aloha* proceeded on her way to Port Said while we took the eleven o'clock train to Cairo. Suez seemed windy, dusty, and not very inviting as we passed through it shortly after leaving the port, and for miles the railroad ran across the desert, a flat, interminable expanse of yellow sand with the blue ribbon of the canal making a streak of vivid color through it on our right. Ismailia, where we lunched, seemed much more attractive. It is inhabited chiefly by canal officials and employees and has many houses with pretty gardens, in fact it is called the garden city of Egypt. From here the line began to turn westward and as we entered the Nile delta the wonderful fertility of this district became evident. In the alfalfa fields of richest emerald green and in the yellow patches of grain and flax the water of the Nile was brought up to the level of the land by the age-old methods of the dipping bucket or shadoof, the sakieh or large wooden cogged wheels turned by our old friend the water buffalo here called the gamoose, a name that seems to fit it

very well, or by the Archimedean screw incased in a long cylinder of wood. Date palms dotted the plains and gave a touch of picturesqueness to the otherwise ugly villages of rectangular brown houses, built partly of stone but nine-tenths of sun-baked mud, with only the smallest of windows and often falling into sad disrepair. Long before we reached Cairo the Pyramids appeared, but the feeling of antiquity they gave was quickly dispelled when we saw the city's tram-lined, electric-lighted, motor crowded streets, bordered by sidewalk cafés of the third class Parisian type. Shepheard's Hotel having emerged from its temporary eclipse, is once more equal to its ancient reputation and its historic terrace seemed the proper place from which to watch the infinite variety of Cairo's street life streaming by. It was a little after five when we arrived so there was still time for a drive about the city and through the Muski, the chief thoroughfare of the bazaar quarter. After all the races of small stature we have been seeing in other Eastern countries, the men here seem big and husky and the universal fez is very becoming, but their long stuffy robes, though often picturesque in color appear absurdly hot and unsuitable to the climate. Many of the women look quite attractive; always in black, their skirts short enough to allow silk stockings and smart looking highheeled shoes to be clearly visible, and with the coquettish modern yashmak, which has shrunk into a mere scrap of the gauziest white veiling that is an attraction rather than a concealment. After dinner the dragoman, Tayah

Khalid, displayed his collection of scarabs, necklaces, and other antique trinkets.

Sunday, April 23rd. Cairo.—The air was as cool and bracing as that of a spring morning at home when we started for the Pyramids. Cairo has grown rapidly during recent years and its suburbs are being built up with pretty and often pretentious villas, many of them with well-kept gardens. For some distance we drove through a most unusual avenue of jackaronda trees, a wonderful vista of light blue blossoms, and then continued on the long and often pictured Avenue des Pyramides with rows of albrezias on either side. Rather to our surprise we found that the Pyramids instead of being isolated in the center of a flat plain are on something of an eminence, and the camels on which we made the last stage of the journey took us through a straggling village and up a sandy slope till we came suddenly face to face with the Sphinx, battered looking and timeworn, but still victorious over the passing centuries. This image of the Sun God Harmachis, beside which are the ruins of the temple which once stood at the head of the causeway forming the approach to the Second Pyramid, is a little disappointing at first view because it is smaller than one expects it to be and one looks down at it from the rim of the golden bowl of sand in which it lies. The path then skirts the base of the Great Pyramid, and as one looks up at it one wonders at the incredible audacity and conceit of the man, great ruler though he was, who caused a hundred thousand of his fellows to toil at intervals for a term of twenty years or more simply to

make a place where his mortal remains might repose in inviolable security in order that his Ka or spiritual part should have enduring existence. Covering thirteen acres of ground it is four hundred and fifty feet high and someone has calculated that it contains enough material to enclose the whole of France in a wall four feet high and a foot thick. In its interior one makes a crouching ascent through steep and narrow passages till the two small mortuary chambers, called the King's and the Queen's, are reached in the very center of this man-made mountain of solid rock, that was so well built and on so firm a foundation that through all the ages it has not settled by the fraction of an inch. After shaking off the pestiferous horde of rau-
cous-voiced, bakshish-begging, fortune-telling, donkey-
driving, camel-leading, pyramid-climbing highbinders
that dog every step of the visitor and effectually pre-
vent any musings on the past from gaining ascend-
ency over the urgencies of the present, we went back to
the city and spent the rest of the morning in the museum.
This is a joy to the spirit, a model of all that a museum
should be, and we wandered through its perfectly ar-
ranged and displayed collections, gazing at Cleopatra's
trinkets, the papyrus of Ahkenaton, the mummies of
the Pharaoh who so oppressed the children of Israel and
of many another mighty ruler, at the furniture found in
the tomb of Iuia and Tuiu his wife, the designs of which,
thousands of years later, Napoleon made popular as the
Empire style, and scores of other interesting and often
beautiful objects. In the afternoon from the parapet

of the citadel we saw the city spread out at our feet with the Pyramids in the distance and still further away the even older monuments at Sakkara plainly to be seen. On the terrace behind us was the gorgeous Mosque of Mohammed Ali, a finely proportioned building of many domes built of alabaster within and without, and with two lance-like minarets of great height and beauty that dominate the view whenever one looks at Cairo from a distance. From here we threaded the twisting narrow lanes of ancient Cairo and stopped to see the Coptic Church called the Hanging Church because it is built on four pillars and is approached by a stairway. It was erected fourteen hundred years ago and contains some beautiful panelling of ebony and ivory. Still more interesting was the church of Abu Sargah built over the crypt in which the Holy Family is said to have taken refuge during the flight to Egypt. From here we embarked on the Nile, though the trip was a short one, in a little one man-and-boy power ferry boat that took us to the island of Roda where Moses was found in the bullrushes, and where we also saw the nilometer or ancient pillar of marble which marks the rise of the great river during the season of inundation beginning in August and reaching its climax in September. Today is Arthur and Harriet's wedding anniversary and dinner was made a special celebration of the event.

Monday, April 24th. Cairo.—Arthur, Harriet, and William for whom Egypt has lost the interest of novelty, went to Port Said on the eleven o'clock train, but the rest of us, to whom this ancient land is still new, made an

excursion to Sakkara. This was the necropolis of Memphis and it is an interesting thing that while the city of the living has vanished almost completely the city of the dead still lives. The road for much of the distance follows the Nile and is built on a dyke to keep it above the level of the inundations. On either side lie wonderfully fertile looking fields, while from time to time the felucas with their triangular sails seen through the palms make the pictures that one always associates with the Nile. Near Sakkara the road becomes the merest trail and finally fades away completely into the desert, a gently rolling, absolutely barren, endless waste of sand—fit setting for the ragged and unkempt looking Step Pyramid, built at least six thousand years ago, and the oldest building in the world. Here, beneath the burning plain lie buried the tombs of the leading citizens of great Memphis, once the capital of Egypt, which stood a few miles away. Some of them have already been excavated and many others still remain concealed under the sandy hillocks. The prosperous Egyptian of those early days made his tomb almost as large and elaborate and much more permanent than his house, and in the Tomb of Thi, a rich man who died about 2700 B.C., one may see a complete representation of the life of the times. The various rooms are decorated with bas-reliefs depicting the ordinary occupations and amusements of the deceased and his retainers, most of them executed with a grace and spirit that make it seem impossible that they were fashioned at the very dawn of history. Down another declivity in the sand



CAIRO

The citadel, with the graceful minarets of the Mosque of Mohammed Ali that are visible for many miles.



MEMPHIS

Memphis, once the pride of the Pharaohs, has vanished utterly. Only a few monuments like the above recently excavated sphinx, mark the site of its ancient splendor.



one enters the Serapeum, a high-arched subterranean gallery cut from the solid rock and stretching on and on apparently interminably. In large recesses at the sides are the twenty-four sarcophagi of stone in which were preserved the bodies of the Apis or sacred bulls and it is overwhelming to think of the toil that went to the excavation of these great underground corridors before the day of steam or of explosives, and to the transportation of the immense blocks of granite for the sarcophagi from the quarries at Assuan, five hundred miles away. On the way back, at the site of Memphis of whose mud-walled dwellings nothing remains, we stopped to see the colossal statues of Rameses II, recumbent and broken by the roadside, and a fine recently excavated sphinx. We reached the hotel again in good season for lunch and afterwards in the side streets running from the Muski we found bazaars that seemed the most promising store-houses of fascinating articles of all kinds we have yet seen, but we are rather blasé shoppers now and there was too little time for bargaining in the approved fashion. So we cut our stay there short in order to go on to the Mosque of Hassan, a big and massive building constructed of stone taken from the Great Pyramid, but not to be compared in our opinion with the one in the citadel. At six-fifteen we were in the train and reached Port Said at eleven, *Aloha* sailing immediately after our return on board.

Tuesday, April 25th. Port Said to Beirut.—There was a light southeast breeze so that during the day we went on with all sail set but towards evening it dropped

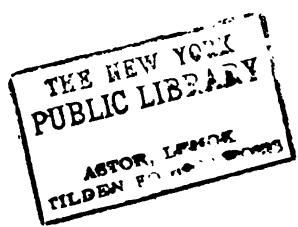
and steam was put on again. Distance since midnight, 109 miles. Total distance from Port Said to Beirut, 265 miles.

Wednesday, April 26th. Beirut.—We anchored this morning at five-fifteen in the harbor of Beirut and Jake went ashore early to discuss the affairs of the American University of Beirut, formerly the Syrian Protestant College, with the acting president, Mr. Nickolay. The rest of us followed later and were interested in the fine college buildings and in the up-to-date one hundred and fifty bed hospital through which we were conducted by the superintendent, Mrs. Dale. By this time it was eleven o'clock, but it seemed possible to make a hasty excursion to the great ruins at Baalbek, and by driving fast we covered the two hundred odd kilometers there and back in time to be on board again at six o'clock. The drive through the hills of Lebanon was one of the finest we have had on the entire trip, over a high ridge with snow covered mountains around us, past hillsides and valleys that seemed as rocky as anything in Connecticut and then down into the magnificent Bekaa Valley, a vast perfectly level plain famous since time immemorial for its great fertility. Here were many flocks of sheep in charge of Bedouin shepherds whose black tents dotted the plain, long camel trains went by with tinkling bells, and horsemen with gun and burnous passed us looking as if they had just cantered out of the frame of one of Schreyer's pictures. There is an air of prosperity about the country, the villages are clean and the houses built of stone with red



BAALBEK

Evidences of the departed magnificence of what 2000 years ago was one of the great cities of the world.



tiled roofs, and the hillsides are covered with vineyards, olive groves, and mulberry trees so that one is often reminded of the Italian landscape. The Druses and Maronites who make up the bulk of the population are a handsome and self-respecting people and there is none of the clamoring for bakshish that makes the Egyptian and Indian crowds so objectionable. The date of the foundation of Baalbek belongs to the remotest days of history, but early in the second century Heliopolis, as it was then called, is known to have been the most important city of Syria. Modern Baalbek is a village of some size surrounding the ruins of the great acropolis, of which the temples of Jupiter and Bacchus were the most important buildings. They are truly magnificent, with splendid spacious courtyards and colonnades of pillars seventy feet in height and sculptures beautifully finished in detail. There is nothing in the Forum to surpass them, Fluff thought they were equal to anything in Greece, and William said he considered them just as impressive as the ruins of Karnak. As we were getting into the launch to return to the yacht we met Mr. Nickolay and Harry Dorman, whom I was delighted to see again after many years and who has the chair of surgery in the medical school. Harriet, who was kept on board by her cold, received visits during the day from Mrs. Huntington from Robert College at Constantinople, and from Mrs. Dodge and Mrs. Nickolay. At six-thirty we left the harbor on the last lap of our journey, headed for Marseilles.

Thursday, April 27th. Beirut to Marseilles.—It is

cold and breezy but as usual the wind is dead ahead and there is also a heavy head sea that makes us pitch and roll in a very disagreeable way. We have had to run about thirty miles north of our course and have approached within three or four miles of the shores of Cyprus, a rather forbidding coast line of high white cliffs.

Lat. $34^{\circ}22'$ N., Long. $33^{\circ}05'$ E. Distance 123 miles.

Friday, April 28th. Beirut to Marseilles.—We are back on our course again but although by observation we have made only one hundred fifty-one miles toward our destination, the log shows that owing to our detour to the northward we have actually covered one hundred and sixty-nine miles through the water. The night was a rather uneasy one but during the day the wind and sea have been moderating and we are making good progress again. It has become much colder, the air temperature is sixty-six degrees and that of the water only sixty degrees.

Lat. $34^{\circ}13'$ N., Long. $30^{\circ}05'$ E. Distance 151 miles.

Saturday, April 29th. Beirut to Marseilles.—With a smooth sea and no wind we have been steaming along the Island of Crete all day, the snow-covered crests of its mountain ranges clearly in sight.

Lat. $34^{\circ}33'$ N., Long. $26^{\circ}06'$ E. Distance 203 miles.

Sunday, April 30th. Beirut to Marseilles.—During the morning the sea again was like a surface of polished

agate, but in the afternoon a light S. E. breeze sprang up and by evening it became strong enough to justify setting the square sails.

Lat. $35^{\circ}39'$ N., Long. $21^{\circ}49'$ E. Distance 222 miles.

Monday, May 1st. Beirut to Marseilles.—In the early morning hours the sails were furled again but although there has been little wind there has been a choppy sea that caused us to roll a good deal. During the afternoon the wind came up a little but was very fluky and changeable in direction so that it did us no good. Toward dusk we were close to the Italian shore and after dinner had a fine view of Sicily and of Etna with a long trail of smoke from its summit streaming across the sky. As *Aloha* was entering the Straits of Messina the Nicholson log, which registered about 4000 miles on our departure, turned its third ten thousand miles since leaving New York, the first having been just before reaching Hilo and the second just before reaching Java.

Lat. $37^{\circ}08'$ N., Long. $17^{\circ}06'$ E. Distance 242 miles.

Tuesday, May 2nd. Beirut to Marseilles.—At midnight we were passing the Scylla and Charybdis of the ancients, and the towns of Reggio and Messina on opposite sides of the narrow strait made a fascinating spectacle with their myriad lights twinkling in the darkness. Stromboli was abeam at five this morning, its well-formed cone rising straight out of the sea and looking quite like the typical volcano pictured in the geography. Before the dawn came intermittent red flashes

from its crater could be seen, but with increasing daylight they were no longer visible. All day we have been contending with the usual headwind, and tonight there was a sharp squall with a shower, the first rain we have seen since leaving Java early in February. Tonight the thermometer registers fifty degrees but it feels much colder than that.

Lat. $39^{\circ}18'$ N., Long. $14^{\circ}08'$ E. Distance 209 miles.

Wednesday, May 3rd. Beirut to Marseilles.—It continues quite cold with a heavy sea. The wind is erratic but comes mostly from the northwest and delays our progress a good deal. Late in the afternoon Sardinia and Corsica came in sight, and their irregular mountain ranges made a fine background for the setting sun. Bonifacio Strait between the two islands requires careful navigation but it is well lighted and by midnight we were through it with clear water ahead of us to Marseilles.

Lat. $40^{\circ}40'$ N., Long. $10^{\circ}52'$ E. Distance 178 miles.

Thursday, May 4th. Beirut to Marseilles.—Our last day's run has been made against a light headwind, and over long sweeping rollers. All evening we have been in sight of the lights along the Riviera, and we should reach Marseilles during the early morning hours, as it is only one hundred and twenty miles distant from our noon position: Peter has been auditing the scores of the six hundred rubbers of bridge that have been played on the trip with the following results:—In points



THE PYRAMIDS

Aloka's party near the end of their journey.



Peter is highest with three hundred and twenty-eight, Harriet next with one hundred and forty, and Jake third with ninety-one. The nine championships of the different oceans were won as follows:—

Atlantic, Red Sea, Indian Ocean: Jake	3
Western Pacific, Philippines, Mediterranean: Peter	3
Eastern Pacific, Japan and China: Harriet	2
Java, Straits Settlements, and India: Corinna . . .	1

The scores afford an interesting confirmation of the observation often made before that when the same people play together for a long period of time the differences between the total scores are very small. In this case, if the play had been for a cent a point, no one would have won or lost more than two or three dollars.

Lat. $42^{\circ}11'$ N., Long. $7^{\circ}59'$ E. Distance 190 miles.

Friday, May 5th. The 231st day of the cruise. Marseilles.—We are moored to the dock alongside of the former *Vanadis*, in sight of the famous Cannébière fluttering with flags in honor of President Millerand who is expected to arrive from Corsica this afternoon. After lunch we are starting for Paris, leaving *Aloha* here to refit for a day or two and then sail home across the Atlantic without us.

The only disappointment has been that we did not have more sailing weather, and in that respect our experience has been really extraordinary. During the last three months of the trip we cruised over ten thousand miles, but only two hundred and forty of these were made under sail. Even in the passage from Java to Ceylon where strong northeast monsoons were to be

expected, we encountered only protracted calms or light headwinds.

The long and eventful cruise is over, and Jake has the satisfaction of having taken *Aloha* around the world without a single mishap or accident of any kind, and of having given his guests an unforgettable and unique experience that will leave nothing but the pleasantest memories. Now, with a real heartache we are leaving *Aloha*, our wonderful home for so many months, and are saying good-by to the captain, the officers and the crew who have all done their parts so well in caring for our comfort and safety. From our kind hosts and from our fellow-travelers we happily do not part as yet, but for you, brave ship, that has carried us so far and brought us all so many good and pleasant things, there is no better or more expressive farewell greeting than your own fine name: *Aloha! Aloha, Oe!*

APPENDIX

EXTRACTS FROM ALOHA'S LOG ON HER PASSAGE FROM MARSEILLES TO NEW YORK

May 10th.—At 5.30 P.M. departed from Marseilles. Light wind and smooth sea. Ship under steam. One of the oilers who by mutual consent had left the ship at Marseilles was discovered as a stowaway three hours after putting to sea.

May 11th.—Light wind and smooth sea.

Lat. $41^{\circ}.24'$ N., Long. $2^{\circ}.59'$ E. Distance 164 miles.

May 12th.—Light wind and smooth sea. Passed St. Antonio 8.40 A.M.

Lat. $38^{\circ}.16'$ N., Long. $0^{\circ}.02'$ E. Distance 229 miles.

May 13th.—Fine and clear with fresh westerly wind and moderate sea. At 8 P.M. passed Palos Light at seven miles distance.

Lat. $36^{\circ}.43'$ N., Long. $2^{\circ}.22'$ W. Distance 160 miles.

May 14th.—Strong westerly gale and rough sea. At 2 P.M. came to anchor in Roquatas Roads on account of strong headwind. At 3 A.M. wind moderating and sea smoother, proceeded.

Lat. $36^{\circ}.23'$ N., Long. $3^{\circ}.50'$ W. Distance 75 miles.

May 15th.—Fresh breeze, choppy sea, partly cloudy. At midnight passed Europa Point.

Lat. $36^{\circ}.03'$ N., Long. $7^{\circ}.03'$ W. Distance 186 miles.

May 16th.—Light northerly wind, smooth seas. Ship under sail and steam till midnight, and then under sail alone.

Lat. $34^{\circ}59'$ N., Long. $11^{\circ}13'$ W. Distance 217 miles.

May 17th.—Wind falling, calm. At 8 A.M. ship under steam. Latter part of day calm, with smooth sea.

D. R. Lat. $34^{\circ}50'$ N., Long. $14^{\circ}57'$ W. Distance 186 miles.

May 18th.—Light N. W. wind; smooth sea, cloudy. Ship under steam.

D. R. Lat. $34^{\circ}52'$ N., Long. $19^{\circ}13'$ W. Distance 208 miles.

May 19th.—Calm, long rolling swell from N. W. Cloudy sky. Latter part of day light S. E. wind. Ship under fore and aft sails and steam.

Lat. $34^{\circ}56'$ N., Long. $23^{\circ}43'$ W. Distance 221 miles.

May 20th.—Light breeze, heavy rain squalls and smooth sea. At 6 A.M. wind shifting to N. W. with heavy rain squalls. At 8 A.M. shut off steam and put on all sail. Wind N., moderate breeze.

Lat. $35^{\circ}06'$ N., Long. $26^{\circ}32'$ W. Distance 140 miles.

May 21st.—Clear sky. Light N. W. breeze, smooth sea.

Lat. $34^{\circ}45'$ N., Long. $30^{\circ}16'$ W. Distance 190 miles.

May 22nd.—Calm, clear, and fine. Smooth sea.

Lat. $34^{\circ}10'$ N., Long. $33^{\circ}38'$ W. Distance 163 miles.

May 23rd.—Fresh breeze, smooth sea, clear and fine.

Lat. $34^{\circ}01'$ N., Long. $37^{\circ}52'$ W. Distance 198 miles.

May 24th.—Light N. W. wind, heavy swell, partly cloudy with passing squalls. At noon put ship under full sail; fresh breeze, fine and clear.

Lat. $34^{\circ}44'$ N., Long. $41^{\circ}28'$ W. Distance 185 miles.

May 25th.—Wind moderate to calm. At 6 A.M. put ship under steam. At 10.30 P.M. put ship under sail. Wind increasing to strong gale, heavy rain squalls and cross-sea; carried away fore lower topsail.

Lat. $35^{\circ}47'$ N., Long. $44^{\circ}54'$ W. Distance 180 miles.

May 26th.—At 7 P.M. wind falling, calm; put ship under steam. Heavy rain squalls. Light S. W. wind, rough irregular sea.

Lat. $35^{\circ}27'$ N., Long. $46^{\circ}56'$ W. Distance 102 miles.

May 27th.—Calm to light variable winds. Long rolling swell. 6 A. M. shut off steam and set all sail.

Lat. $35^{\circ}31'$ N., Long. $51^{\circ}22'$ W. Distance 220 miles.

May 28th.—Fresh N. W. breeze, choppy head sea; cloudy sky. Ship under steam and sail.

Lat. $36^{\circ}39'$ N., Long. $54^{\circ}53'$ W. Distance 185 miles.

May 29th.—Strong breeze and rain, rough sea. 4 P.M. wind shifting from S. E. to N., with heavy rain. 4.30 P.M. in a heavy squall carried away the main upper

topsail. Latter part of day strong N. E. wind, rough sea, cloudy sky. Bent new main upper topsail.

Lat. $36^{\circ}51'$ N., Long. $59^{\circ}52'$ W. Distance 240 miles.

May 30th.—Moderate breeze. Smooth sea. Furled all sails and put ship under steam. Latter part of day calm with light fog.

Lat. $37^{\circ}57'$ N., Long. $64^{\circ}03'$ W. Distance 212 miles.

May 31st.—Light variable wind and calm. Smooth sea. Weather clear.

Lat. $39^{\circ}22'$ N., Long. $67^{\circ}20'$ W. Distance 182 miles.

June 1st.—Light variable wind and calm, smooth sea, with clear sky. At 2.30 A.M. passed Nantucket lightship at ten miles. Cast lead in 38 fathoms of water. At 1.15 P.M. passed Brenton's Reef lightship. At 1.40 P.M. came to anchor in Newport Harbor. At 2.15 P.M. visited by quarantine officer; after inspection proceeded to dock.

Appendix

267

SUMMARY OF DISTANCES AND SAILING TIMES

			Arrived	Miles	Days
Sept. 15th	New York	to Colon	Sept. 27th	2190	12
Sept. 28th	Colon	" Panama	Sept. 28th	50	½
Sept. 29th	Panama	" Hilo, Hawaii	Oct. 28th	4994	28
Oct. 30th	Hilo	" Honolulu, Hawaii	Oct. 31st	220	1
Nov. 5th	Honolulu	" Yokohama	Nov. 29th	3895	22
Dec. 11th	Yokohama	" Kobe	Dec. 13th	350	2
Dec. 15th	Kobe	" Fusan	Dec. 17th	410	2
Dec. 19th	Fusan	" Shanghai	Dec. 21st	550	3
Dec. 29th	Shanghai	" Nanking	Dec. 31st	210	2
Jan. 3rd	Nanking	" Shanghai	Jan. 4th	210	1
Jan. 5th	Shanghai	" Foochow	Jan. 8th	430	3
Jan. 10th	Foochow	" Hong Kong	Jan. 12th	456	2
Jan. 16th	Hong Kong	" Corregidor, P. I.	Jan. 19th	595	3
Jan. 20th	Corregidor	" Iloilo, P. I.	Jan. 22nd	317	2
Jan. 23rd	Iloilo	" Zamboanga, P. I.	Jan. 24th	260	1
Jan. 26th	Zamboanga	" Jolo, P. I.	Jan. 26th	90	½
Jan. 27th	Jolo	" Borneo	Jan. 29th	443	2
Jan. 31st	Borneo	" Soerabaja, Java	Feb. 2nd	550	3
Feb. 9th	Soerabaja	" Batavia, Java	Feb. 11th	431	2
Feb. 13th	Batavia	" Singapore, S. S.	Feb. 16th	553	3
Feb. 18th	Singapore	" Penang, S. S.	Feb. 20th	400	2
Feb. 20th	Penang	" Rangoon, Burma	Feb. 24th	737	4
Feb. 25th	Rangoon	" Calcutta, India	Mar. 1st	779	3
Mar. 18th	Calcutta	" Madras, India	Mar. 22nd	822	4
Mar. 25th	Madras	" Colombo, Ceylon	Mar. 28th	606	3
Apr. 5th	Colombo	" Aden, Arabia	Apr. 14th	2097	9
Apr. 15th	Aden	" Port Suez, Egypt	Apr. 22nd	1318	7
Apr. 22nd	Sues	" Port Said, Egypt	Apr. 23rd	100	1
Apr. 24th	Port Said	" Beirut, Syria	Apr. 26th	265	2
Apr. 26th	Beirut	" Marseilles	May 5th	1600	8
May 10th	Marseilles	" Newport, U. S. A.	June 1st	3900	22

28,827



INDEX

A

Adams, Dr. and Mrs., 39
 Adashi, Mrs., 67
 Addis, Sir Charles, Director of the Consortium, Hong Kong, 130
 Addis, Miss Betty, 130
 Aden, 242
 Agra, 200; the Taj-Mahal, 200
 Ahmedabad, 217
 Ahmednagar, 222
Aloha, crew, 5; dimensions, 5; log, Marseilles to New York, 263; record run, 11
 Alston, Sir Bealby and Lady, British Ambassador to China, 96, 101, 107
 Amber, 214
 Amuck, running, 142
 Ancon, 14
 Andrews, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Chapman, 107, 108
 Arabia, Aden, 244
 Armistice Day, 46
 Atherton, Mr. and Mrs. Roy, 96

B

Baalbek, 256, 257
 Balboe, 13, 14
 Ball, Mrs., 113
 Ballantyne, Mr. and Mrs., 65, 68
 Batavia, 165
 Beirut, 256
 Benares, 192
 Bengal, Bay of, 175, 224
 Benton, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, 137, 138
 Bishop, Colonel, 134
 Blagden, Tom, 78
 Blair, Mr. and Mrs., 170, 171
 Boilers, comparison of one and two, 243

Bombay, 218
 Borneo, 144, 147
 Boroboedoer, 155
 Botanical Gardens, Buitenzorg, 163; Calcutta, 191; Hakgala, 236; Penang, 174; Peradeniya, 228
 Bridge scores, 260
 Brockman, Mr., 83
 Brown, Arthur, 43
 Brown, Mr. Raymond C., Secretary of Hawaiian Islands, 43
 Buitenzorg, 163
 Bull, Mr., 116
 Burch, Mr., British Embassy, Tokyo, 63
 Burmah, Rangoon, 175
 Burning Ghat, at Benares, 195
 Buttolph, Mr. Guy, 37, 38

C

Cairo, 250
 Calcutta, 182, 190
 Canton, 127
 Carl, Mr. and Mrs. Francis A., 91, 93, 108
 Carl, Miss, 91, 101, 102, 105
 Carter, ex-Governor George, 39
 Carver, Mr., 85, 86
 Castle, Mrs. James, 39
 Cawnpore, 198
 Celebes Sea, 143
 Ceylon, Colombo, 225, 235; Dambulla, 229, 232; Kandy, 227, 232; Nuwara Elyia, 234, 236; Polonnaruwa, 229; Sigiriya, 232
 Cheribon, 159
 China, Canton, 127; Foochow, 119; Hankow, 109; Han River, 110; Han Yang, 110; Hong Kong, 125; Kiu Kiang, 113; Mukden, 85; Nanking, 114; Nankow, 100; Peking, 89; Shang-

Index

China—Continued

hai, 116; Wu Chang, 110; Wu Sue, 113; Yangtze River, 112
Chinese dinner, 105; funeral, 97;
theater, 116
Coffin, Mr., dispatcher of Panama
Canal, 12
Colombo, 225, 235
Colombo to Aden, steaming re-
cord, 243
Colon, 11, 12
Cone, Captain, 68
Cooper, Dr. C. B., 41
Cormorant fishing, 121
Corregidor, 133
Corsica, 260
Cosuaki, 63
Crete, 258
Cristobal, 12
Crozier, General and Mrs., 202
Cyprus, 258

D

Daibutsu, Kamakura, 55, 77;
Nara, 77
Dale, Mrs., 256
Dambulla, 229, 232
Darjeeling, 184
de Freitas, Mr. and Mrs., 130
Delhi, 206; Kutb Minar, 207
Denton, Miss, 71, 73, 75, 78
de Salis, Count, British Embassy,
Tokyo, 63, 68
Dexter, Miss, 110
Dindings, 171
Distances and sailing times, 267
Djokjakarta, 152; Sultan's palace,
154
Dodge, Miss, 257
Dole, Judge, first President of
Hawaiian Republic, 41, 42
Dorman, Harry, 257
Doshisha, Kyoto, 71, 74; Tokyo,
64
Drummond, Mr. and Mrs., 78
Dyer, Dr., 121

E

Ebina, President, 74
Egleston, Harold, 58, 63, 68, 98,
108
Egypt, Cairo, 250; Ismailia, 249;
Memphis, 255; Sakkara, 254;
Suez, 249

Elder, Mr., 85

Elephants, Dambulla, 230; Katu-
gastota, 228, 234; Rangoon, 178
Ena, Miss, 40
Enoshima, 55
Evans, Col. Dr. and Mrs. Cary,
210

F

Fairbank, Edward, 190, 202, 211,
221, 222
Farrington, Governor and Mrs., 41
Fatehpur Sikri, 204
Fellers, Lieutenant, 134
Finch, Miss, 55
Fletcher, Major, 138
Folger, Mr., 110
Foochow, 119
Forgo, Mr., 69
Frazar, Mr., 54, 56, 85
Fuji, 55, 60, 69, 70
Fusan, 82
Fushiba, Prince, 67

G

Gale, Mr., 110
Gall, Mrs., Chairman of Y. W. C.
A., India, 190, 191
Ganges, bathing in the, 194
Ganjiro, Japanese actor, 75
Garoet, 160
Gauntlet, Mr., 191
Gebhart, Dr., Surgeon, Foochow
Hospital, 122
Gillies, Captain, 108
Gomez, Mr. Guillermo, 135
Goto, Baron, Mayor of Tokyo, 59
Goto, Mrs. Haruko, 59
Great Wall of China, 99
Gregory, Dr., 42

H

Haiti, 9, 14
Hall, Mrs. Charles L., 42, 43
Halsey, Mr., Commissioner of
Immigration, Honolulu, 37, 42
Hamaguchi, Mr., 78
Hankow, 110
Han Yang, 110
Hawaiian Islands, Hawaii, 32;
Lanai, 37; Maui, 37; Molokai,
37; Oahu, 39
Hazeltine, Major, 41
Hedeman, Ferdinand, 38, 41

Index

271

Hilo, 32
Himalayas, 188
Hoag, Mr., 116
Hong Kong, 125
Honolulu, 39; Camp Scofield, 39;
Diamond Head, 37, 43; Mount
Tantalus, 41; Pali, 38, 39, 41;
Pearl Harbor, 39; Waikiki, 37,
38, 43
Honolulu to Yeddo Bay, summary
of distance, 53
Hoshida, Miss, 67, 68
Hotchkiss, Mr., 170
Houghton, Dr., Director of Medi-
cal School, Peking, 92
Huang-Ho, 110
Hume, Dr., 222
Huntington, Mrs., 257
Hurricane, 21

I

Iloilo, 135
Inada, Professor, 66
India, Agra, 200; Benares, 192;
Bombay, 218; Calcutta, 182,
190; Cawnpore, 198; Darjeeling,
184; Delhi, 206; Fatehpur Sikri,
204; Jaipur, 211; Lucknow, 196;
Madras, 222; Poona, 218, 221;
Vadala, 218
Inland Sea, Japan, 78
Ismailia, 249

J

Jaggar, Professor T. A., 34
Jaipur, 211
Japan, Enoshima, 55; Inland Sea,
78; Kamakura, 54; Kobe, 78;
Kyoto, 71, 77; Miyajima, 79;
Miyanoshita, 69; Nara, 76;
Nikko, 60; Odawara, 69; Tokyo,
59, 63; Yokohama, 54
Japanese dinner, 66, 68; news-
papers, 87; theater, 58, 75
Java, Batavia, 165; Boroboedoer,
155; Buitenzorg, 164; Cheribon,
159; Djokjakarta, 152; Garoet,
160; Soerabaia, 148; Tosari,
150; Wonosobo, 158
Java Sea, 147
Javanese dances, 155; hotels, 153
Johnston, Mr. and Mrs., 91
Jolo, 141

Jones, Dr., President of Fukhien
University, 120, 123
Judd, Bill, 38, 41, 42, 43

K

Kabayama, Mr. and Mrs., 58, 65
Kahanamoku, Duke, 43
Kamakura, 54; Daibutsu, 54
Kandy, 227, 232
Kapiolani, 39
Kawakawa, 140
Keene, Mr. and Mrs., 54, 55, 68
Kilauea, 34
Kinchenjunga, 185, 186, 188
Kinnear, Dr., American Mission
Board, Foochow, 120, 121, 123
Kirk, Mrs., 130
Kiu Kiang, 113
Kobe, 78
Korea, Fusan, 82; Seoul, 83
Kota Baru, 145
Kowanakanoba, Princess, 38, 39
Kowloon, 125
Kyoto, 71; Doshisha, 71, 74; Nijo
Palace, 77

L

Lake Chuzenji, 62
Lake Hakone, 69
Lanai, 37
Laut Island, 147
Lawson, Mr., 182, 183
Lebanon, 256
Lee, Peter, 36
Lepers, colony at Molokai, 37;
Kalihi Hospital, 41
Light, Sir Francis, 172
Lloyd, Sir George, 218
Luau, 39, 42
Lucknow, 196
Luytjens, Mr., 207

M

Madoera Island, 148
Madras, 222
Maeda, Mr. and Mrs. Tamon, 59,
68
Malacca Strait, 171
Manila, 132, 133
Marcus Island, 49, 50
Marseilles, 261
Mathews, Miss, 121
Maui, 37

Index

McBrayer, Dr., 134
 McKim, Bishop, 67
 McLean, Dr. Franklin, Professor of Medicine, Peking, 92, 107
 McNeal, Mr., 170
 Memphis, 255
 Milligan, Mr., 174
 Mindanao, 137
 Mindoro, 134
 Ming Tombs, Nanking, 114
 Mirage, Red Sea, 247
 Miyajima, 79
 Miyaki, Professor, 54, 65
 Miyanoshita, 69
 Mizusaki, Professor, 57, 63
 Moffet, Mr., 68
 Moffit, Mr., American Consul, Rangoon, 180
 Molokai, 37
 Mosher, Bishop, 140
 Mount Everest, 189
 Mount Sinai, 248
 Mukden, 85
 Mukharji, Sir and Lady Nath, 191
 Munthe, General, 105

N

Nakano, 63, 68, 76, 82, 87
 Nakasako, Professor, 71, 75
 Nanking, 114; Ming Tombs, 114
 Nankow, 100
 Nara, 76; Daibutsu, 77
 Navassas Cay, 9
 Neff, Mr., American Mission Board, Foochow, 120, 121
 Nickolay, Mr. and Mrs., 257
 Nikko, 60
 Nogi, General, Hero of Port Arthur, 64
 Nuwara Elyia, 234, 236

O

Odawara, 69, 70
 Osawa, Mr. and Mrs., 74
 Osborne, Mr., 117, 182, 218, 219, 220, 221

P

Panama, Ancon, 14; Balboa, 13, 14; Colon, 11, 12; Cristobal, 12; Panama City, 12
 Panama Canal, 13
 Panama to Hilo, summary of

distance, 31; steaming record, 28, 243
 Panay Island, 135
 Paredes, Mr., 139
 Peabody, Dr. and Mrs. Francis, 92, 94, 96
 Peak, Mr. and Mrs., 122
 Peking, 89, 121; American Legation, 94, 103; Forbidden City, 90, 92, 93; the Great Wall, 99; Lama Temple, 103; Rockefeller Hospital, 91, 107; Summer Palace, 102; Temple of Heaven, 97; Winter Palace, 95
 Penang, 171
 Perak, 171
 Philippine Islands, Corregidor, 133; Iloilo, 134; Jolo, 141; Zamboanga, 137
 Plimpton, Miss Arabella, 30
 Polonnaruwa, 229
 Poona, 218, 221
 Port Said, 255
 Pulo Laut, 144
 Pyramids, Cairo, 251

R

Raffles, Sir Stamford, 157, 168
 Rangoon, 175; Shwe Dagon Pagoda, 176
 Reading, Viceroy and Lady, 202, 211
 Red Sea, 246
 Richardson, Miss Ivy, 33, 37
 Rizal, Dr., 138
 Ronaldshay, Lord and Lady, 191
 Roots, Bishop and Mrs., 110, 111
 Ruddock, Mr. and Mrs., 94, 96, 130

S

St. Clair, Mr. and Mrs., 121
 Sakkara, 254
 Salisbury, Dr., 170
 Santa Cruz, 137
 Sardinia, 260
 Sarnath, 193
 Saugor Island, 182
 Schurman, Minister and Mrs., 103
 Scidmore, Mr., Consul at Yokohama, 68
 Scott, Miss, 67
 Scott, Mr., Dean of Fukhien University, 120

Sekuku Island, 147
 Semple, Captain and Mrs., 57
 Seoul, 83
 Shanghai, 116
 Shark, capture of, 27
 Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs., 211
 Shingle, Mrs., 40
 Sibley, Mr. and Mrs., 130, 131
 Sicily, 259
 Sigiriya, 232
 Simpson, Admiral and Mrs., 39
 Singapore, 168
 Soerabaia, 148
 Song of the Sea, A, 241
Speejacks, 13, 15
 Speight, E. E., Professor of English Literature, 60
 Spencer, Mrs. Lorillard, 142
 Spooner, Mr. D. B., 202
 Stephen, Mr. A., 130
 Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W., 94, 105, 106
 Stewart, Mrs. Kennedy Crawford, 206, 208, 210
 Stockdale, Mr., 229
 Strauss, Admiral, 132, 133
 Stromboli, 259
 Suez, 249
 Sulu Sea, 141
 Sumatra, 167
 Surf riding, 43
 Syria, Baalbek, 256, 257; Beirut, 256

T

Tablas Island, 135; Strait, 134
 Tait, Mr., Manager Chartered Bank of India, 56
 Taj-Mahal, 200; Sonnet, 200
 Takahashi, Mr., 67
 Tang, General and Mrs., 94, 99
 Tawi Tawi Islands, 143
 Taylor, Captain, 170
 Thomas, Mr. J. A., 103
 Tilton, Colonel, Chief of Artillery Service, Corregidor, 134
 Todd, General and Mrs., 133, 134; Miss Harriett, 133
 Tokyo, 57, 63; American Embassy, 63; Doshisha, 64
 Tominaga, Miss Waki, 59
 Topping, Mr., American Mission Board, Foochow, 120, 124
 Tosari, 150
 Treat, Professor and Mrs., 94

18

Trollope, Bishop, 84
 Trotter, Dr., President of Board of Health, Honolulu, 38
 Tsurima, Mr., 59
 Tucker, Colonel, 220
 Turk's Island, 8
 Turtle hunt, 19

U

Uchida, Baroness, 64
 Uchimura, Mr. Kanzo, 68
 Uriu, Admiral Baron S., 68

V

Vadala, 218, 222
 Vance, Consul and Mrs., 227, 237
 Veich, Mr., American Vice-Consul, Colombo, 226, 227, 237
 Verde Island, 134
 Volcanoes, Bromo, 151; Etna, 259; Keanakakoi, 34; Kilaua, 34; Merapi, 156; Papandajan, 161; Stromboli, 259

W

Waddell, Mr. and Mrs., 71
 Waikiki, 37, 38, 43
 Wakefield, Mr., 170
 Walker, Colonel and Mrs., 13, 14
 Wall, Mr., 43
 Warren, Ambassador and Mrs., 65
 Watson, Captain, Naval Attaché in Tokyo, 68
 Weltevreden, 165
 Welzer, Mr., Missionary, Tokyo, 57
 Whangpoo, 116
 Wheeler, Miss, 207, 210
 Wilder, Gerritt P., 42
 Wilkinson, Dr. and Mrs., 121
 Williams, Mr., Admeasurer of Panama Canal, 12
 Willingdon, Lord and Lady, 223
 Wilson, Dr., Professor of Chemistry, Peking, 91
 Wilson, Miss, 184
 Winship, Mr. and Mrs. North, American Consul, Bombay, 219, 221
 Wireless messages, 20, 26, 51
Wisdom II, 170

Index

Wonosobo, 158
Wu Chang, 110, 111
Wu Sue, 113

Y

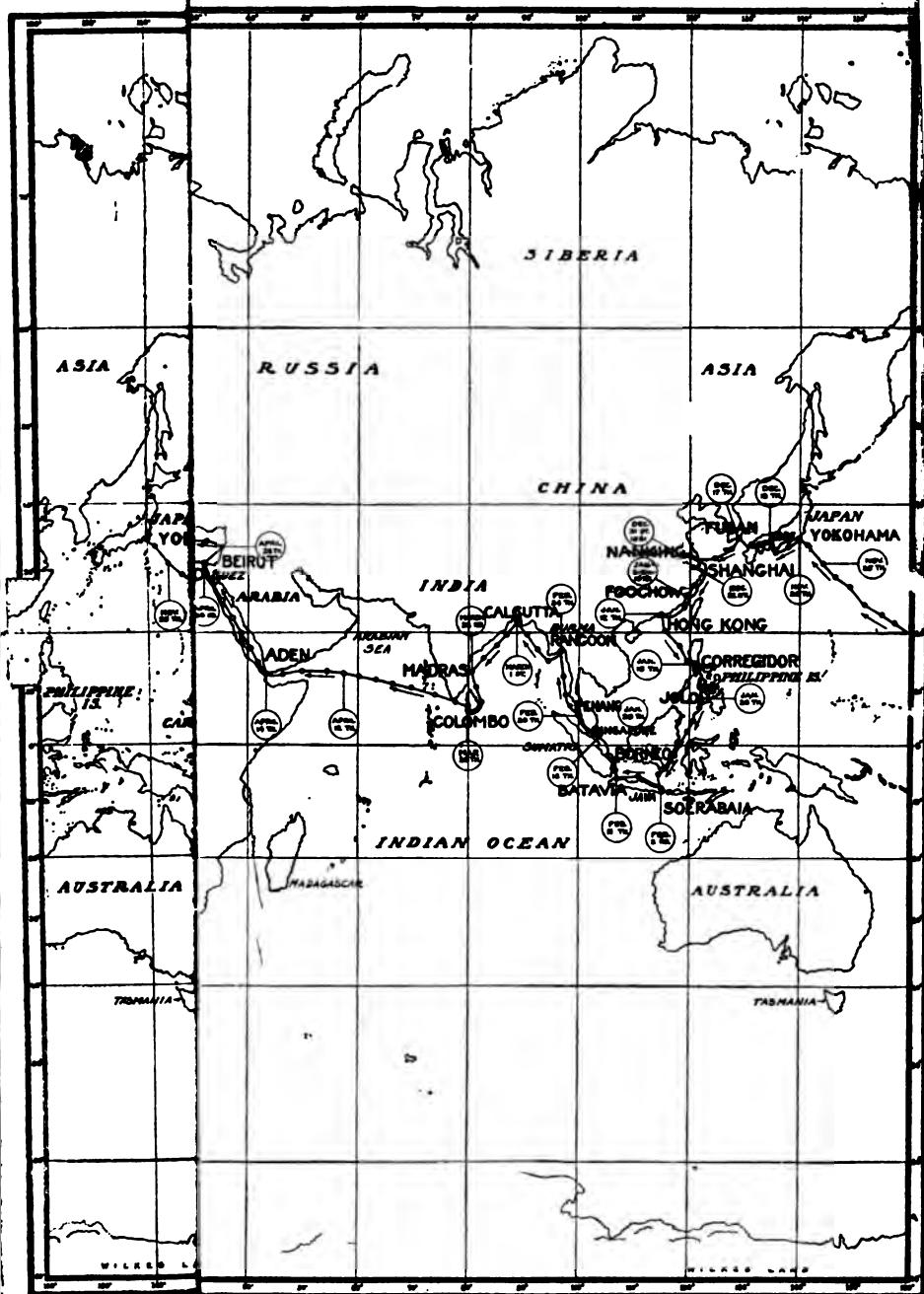
Yamanaka, Mrs., 75
Yangtze River, 112
Yedo Bay, 53
Yokohama, 54
Young, Dr., Associate in Medicine,
Peking, 92, 107

Y. M. C. A., Foochow, 122; Seoul,
84; Tokyo, 63
Y. W. C. A., Calcutta, 184;
Colombo, 227; Foochow, 122;
Honolulu, 43; Madras, 223;
Peking, 94; Rangoon, 178;
Shanghai, 117; Singapore, 170;
Tokyo, 67; Yokohama, 57

Z

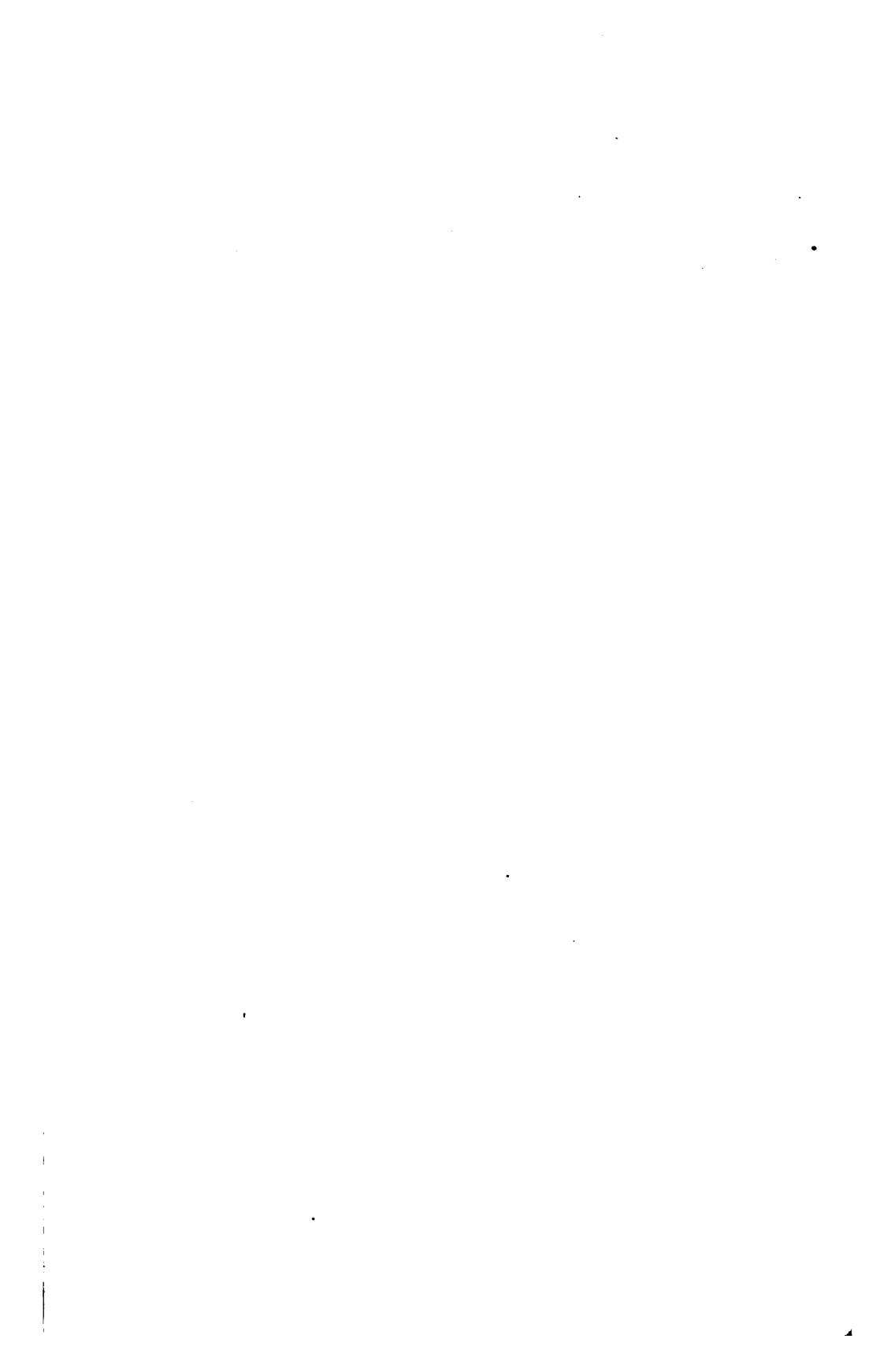
Zamboanga, 137

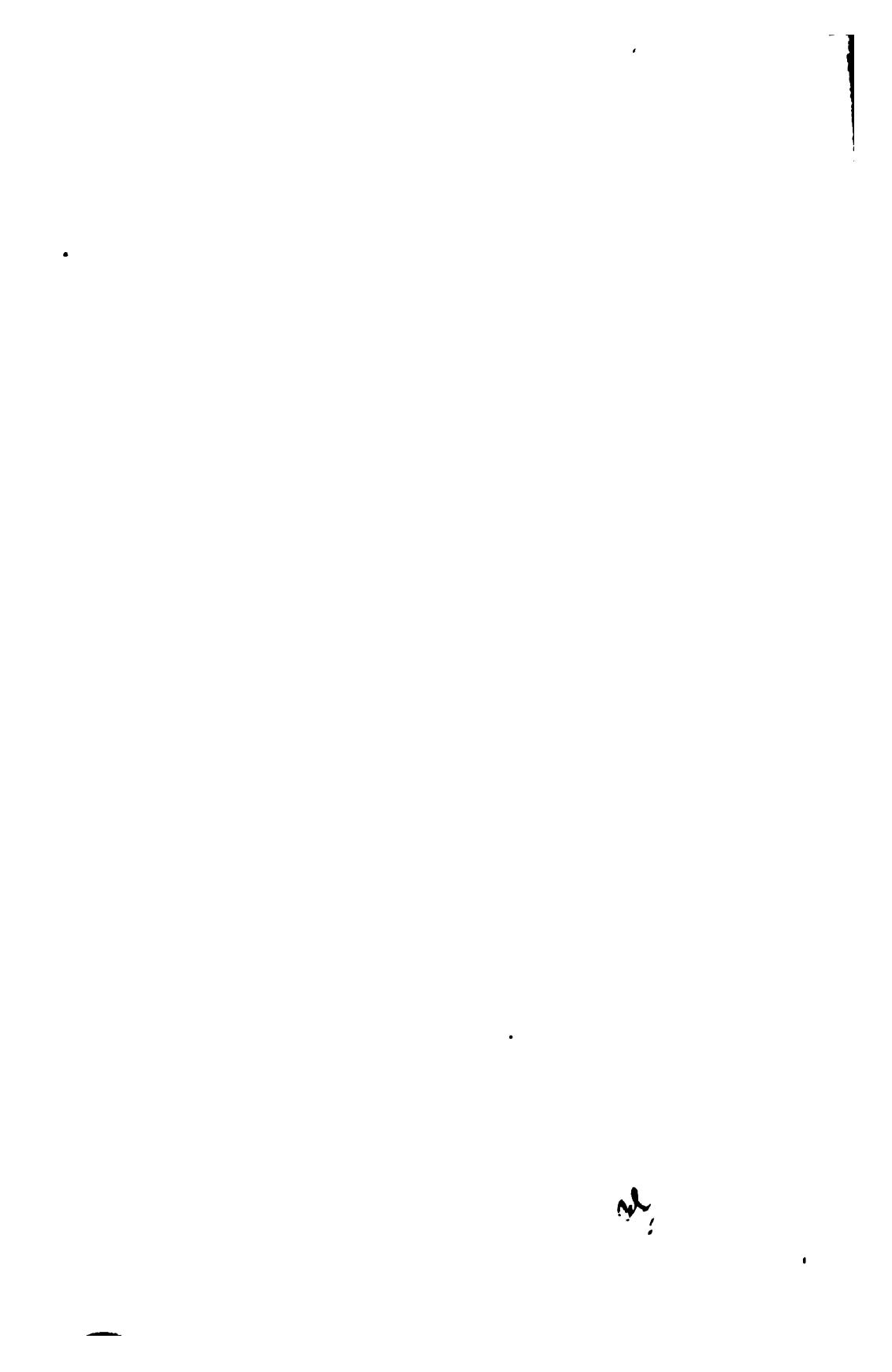
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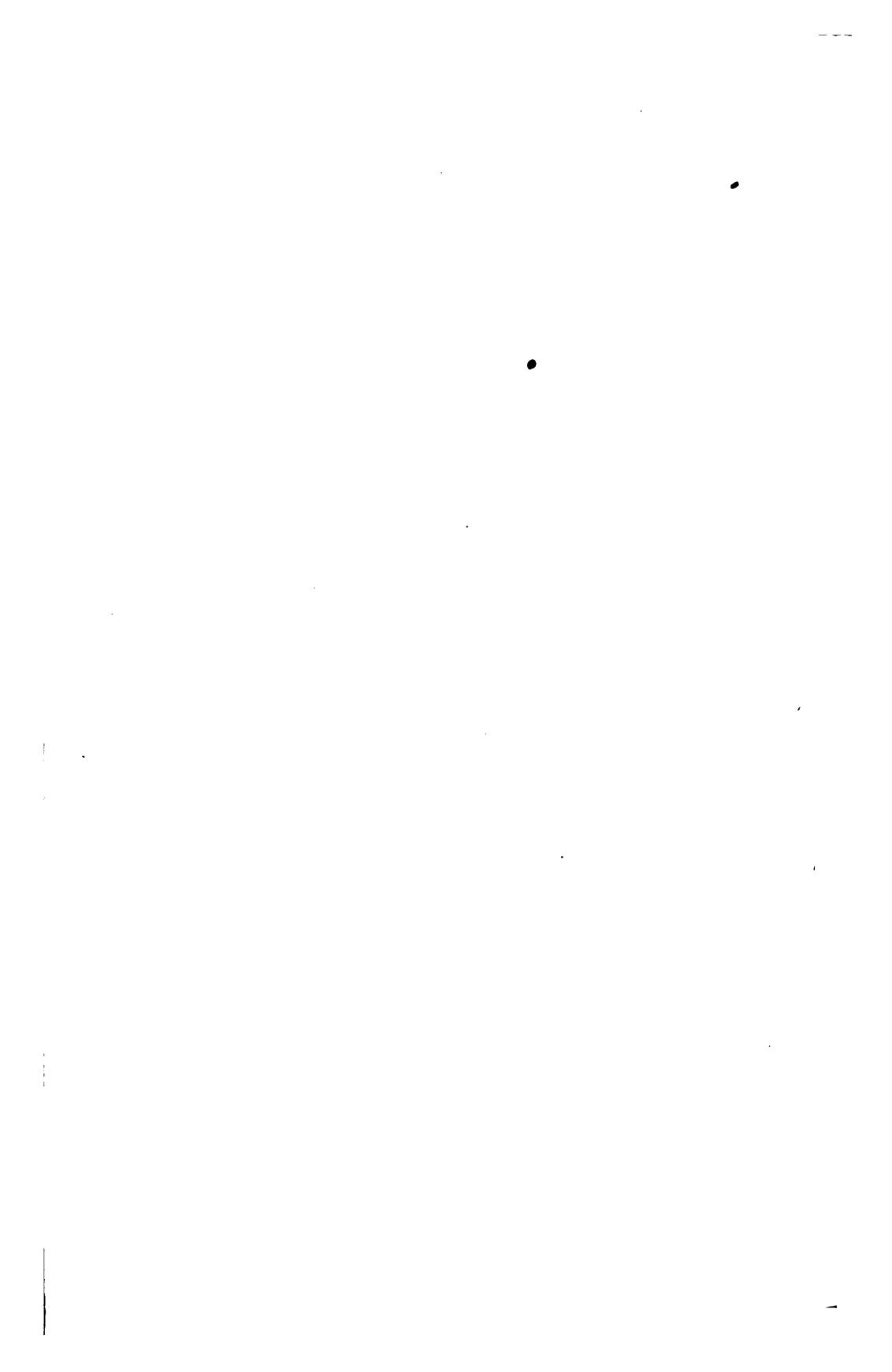


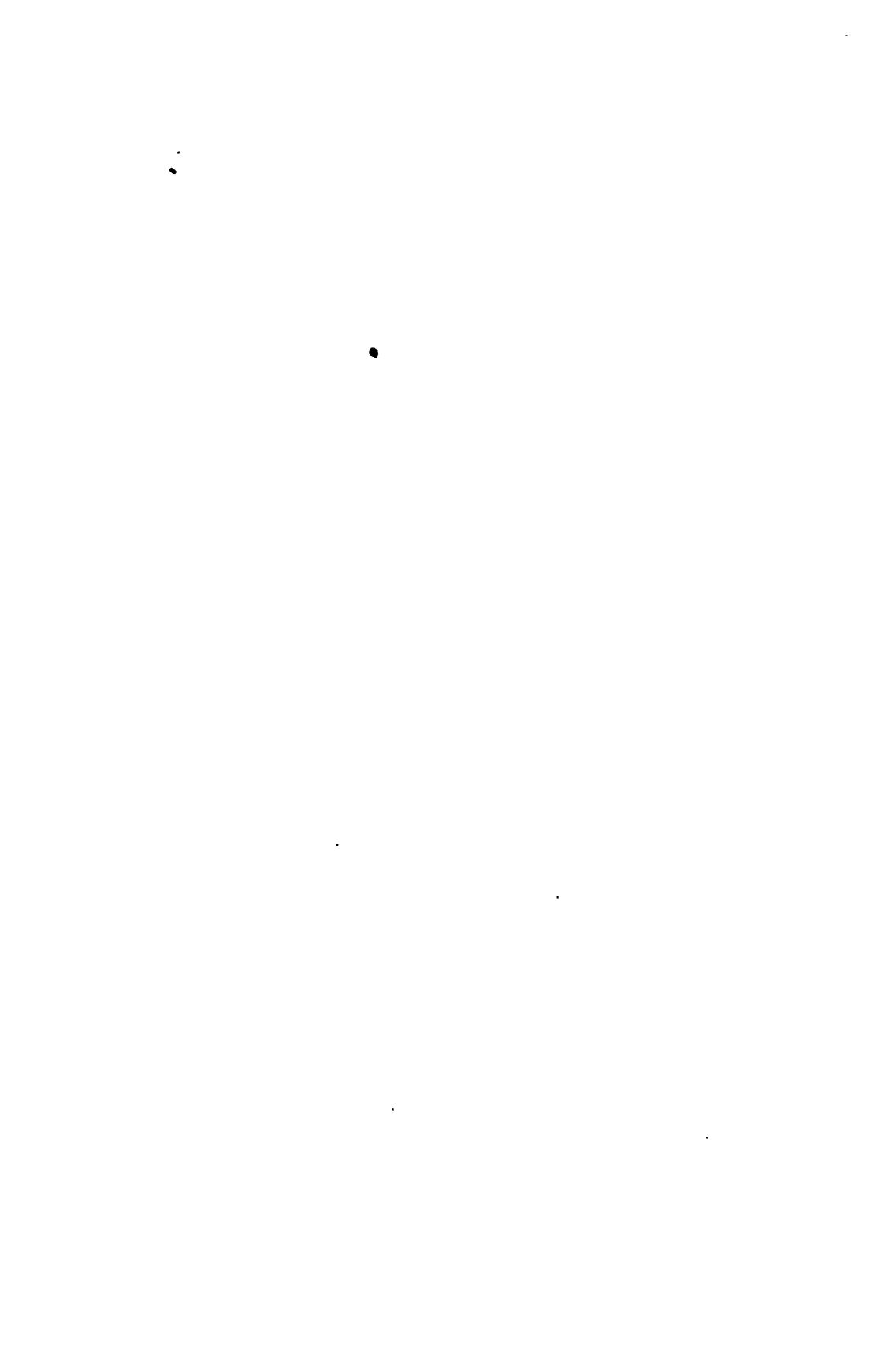
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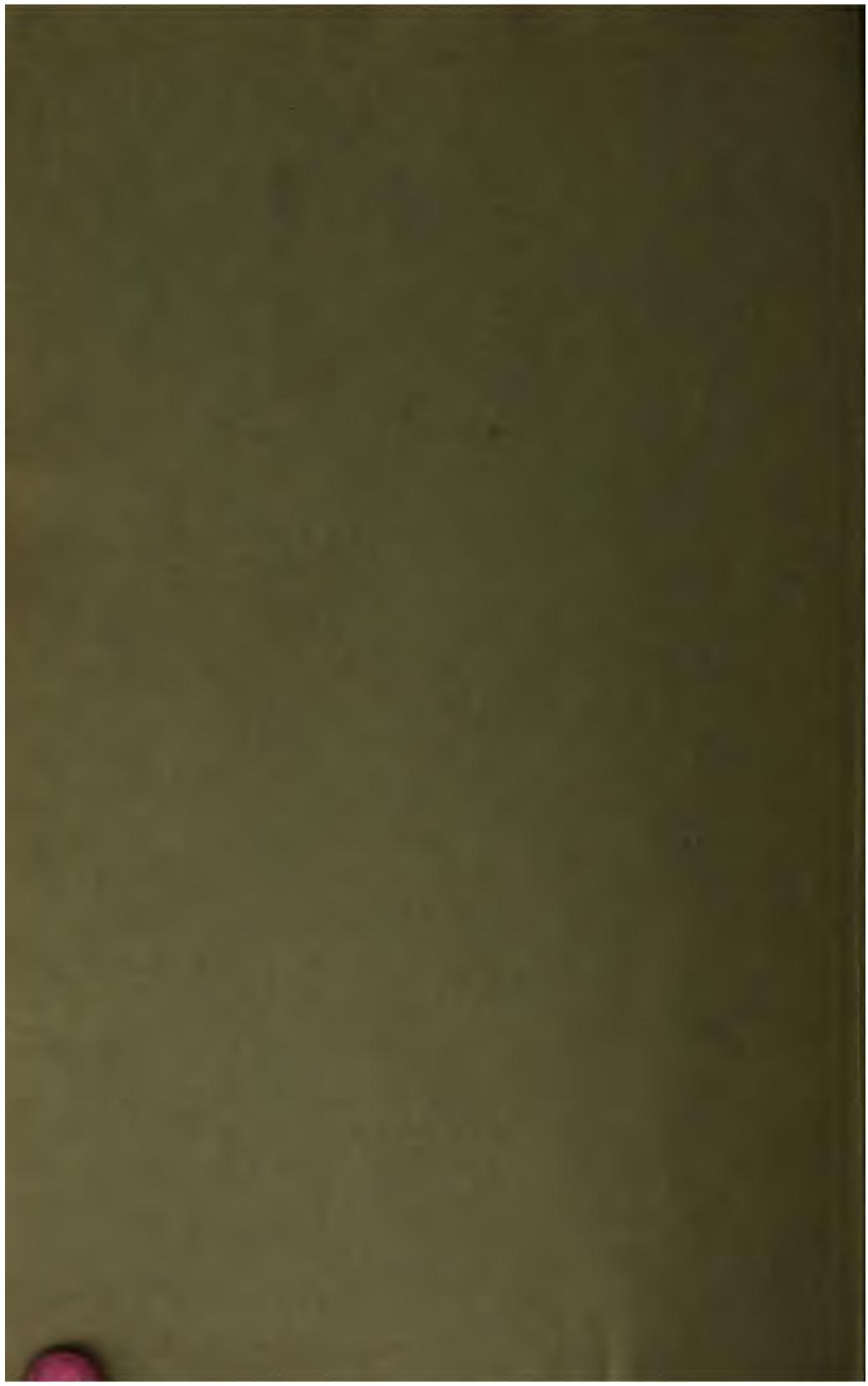








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